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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY
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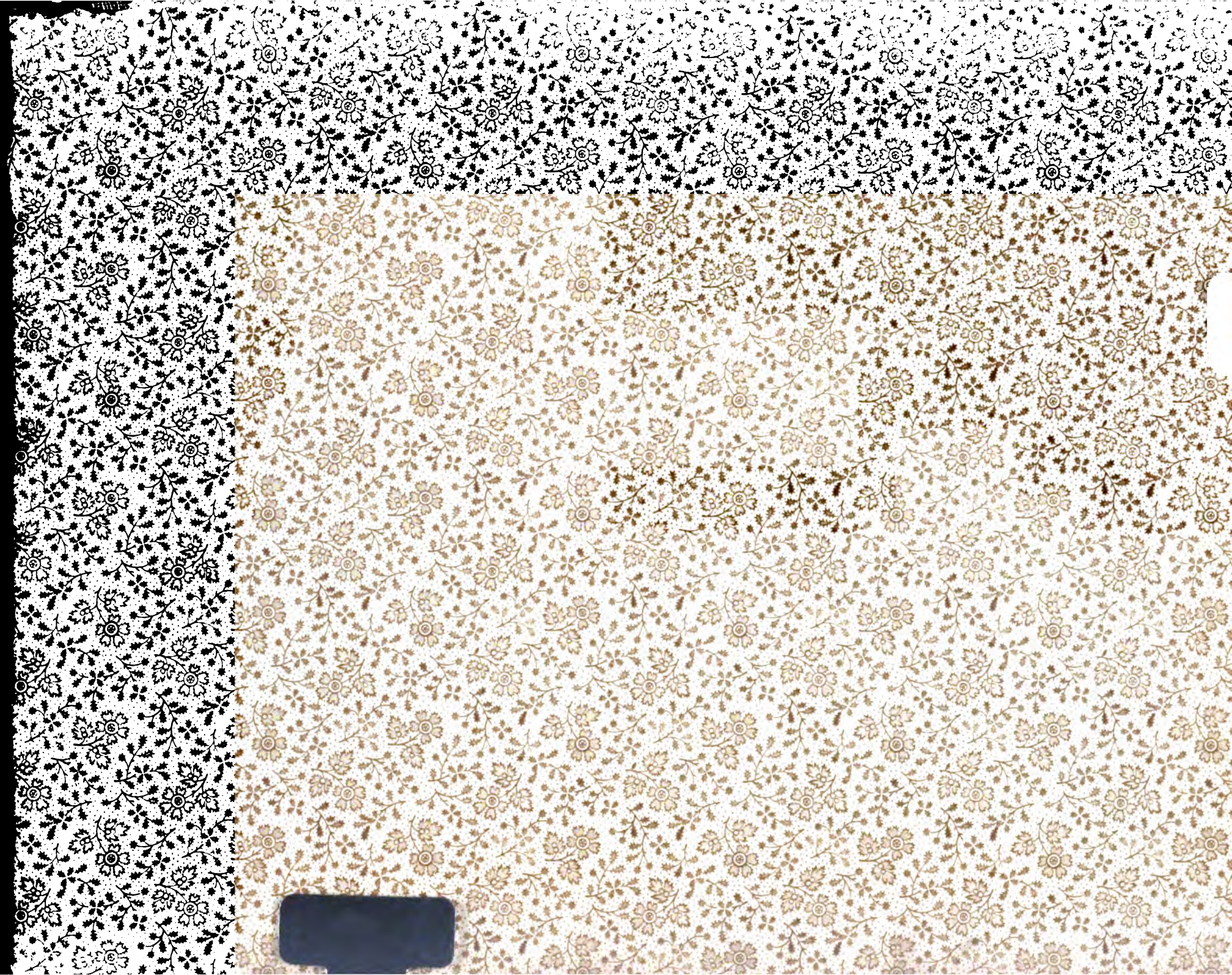

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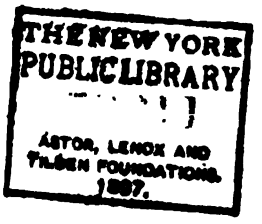

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OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V. 7.

Vol. XXII. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1894. No. 1.

MRS. MARIE GUISE NEWCOMB

THE early and lamented death of Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb calls for something more than a passing notice. Mrs. Newcomb was a life member of the A. S. P. C. A. and a devoted supporter of its cause. One of the latest acts of her life was to contribute to the Society a sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars for the erection of a fountain for the use of man and beast, at the intersection of Third and Fourth Avenues. These, however, were incidents only in a life which was consecrated to the love and service of animals. Mrs. Newcomb was a born artist; her talent was conscientiously and industriously cultivated; and the purpose of all her artistic creations was to foster a love of the creatures which her pencil portrayed.

Mrs. Newcomb was born in Newark, N. J., in 1865, and at the age of twelve or thirteen she removed with her parents to the city of New York. Her early artistic efforts encouraged her to study abroad, and in 1885 she became a pupil of the famous animal painter, Schenck, at Écouen. Schenck was a strict master, who insisted upon perfect accuracy of drawing, and forbade his pupils to waste their time in painting what they supposed to be pictures. The principal subjects of Miss Guise's work under Schenck were Normandy horses, and in order that she might know not only how a horse looks but how it must look, she studied its anatomy with rare diligence and perseverance. Leaving Écouen, she went to Algeria and Biskra to study Arabian horses, making numerous drawings of those beautiful animals in black and white, and also in oil. In 1887 she exhibited several of her paintings in the Paris Salon.

Returning to New York, she soon became well known as one of the foremost animal painters in this country. In 1891 she married Mr. E. M. Newcomb, but her marriage did not interrupt her artistic work. She resorted to none of the usual means of obtaining recognition; very few of her paintings were placed on exhibition; but as order after order came in, she was stimulated to excessive efforts, which no doubt shortened her life.

Mrs. Newcomb's best-known pictures are "The Horse's Need" (the proceeds of which were applied to the building of the fountain which bears her name), "The Retrieve," "Our Bull-Terrier," and "Sheep in the Clearing." The last-named picture was on view at the World's Fair. An unfinished picture represents scenes at the sale stables. It is a large canvas of about six by eight feet, and represents a group of four horses in the foreground (others being partly obscured) with a man on the back of one of them.

Mrs. Newcomb was a good angel of all dumb animals. Her perfect knowledge of the anatomy of the horse enabled her to instruct ignorant drivers on the sufferings which they often thoughtlessly inflict; and this she often did. When her advice and remonstrances were disregarded, she would exhibit her card of membership in the Society and insist upon compliance. Her mingled gentleness and firmness were such that she seldom failed in her efforts. Many a thirsty horse was given water at her request. She never hesitated to stop drivers who were whipping or abusing their teams, and on several occasions she made them unharness horses which were suffering from sores. Yet there was nothing aggressive in Mrs. Newcomb. Her power lay in gentle and intelligent resolution, not at all in vehemence. She was preeminently a womanly woman, and her womanly earnestness prevailed in many a case in which violence would have aroused antagonism.

Mrs. Newcomb's life, though short, was beautiful. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

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LAW OF ILLINOIS: A DEFINITION NEEDED

WE wrote last week of the defect of the English and Canadian law in confining its protection to animals which may be classified as "domestic" animals. In the interpretation of those statutes, the courts have shown some natural inconsistency. Thus, it has been held that a linnet and a tame monkey are protected as "domestic animals," but that a lion and a lizard, though kept in captivity, are not domestic animals. The statute of New York, as we showed, protects all animals from wanton cruelty, and defines the word "animal" to include "every living creature except the human race" (Penal Code, Section 669).

It would appear that the law of Illinois requires amendment, as well as the English and Canadian statutes. The statute of Illinois, Criminal Code, Chap. 38, Sec. 50, is as follows:

"Whoever shall be guilty of cruelty to *any animal* in any of the ways mentioned in this section, shall be fined not less than $3, nor more than $200; viz.:

"First, by overloading, overdriving, overworking, cruelly beating, *torturing*, *tormenting*, mutilating, or cruelly killing *any animal*, or causing or knowingly allowing the same to be done."

Under this statute it is difficult to imagine that the torture of "any animal" is lawful; and yet a justice of the peace has recently decided that it is so. A boy was charged with cruelty to a turtle. His lawyer contended that the turtle was "not an animal, but a reptile of the snake species." The Court agreed with the lawyer, and the defendant was discharged. The law of the Court was fairly on a par with its zoölogy; but it might be well to instruct such Dogberrys by clearly defining the word "animal;" and it is to be hoped that the legislature of Illinois may shortly so amend its law as to define that the word "animal," in statutes for the prevention of cruelty, shall include every living creature not being a member of the human race.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AT GENEVA

THE President of our Society has addressed the following letter to the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Berne, Switzerland, in reply to a cordial invitation to attend the Eleventh International Congress to be held at Berne during the month of August. The letter will explain itself, and will serve to indicate the principal matters of international interest which were expected to come before the Congress.

M. LIENHARD,
President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Berne, Switzerland.

Dear Mr. President:—I have to thank you for the announcement of a meeting of the Eleventh International Congress for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to be held at Berne some time during the current month. I infer from the language of your letter that this important meeting, originally fixed for the 5th of August, has been postponed to a later date, and I therefore trust that the present communication may be in time to bear the hearty greetings of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to our colleagues and co-laborers of Europe. Permit me to say that if this meeting shall resemble its predecessors in the interest and value of its proceedings, it will impart a new stimulus to the work of animal protection all the world over. I doubt not that it will do so, and I trust that the participants in your deliberations may have all the enjoyment which you justly anticipate.

Your scheme of Statements and Reports contains much important matter, and the papers to be presented will be of equal interest and value to devotees of our cause in all countries. With your permission, I should like to make one or two observations concerning some of them.

RAILWAY TRANSPORT OF CATTLE FOR SLAUGHTER

In dealing with the transport of cattle in this country we encounter many difficulties. In the United States cattle are transported overland for great distances, as much as a thousand or fifteen hundred miles. Cattle trains are slow; frequent delays are unavoidable; and it is difficult to secure due attention to the animals on such a journey. Our experience shows that much can be done even in these circumstances to prevent needless suffering; but perhaps the best preventive of all would be to secure the slaughter of the animals at the place where they are reared, and the transport of the carcasses in refrigerated wagons to the point of consumption. Under this plan, not only would great suffering be prevented, but the meat would

be more wholesome, and its cost would be somewhat reduced. We are glad, therefore, that a plan which is commended by humanity, economy, and health has been adopted to a large and increasing extent by private enterprise, and that a considerable amount of the meat now used in the eastern parts of our country is slaughtered at the West. We trust that, within a few years, the transportation of cattle for great distances overland may entirely cease in the United States. How far the same plan may be practicable in European countries, and by what methods it may be best promoted, are interesting questions for consideration at your approaching conference.

CATTLE AT SEA

In respect of the transportation of cattle at sea there are many difficulties to be overcome. When animals are intended to be slaughtered at the end of their voyage, ship transportation is in every way objectionable. (*a*) It is horribly cruel, the animals being fearfully over-crowded, and in time of storm miserably neglected, so that a large proportion of them reach their destination fevered, and often dying. (*b*) It is objectionable on grounds of health, since the flesh of fevered and dying beasts must be unwholesome and injurious to the human consumer. (*c*) The whole thing is wasteful. Neglected and suffering cattle shrink in weight; and in the best voyage and with the best care, no horned animal is in as good a condition at the end as at the beginning of a sea voyage. Every reason which holds against the transportation of cattle for long distances on land holds against their transportation for thousands of miles at sea; and every advantage of slaughter at the place of rearing is as great in the one case as in the other. Therefore, if it were possible, the best law which could be enacted for the protection of animals at sea would be a law absolutely *prohibiting* the ocean transportation of cattle intended for slaughter.

No such law, I fear, can be passed in any country for years to come, and consequently our efforts must for a time be limited to the securing of regulations which shall reduce the suffering of animals on shipboard to a minimum. Such legislation, I believe, can be secured by international agreement. Two bills have been recently introduced in the Congress of the United States, empowering the President to move for an international commission to take this subject into consideration, but they were unfortunately drawn, and are not likely to be passed at the present session. International agreement, however, is not indispensable, since the government of any nation may enact laws which shall be operative on board of ships under its flag; and it is possible that the separate action of nations in this matter may be more easily effected than an international agreement. In any case, I would submit to the consideration of your Congress that the shipbuilder might be made a powerful ally of our cause. In cattle-ships there is a great waste of space, and the absence of mechanical appliances for the feeding and watering of animals is wasteful of labor. If cattle are to be transported across the ocean, possibly for many years to come, it would be greatly to the interest of the shipper, shipowner, and consumer that a better system of construction and management should be adopted; and every improvement of that sort would be a protection to the animals in transit. For these reasons I am inclined to think that the shipbuilder must be sought as an ally of our cause, and I cannot despair of his coöperation when I reflect that his service in the protection of animals would be a simultaneous service to those whose interests it is his immediate duty to promote.

VIVISECTION: NEED OF CAUTION AND RESOLUTION

On the painful and difficult subject of physiological experiments on living animals, which pass under the name of vivisection, I trust that the Congress may proceed with equal caution and resolution: with caution, because there are two sides of this question, and it is possible to injure our own cause by wilfully ignoring that fact; with resolution, because there is one point in respect of which we have no right to compromise.

Speaking for myself alone, I am not prepared to justify any of the operations which pass under the general name of vivisection. If it be admitted that animals have rights, I do not see how those operations can be excused, unless on the ground that it is lawful to do evil that good may come of it, or, in other words, that the end justifies the means. At the same time, I must admit that, so long as men justify war, with its attendant desolation, miseries, wounds, and death to human beings, they cannot be expected to refuse the prospect, or even the possibility, of benefit to man at the cost of suffering to other animals. The question which the world asks is simply this: Whether, as a matter of

fact, physiological experiments have so promoted medical science as to benefit the human race? A minority of the medical profession answers in the negative; a vast majority in the affirmative; and while the hearts of men are with the minority, their judgments are swayed by the preponderating judgment of the majority. For this reason, to wage an indiscriminate warfare against those physiological experiments is to set not only the medical profession, but the world at large, in opposition to us, and so to impair our own power in many departments of our work in which it should be our highest aim to form the public mind and create a public sentiment. It is therefore from a sense of duty that I suppress my personal feeling in the expression of the hope that the Congress may not consider it necessary to pronounce an indiscriminate condemnation on all forms of vivisection.

WILFUL CRUELTIES

On the other hand, I sincerely trust that the Congress may speak with energy in denunciation of the wanton and wilful cruelties which are daily perpetrated in the name of science. I consider it the duty of all who are devoted to the protection of animals to denounce in unequivocal terms a multitude of atrocities for which there is no excuse.

It is an inexcusable atrocity to subject any animal to pain which can be prevented by a conscientious use of anæsthetics.

It is an inexcusable atrocity to perform painful operations upon animals merely for the purposes of demonstration to classes of medical students. The results of such experiments are well known. To repeat them is an unnecessary and gratuitous cruelty.

It is an inexcusable atrocity to permit medical students and mere laymen to repeat painful physiological experiments which have already been performed, and needlessly performed, many thousands of times.

I might greatly enlarge this list, but I would submit to the Congress this important point, that, by confining our objections to such wanton and gratuitous cruelties as these, we may hope to secure the support of right-minded members of the medical profession. The moderation of our own Society in this particular has won for it the approbation of many medical men; and if the medical faculty itself could be won to share our feelings in this matter, we should gain an influence for the protection of our dumb clients which is to be gained in no other way.

I trust you will pardon the extent to which I have allowed myself to proceed in speaking of these points; and with cordial greetings to the Congress, in which I regret to be unable to participate, and with the expression of the highest personal consideration, I have the honor to remain,

Yours very truly,
JOHN P. HAINES, *President A. S. P. C. A.*

AT half past ten o'clock on Thursday night, August 16, Max Greenfield, a boy about fourteen years of age, employed as a driver, went to the stable to feed his horse. The stalls are in the second story of an old tenement, and are reached by an ordinary run-way leading from the street. The stable proper is lighted by one gas jet, which is kept burning all night. Greenfield had fed his horse and was on the point of leaving the stable, when he saw one Samuel Strauss coming up the run-way from the street with a bottle under his arm. Wondering what Strauss had to do in the stable at that hour of the night, Greenfield hid behind a post and watched. When Strauss got on the stable floor he looked around carefully; seeing no one, he walked deliberately into the stall of Greenfield's horse, and broke the bottle in the manger, mixing the glass with the oats. After this diabolical act, Strauss ran out of the building. Greenfield, horrified, returned to the manger and covered it with a cloth upon which he laid a piece of timber, in order to prevent the horse from touching the feed. He then went in search of his employer, one Barney Gick, but not finding him, he decided to report the case at the Society's Headquarters. Officer Noble, who was sent to investigate the matter, took the glass and oats from the manger and went before Judge Feitner at the Essex Market Police Court. The judge issued a warrant for the arrest of Strauss, and Strauss was taken into custody and put under $500 bail for trial, which took place at the Court of Special

Sessions on the 21st ultimo before Judges Hogan, Feitner and Ryan. The defendant was found guilty and sentenced to sixty days in the city prison.

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MRS. SARAH COLE and Robert Duryea are next-door neighbors at New Utrecht, Long Island. A wooden picket fence divides their properties. For some time past social intercourse has ceased between the respective families because of the invasion, as Mr. Duryea puts it, of his premises by Mrs. Cole's chickens. He determined to put a stop to it, and to that end prepared tempting but poisoned food which he placed in different parts of his grass plot. An old hen belonging to Mrs. Cole took her brood over into Mr. Duryea's premises, and one of the chicks partook of the deadly food. Later in the day Mrs. Cole found the dead chicken on the other side of the fence, and on making a search she discovered the poisoned food. Then she came at once to the Society's Headquarters and stated the case. In less than three hours the food prepared by Mr. Duryea had been examined by Dr. Lederlie, of the Board of Health, who declared that it contained enough poison to kill a hundred chickens; and before the day was over a warrant had been issued for Duryea's arrest on the charge of violating the provisions of Section 660 of the Penal Code, which reads as follows:

"A person who unjustifiably administers any poisonous or noxious drug or substance to an animal, or unjustifiably exposes any such drug or substance with intent that the same shall be taken by an animal, whether such animal be the property of himself or another, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The defendant was convicted of the offence and fined twenty-five dollars by Judge Cowenhoven. It appeared at the trial that Duryea had been convicted on a former occasion of killing a chicken with a stick of wood, but that sentence had been suspended by the same magistrate. Upon the present second conviction Judge Cowenhoven revoked the suspension of the former sentence, and fined the offender twenty-five dollars additional.

❁ ❁ ❁

THE recent hot weather caused much distress among animals, and especially car horses. The Society's officers, ambulances, patrol, and derrick were constantly employed. In one day twenty horses suffering from sunstroke were cared for by the patrol service alone. The several lines of horse railroads were required to furnish extra relay horses at short distance stations, and to increase the water supply. Attendants were present to administer needful restoratives in case of necessity, and everything was done to insure prompt succor for suffering animals. It was a season of hard work for the small force at the disposal of the Society.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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A CASE OF MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

BY SAMUEL PARKER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

WHEN we consider the merciless warfare which is waged by men against animals in a state of nature, it is little wonder that nearly every undomesticated creature flees in terror at the sight of man. But despite the fear which ages of cruelty have inspired, we have many well-authenticated instances of wild animals seeking human protection when hard pressed by other prey-devouring animals or dogs. I have two cases to relate, and as I myself was not only an interested spectator, but a party concerned in both, the reader may rely upon them as being strictly true.

In the summer of eighty-four I passed a few months alone in a cabin in Dakota, in a wild and unfrequented spot on the upper Missouri River. A large band of Sioux Indians were camped about a mile distant, but on the opposite side of the river; and my nearest point from which to obtain supplies was at Cheyenne agency, a trading post some fourteen miles below. From the solitary recesses of the hills and rocky gulches just behind my cabin, great packs of wolves and coyotes would emerge during the night, and trot across the intervening valley to the woods skirting the river, being attracted thither by the carcasses of a number of cattle from a government herd which had perished in a storm during the previous winter. So lonely and isolated was the place that the profound solitude was more than even old Blucher, my faithful mule, could stand with composure. After years of government service, Blucher, in view of his extreme old age, had been mercifully condemned, and I had brought him along for the purpose of drawing wood and water from the river. The grazing was excellent, and the poor old beast soon became sleek and fat. His dumb attachment to me was truly pathetic. Whether or not he noticed the absence of the cruel lash which for so long a time had been his portion, and was, therefore, grateful, I cannot say. At any rate, Blucher was an extremely amiable and obedient old creature. On returning from a hunt among the hills, Blucher, at first sight of my approaching form, would advance to meet me as far as the length of his picket rope would permit, meanwhile testifying his pleasure by braying vociferously.

One night, about three weeks after I took up my abode in the cabin, I was aroused from a light slumber by the movements of some creature on the floor. It was a bright moonlight night, and the interior of the room was as light as day. Peering cautiously about the room, I soon discovered the disturber of my repose. Under the table, which stood against the opposite wall, was a large rat of the common house species. It was regaling itself with apparent relish on the bone of a roasted grouse, a portion of which I had eaten at supper. As the room had never been occupied before I took possession of it, I was at a loss to account for the rodent's presence in a place so remote from civilization. It is probable that it had escaped from among the freight of some of the steamboats which frequently touched along the river shores for the purpose of taking on wood; but, however this may be, it seemed perfectly at home in its new abode, and had evidently come to stay. As my provisions were kept in a strong mess chest with the cover securely closed, I had no fear of any mischievous foraging in that direction, and so decided to allow the wanderer to remain and share my solitude.

Every night, within a few moments after I had extinguished my lamp and retired, the rat would emerge from its hiding place beneath the floor, and proceed at once to its banquet of bones and other scraps from my supper, a supply of which I usually provided for its benefit. For the first few nights it was shy and wary, and at the least movement I might make on my couch it would beat a hasty retreat to its place of concealment under the floor; but it gradually lost all fear, and would frequently put in an appearance during the day. At the end of a fortnight I had so far ingratiated myself into its confidence, that, during its occasional visits in the daytime, the fragments of food tossed gently towards it would be seized and complacently devoured. A feature which I could not fail to note, was the striking contrast between its deportment during the day and its behavior at night. In the daytime its manners were listless, stupid, and utterly devoid of animation. But at night what a

change! That sedate, Quaker-like solemnity of aspect which his ratship wore by day was only a cloak to conceal an innate spirit of frolic and mischief which neither a monkey nor a kitten could excel.

At night its first business on emerging from its hole was to devote itself in a very zealous manner to its supper of grouse bones and other scraps from my table. Its meal disposed of, it would cut a few preliminary capers under the table by way of prelude to a performance in which it eventually abandoned itself to a perfect ecstasy of hilarity. Seizing the end of the leg-bone of a grouse in its mouth, it would amuse itself for an hour at a time by galloping furiously to and fro across the floor. Then it would vary the performance by rolling on its back with the bone clutched in its claws, while giving utterance to squeaks of delight. Sometimes an empty meat tin would be inadvertently overturned, and the clatter made by its fall would be succeeded by an interval of profound silence. During the height of its revels, if it chanced upon a stray bit of newspaper, the bone would be dropped and the fun suspended. In a twinkling the paper would be seized and dragged through a hole in the floor; and this material, as I afterward discovered, was taken to its burrow and there converted into a dry and cosey nest. There surely never was a rat more comfortably situated than Toby, for that was the name I bestowed on the waif that had drifted into my cabin among the hills. The bountiful suppers which awaited his nightly advent, and the frequent lunches by day, soon told upon him, for he developed into a sleek, well-groomed fellow. He soon came to regard my movements about the room as a matter of course, and when he was present while I swept the floor, he would simply move about so as to keep out of my way until the task was done. Only once during our companionship did Toby attempt any undue familiarity. One day while sitting at my table, deeply engrossed in writing, I felt the movement of some object against my foot. The ornamental fringe on a pair of Indian moccasins which I wore had attracted Toby's notice, and he was inspecting it curiously, standing upon his hind feet with his paws resting against my instep. Had Toby been either a rabbit or a squirrel, I should have invited and encouraged such advances. As it was, however, our friendship was cultivated at a respectable distance, and in a manner befitting his station.

For three months Toby was my constant companion, always a source of interest and amusement, a pensioner on my bounty, but a welcome one. But that inevitable fate which sooner or later overtakes us all was close upon the heels of Toby, and it came in the shape of a tragedy. Innocently though it was done, and done, too, in spite of a dumb but powerful appeal from Toby for protection, it was my own hand that forced him to his doom.

One morning, when the first streaks of dawn were stealing through my cabin window, Toby came struggling precipitately through his hole in the floor, and at once began darting hurriedly from place to place about the room, his whole manner betraying the greatest agitation. So extraordinary were his actions that my curiosity was aroused, and I raised myself to a sitting posture on my couch in order to ascertain the cause of his alarm. No sooner did Toby spy me than, to my great surprise, he turned and made directly toward me. His bright black eyes, fixed upon me with an eager gaze, were aglow with wild excitement; his ears stood rigidly erect, and from his expanded nostrils he emitted a sort of sobbing, snuffling sound. I was completely nonplussed by his strange behavior, and grasping my jacket, which hung at the head of my couch, I endeavored, by striking the floor repeatedly in front of him, to frighten him back to his den. He retreated to a corner, but only for a moment, when he again advanced toward me, still keeping up that peculiar snuffling. Although there seemed to be more of supplication than of menace in his attitude, the idea suddenly struck me, as I lay narrowly regarding his movements, that the creature was possibly suffering from an attack of rabies, occasioned by a lack of water, as it was in the month of August, and extremely dry. Scarcely had this thought entered my mind when Toby made a sudden jump from the floor to the top of a large trunk. From thence he was preparing for a second spring to the top of my bed, when, bounding quickly out, I seized the broom and struck him off. By this time I was myself somewhat excited, and, after a lively chase and a vigorous use of the broom, I succeeded in forcing him back through his hole in the floor. Then, plugging the aperture securely with a billet of wood, I again sought my couch. After a lapse of about ten minutes, and while still pondering over the occurrence, my ears were

attracted to the sound of a lively commotion under the floor. There was a rapid scurrying to and fro, now in this corner, again in that; then apparently a sharp scuffle, culminating in a long, piercing squeak. More than ever mystified, but determined to ascertain the cause of Toby's trouble, I stepped from my bunk, pried up a board from the floor, and peered beneath. The mystery was explained the instant the board was lifted. At the entrance to his burrow Toby lay stretched upon his back in the last throes of death, and from two wounds in his throat, which had been punctured as neatly as if pierced by an awl, the blood was flowing in little rivulets, while hovering near, as if loath to desert its prey, was the assassin in the form of a weasel.

Now, when it was too late to be of service to Toby, the meaning of his fantastic manœuvres became as plain as day. At the first appearance of the marauder, he had fled to my presence, and, by every artifice known to his limited faculties, had implored me to save him from imminent death. "Surely," he must have reasoned, "the hand that has fed me will now protect and defend me." It was a sad case of misplaced confidence, the unhappy issue of which I sincerely deplored.

Only a few nights before Toby's sudden taking off, poor Blucher had been killed by lightning, during a terrific thunderstorm; and save the larks which sang upon my cabin roof at sunrise, no living creature remained to cheer my solitude in the wilderness.

Toby's piteous appeal for aid was a curious instance of animal trust in man; but I have since discovered that even a weasel, when in peril of its life, will likewise fly to man for succor. In another sketch I shall tell of a weasel which, when in dire straits, made so eloquent appeal to me for protection that I shielded it from a death as cruel as that which one of its own species had inflicted upon Toby.

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THE less killing man does, the purer he is, the higher he is, the better he is. To conquer the brutality in man, begin with the child. Teach that life is never to be wantonly sacrificed.—*The Boston Investgator.*

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SWEET mercy is nobility's true badge.—*Shakespeare.*

A SEA-BIRD ISLAND

BY TAPPAN ADNEY

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

TWICE a day the waters of Long Island Sound pour with a mighty rush into the broad Atlantic, and return with equal speed, through a series of channels of varying breadth, made by a chain of small islands which extends from eastern Long Island toward the shore of Connecticut.

A passenger on a steamer passing in the night through the broadest of these outlets, called "The Race," may see to the southward the bright flashing light of Plum Island, close by the Long Island shore, and, near at hand, the fixed white light of Little Gull Island Lighthouse standing watch at this wide gateway of the Sound. The island upon which the latter lighthouse stands is hardly more than a reef, but only a few hundred feet away lies another, known as Great Gull Island, the subject of this sketch, itself a mere elongated speck on the chart, and in reality not over an eighth of a mile long, lying low in the water. It is not a spot that would attract much attention even in the daytime.

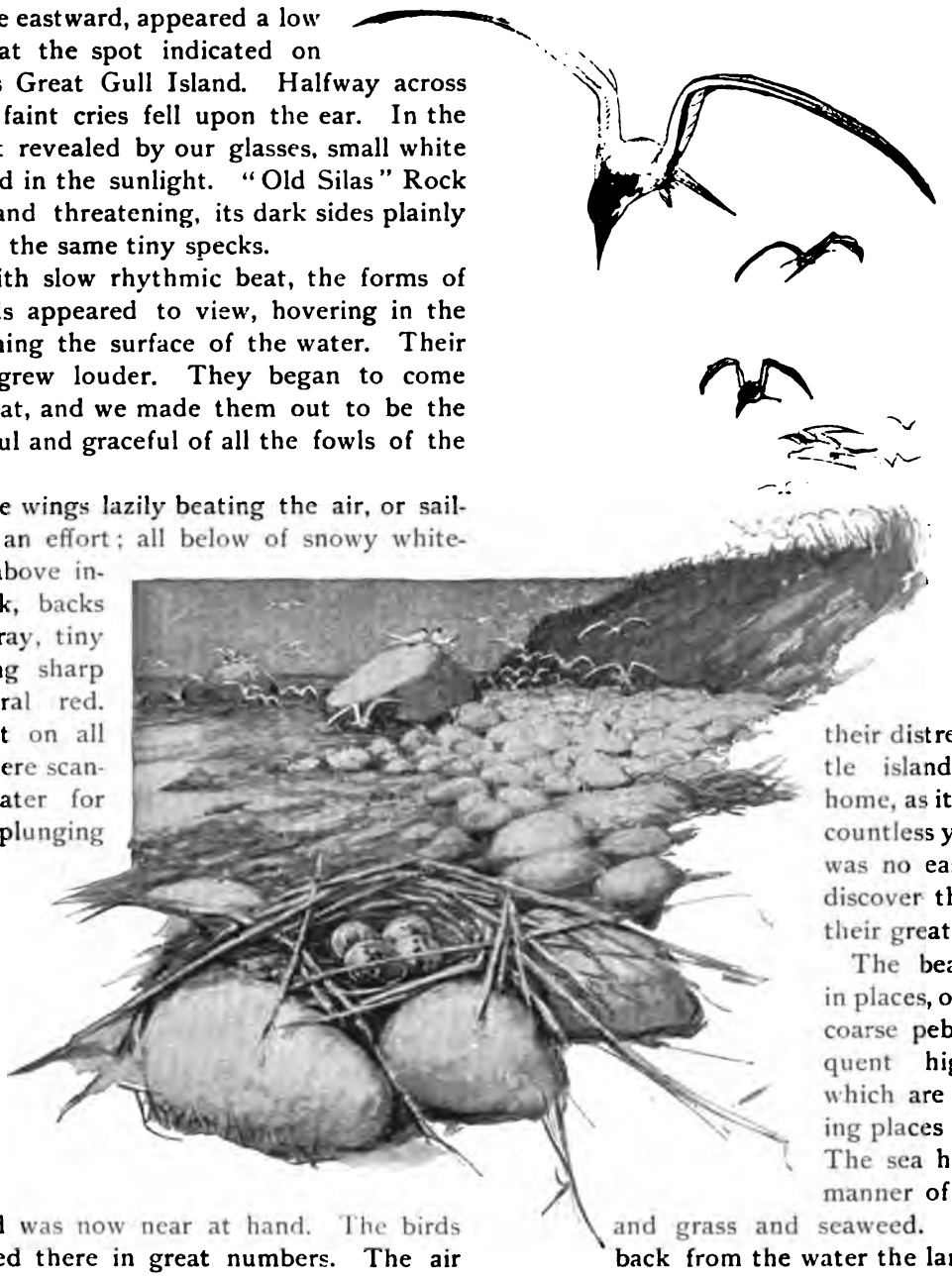
Early one bright July morning last year, the good sloop *Adelaide* drew away in a gentle breeze from Greenport Harbor, near the northeastern tip of Long Island, to the eastward. Ahead, Plum Island first rose to view; then the "Gut"—most dangerous of all these gateways—was passed with a favoring tide. The shore of Plum Island lay near to our right, bare and uninhabited except by the lighthouse keeper, a flock of sheep, and the fish-hawks. The plaintive cry of the hawks was heard on every side, and as the sloop skirted the shore, dozens of these birds were seen hovering in air or sitting on their nests,

that are on great piles of sticks laid on giant boulders, sometimes twenty feet high, which were strewn along the beach.

There is scarcely a ripple on the water. The morning sun threw its rays on every object. The fish-hawks were soon left behind. Ahead, to the eastward, appeared a low dark streak at the spot indicated on the chart as Great Gull Island. Halfway across the channel, faint cries fell upon the ear. In the distance, just revealed by our glasses, small white bodies flashed in the sunlight. "Old Silas" Rock stood grim and threatening, its dark sides plainly covered with the same tiny specks.

Nearer, with slow rhythmic beat, the forms of graceful birds appeared to view, hovering in the air, or skimming the surface of the water. Their weird cries grew louder. They began to come about the boat, and we made them out to be the most beautiful and graceful of all the fowls of the ocean.

Long white wings lazily beating the air, or sailing without an effort; all below of snowy whiteness, heads above intensely black, backs of pearly gray, tiny feet and long sharp bills of coral red. Flying about on all sides, they were scanning the water for food; now plunging bodily into a school of tiny fish, anon daintily picking something from the surface, and all the while uttering a wild note.



The island was now near at hand. The birds were gathered there in great numbers. The air was full of their shining wings; some were alighting, others resting on the gravelly beach, on convenient boulders, or in the grassy upland. There were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the beautiful creatures, and all was life and motion.

Approaching as near as our draught allowed, the anchor was dropped. A boat-load of the crew rowed to the beach.

The terns, for such they were, were alarmed at the intruders. They rose in clouds from their resting places; the air was alive with their silvery forms flying wildly in all directions and uttering a cry of distress. We were invaders of their private domain. Their sharp *tip, tip,* sounded incessantly, and rose in a great volume of sound that mingled with the swirring of wings. We knew the cause of their distress. This little island was their home, as it had been for countless years. But it was no easy matter to discover the objects of their great solicitude.

The beach is sandy in places, or strewn with coarse pebbles and frequent high boulders which are favorite resting places for the terns. The sea has cast up all manner of drift—sticks and grass and seaweed. A few rods back from the water the land rises more abruptly, but it is somewhat flat on top, and is covered with coarse grass.

We walked slowly along the beach, with our eyes bent downward, scanning the driftwood and noting the endless variety of smooth, rounded, drab-colored pebbles and boulders. Some of these

were beautifully marked and marbled with various shades of blacks, browns, reds, and drabs, as one may find them anywhere on the sea-shore. Somehow—it is hard to tell just how—the eye rested on a small bunch of pebbles, suspiciously like eggs, but remarkable chiefly for their similarity in size and shape. In color they were of the usual mottled drab, like thousands of other pebbles on the same beach; like them, too, they looked rounded and worn as they lay there in a neat little hollow in the sand. A few steps farther, and a close scrutiny of the shingle discovers another bunch, but in this there are only two lying among some fine driftwood, and it seems that some kind of coarse straws have been laid around them intentionally. So on, over every rod of beach, and even, as we find, in the coarse grass of the upland, are these little bunches, lying in slight depressions, sometimes only one, again as many as five, usually two or three. Of course, they are not pebbles at all, but the eggs of the tern. They harmonize so well with the general tint of their surroundings that I venture to say many a person would visit that island and never know there was a nest on it, and would wonder what the birds were making all that fuss about.

There were hundreds of nests placed everywhere above high-water mark. The eggs were rarely over an inch and three quarters long by an inch and a quarter thick, and they had a general resemblance to those of all the family of related gulls. The ground color varied from drab to greenish buff, blotched strongly with dark browns with lilac shell markings.

Some of the nests, alas! were empty, though it was late in the season, at a time when good-sized young alone should have been found. We had reason to suspect that the alarm of the poor birds was well grounded. Indeed, while we were on the island, two fishermen came in a sailboat and carried away two hatfuls of eggs, many to be broken and thrown away, a few of the fresh ones to be eaten. There are probably not over five hundred pairs of birds on the island now. That may seem a great many, but I have it on good authority that a few years ago there were twenty-five hundred pairs nesting in that small space, laying their eggs and rearing their young, comparatively undisturbed. How long this colony will remain is a matter of conjecture, especially when it is possible, in the year 1893, for a local "collector," armed with legal authority, to take away much over a hundred complete sets of eggs. To-day eggs from this source, labelled "Common Tern," are in the cabinets of hundreds of amateur collectors of eggs throughout the United States.

There are several species of tern on the Atlantic coast which resemble each other so much that they are not popularly distinguished. Those nesting on Great Gull Island are mainly the common, or Wilson's tern, but along with them are a few pairs of roseate terns. Only a practical observer can distinguish their several notes, while their eggs are so much alike that there is absolutely no way of determining by means of them to which species they belong.

The terns attract attention by their gracefulness on the wing. They seldom alight, except when on their nesting ground. They are smaller than gulls, and altogether more elegant. They are often spoken of as little gulls, or "sea swallows." The common tern is only a summer visitor in the lati-

tude of the middle United States, arriving in the vicinity of Long Island in the latter part of April, and beginning to lay early in May. It departs at the approach of winter. Terns are of a social disposition. They love to gather in communities, often nesting side by side with different species of gulls. These large nesting places are scattered at long intervals along our coast. At these places they are rapidly diminishing, and unless some immediate attention is given to their protection they will be exterminated. In some cases private gentlemen have obtained possession of such breeding grounds and carefully guard them. The tern lays usually two or three eggs; and when more are found in one nest, as is often the case, they are the common property of two females, who watch their joint treasure with jealous care. The tern does not sit on its eggs except at night and in bad weather. The eggs lie on the hot sand, either in bare, saucer-shaped depressions, or in little nests of coarse straw, and are hatched out mainly by the heat of the sun. But the birds are exceedingly watchful of them. Like the eggs, the young, when hatched, are admirably protected by their color, which is that of the beach. They grow surprisingly fast, and their parents are kept constantly employed securing food. When an intruder then sets foot on their island home, the cries of the birds are redoubled. The young are difficult to find. When in danger they often thrust their heads under stones and fancy themselves secure.

Birds of any sort are far too few on our coast in summer, and especially such beautiful creatures as these. They are entitled to protection not only from fishermen, but from those who disguise their motives under the mask of "science."

These interesting communities were formerly found elsewhere, but the colony* of Great Gull Island is the only large colony remaining for a long distance along the coast.

THAT which is good to be done cannot be done too soon, and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.—*Bishop Mant.*

* This colony of terns is now being protected through the efforts of Mr. William Dutcher of the American Ornithologists' Union, Dr. Willett Kidd, New York State Game Protector, The Linnæan Society of New York, and The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Henry P. Field, keeper of Little Gull Island Light-house, has been appointed an officer to enforce the protection. The result of the work will be reported later in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.—JOHN P. HAINES.

VOICES OF FIELD AND FOREST

BY EMIL SEYTTER, PH.D.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

I

IN listening to the many-voiced chorus of field and forest, even the least attentive ear may discern quite a number of distinct notes and modulations in the warbling of songsters, the hoot of the owl, the shriek of the jay, the croaking of the raven, the booming of the bittern, and innumerable others.

Such a classification of the free voices of nature, interesting as it undoubtedly is, does not include all that is revealed to a deeper insight into the secret relations that exist between the speech of the animal world and the language of man.

The present sketch is a wayside study drawn from investigations which were intended to be preliminary to a more exhaustive treatise on animal psychology and mode of expression. It contains notes rapidly jotted down whenever the opportunity for gathering new facts and obtaining fresh material presented itself. As the field is almost entirely a *terra incognita* to the average reader, the information thus presented may not be without some value.

In order to approach the subject without further preamble, let me take up any word out of the endless number—the owl, for instance.

The name of the owl is closely allied with the verb to howl, which appears respectively in German and French as *heulen* and *hurler*. The Latin word for the same is *ululare*, i.e., to wail, whence *ulula* and *ulucus*—the wailer, or owl. In the cycle of Teutonic languages we meet with forms like *uwila* and *ula* (Old High German), *ule* (Anglo-Saxon), *ugla* (Icelandic and Swedish), *ugle* (Danish), *uil* (Dutch), and *eule* (Modern German), all meaning owl. All these, together with the Greek *ololyza* and the Sanscrit *ulûka*, imitate the dismal cry of the owl more or less faithfully.

In Germany, where owls and ghosts are supposed to utter the same ill-omened call of "hu-hu!" at dead of night, the horned owl is known by the name of *Huhu*, *Uhu*, or *Schuschu*, i.e., the hooter. The Latin equivalent for these is *bubo*, which points to a verb, *bubulare*, with the meaning of hooting like an owl. Another verb closely allied with the above is *bubere*, i.e., to boom like a *butor*, or bit-

tern. The Greek *buas*, a horned owl, and *botaurus*, a bittern, are but variations of the same theme, just as the *buéc* (horned owl) of the American Celts.

One more remark about the wailer. The verb to wail belongs to the same order of ideas as *ululare* and howl, as is also the case of the interjection expressive of painful surprise, well! well! (for wail! wail!). It is really astonishing to notice how wide a range this primitive nature-sound has obtained in the twilight of civilization. The German *Weh* (woe), the Coptic *ouele-ouele*, and the battle-cry of the ancient Greeks, *alala!* all belong to the same group.

In some old English ballads there occurs a cognate expression, *willow-willow-waily*, which reminds one strongly of Goethe's weird gypsy song:

"Im Nebelgeriesel, im tiefen Schnee,
Im wilden Wald, in der Winternacht,
Ich hörte der Wolfe Hungergeheul,
Ich hörte der Eulen Geschrei:
Wille wau, wau, wau!
Wille wo, wo, wo!
Wito hu!"

"In the drifting fogs, in the deep, deep snow,
In the dreary woods, in the wintry night,
I heard the howls of the hungry wolves,
I heard the hoot of the owls:
Wille waw, waw, waw!
Wille wo, wo, wo!
Wito hoo!"

A curious instance of animal sounds evolving into words is offered by the French word *espiègle*, a mischievous boy. It is a loan-word from the German, where a mythical personage, renowned for his ready wit and love of practical joking, bears the peculiar name of *Eulenspiegel*, or owl's mirror. *Eulenspiegel*, who might perhaps be traced to Athene and her owl, appears in the Low German idiom as *Ulespicgel*, from which the French, dropping the initial syllable *ul*, derived their *espiègle*.

We say of the crow that it caws. This sound gave rise to the name of the *chough*, a species of the crow tribe, which is called in Anglo-Saxon *céa*, and in Old High German *chaha*. With hardened gutturals it becomes *kâka* (a crow) in Sanscrit. These forms point to an imitative root *ga* or *ge*, with the meaning *to sound*, from which are likewise derived words like the Sanscrit *gayami* and Latin *cano*, I sing, and the English *quoth* and *chat*. The same word—though, as far as its origin is concerned, of an entirely independent derivation—is found in the Indian languages of British Columbia, where *kakah* denotes a native bird of the crow tribe; and also in New Zealand, where we find a parrot (*Nestor meridionalis*) called *kaka*, and another, of nocturnal habits and owl-like appearance (*Strigops habroptilus*), with the name of *kakapo*.

Another interesting family of bird names is grouped around the Aryan root *cor*, with the sense of making a croaking noise. The Greek *korax*, a raven, and *koroné*, a crow—the Latin *corvus* and *cornix* with the same meaning—the old Umbrian *curnaco* (a crow), the French *corbeau* (raven) and *corneille* (crow), and the German *Krähe* (crow), are members of the same family. Another branch of it is represented by the Greek *geranos*, the Latin *grus*, the German *Kranich*, and the English *crane*, as well as by the word crone in the stereotyped expression, "an old crone," i.e., a talkative old woman.

The name of our common sparrow, though not onomatopoetic, offers, by the somewhat enigmatic nature of its origin, sufficient interest to be considered here. In searching among the scattered vestiges of idioms long extinct, we meet with forms like the Umbrian *parfa* and the archaic Latin *parra*, which both once meant an augural bird (*avis auguralis*). Here we have to look for the origin of the name of our sparrow, with its cognate forms *sparo* (Old High German), *Sperling* and *Sperber*, i.e., hen-hawk (Modern German), *sparwe* (Old English), *spurw* (Danish), *sparf* (Swedish), and *sparwa* (Gothic), and also, perhaps, for that of the Latin *parus* (a titmouse), and the Greek *psar* (a starling). *Sturnus*, the Latin equivalent for the Greek *psar*, is allied with the Icelandic *stari*, Old English *staer*, German *Staar*, and English *starling*.

Titmouse, which we have just mentioned in connection with the Latin *parus*, is a queer word, its first part, tit, being unmistakably onomatopoetic, whilst its second stands in no relation to our little freebooter of cellar and pantry, as might be surmised at first, but must be referred to the German *Meise* (titmouse) and the Latin *merula*, which stands for an older form, *mesula*, i.e., blackbird. From *merula* is derived the French *merle*. Thus, literally translated, titmouse would mean the peeping or chirping blackbird. Whether the English *ousel* belongs here, I am unable to say, though I am inclined to the affirmative.

The hoopoe (*Upupa epops*) is a pretty bird with an ugly reputation on account of its unclean habits,

which have earned for it nicknames like the Greek *physomos*, the German *Kothhahn*, *Stinkhahn*, and the French *coq-puant*. The German appellation is *Wiedehopf* (Old High German *witu-hopfo*, i.e., wood-hopper). The majority of its names, however, are unmistakably onomatopoetic, that is to say, imitative of its call. The Greek *epops* and the Latin *upupa* are but two of a long series of similar names which it would be too much to give in full. We select only a few of the most important, like the Dutch *koppe*, Swedish *popp*, Welsh *ygopog*, French *huppe*, *pepu*, *pipu*, and *boubou*, according to the various provinces, Russian *potatui* and *bustosckka*, Magyar *babuk*, Lithuanian *puppukis*, Bashkir *poppop*, Servian *hupaz* and *wupacz*, and so forth in endless continuity over the entire habitat of the bird.

The quail forms another remarkable instance of the process of word-building with material derived from animal sounds. When in Germany the quail calls in the fields, the children believe that it says:

"Fürchte Gott! Liebe Gott!"

"Fear the Lord! Love the Lord!"

Less fanciful and more correct is the ancient German name *quakkila* or *quakkara*, which gave rise to forms like the Modern German *Wachtel*, Dutch *kwartel* and *kwakkel*, and Low Latin *quaquila*. From this and a contraction of it—*qualia*—are derived a great number of words of which we mention, by way of example, the Provençal *quisquila*, *cascalha*, and *calha*, the French *caille*, the English *quail*, and dialect forms like *koail* (Morbihan), *quaja* (Milan), *quaglia* (Tuscany), *cagliera* (Nice), and *carcaillou* (Walloon). Isolated, though based on the same imitative principle, are names like *cancoyiatte* (Vosges), *coiyatte* (district of St. André, France), *bèctorèque* (Alsace), *Sechsperweck* (Germany), and *pétépétun* (Normandy). *Coturnix*, the Latin name of the quail, does not seem to have been formed on the imitative principle, but Sanscrit *vârbika*, and, with the loss of the initial *v*, the Greek *ortyx* are obviously onomatopoetic. Very rudimentary is the name of *wolch* in the dialects of the Pamir plateau.

Among the German peasantry it is a current belief that if an unmarried person hears the quail for the first time in the year, that person will have to remain single as many years as there are distinct calls. In other districts the number of calls denotes the price a bushel of grain will be worth during the coming year.

The turtle-dove has ever been a great favorite with the peoples dwelling round the Mediterranean Sea, and to this present day its name is a standing metaphor in the popular poetry of Italy, Spain, and Southern France. The ancient Romans called it *turtur* on account of its soft and low cooing. The name is very aptly chosen indeed, for any close observer may distinguish the two syllables *tur-tur* (pronounce tour-tour) emitted in rapid succession, and with a deep, plaintive pathos, which produce a truly fascinating effect. There is, to my knowledge, only one name of the turtle-dove in Western and Southern Europe that is not directly or indirectly derived from the Latin *turtur* or *columba*; this is the word *fava* in the dialect of Auvergne (France), which must probably be considered as one of the few remnants of the old Basque or Euskarian language, now all but extinct. All other names point back to the Latin. In the different dialects of France we meet with a most wonderful variation of *turtur*: *tourte* (Picardy), *torte* (Montret), *teurte* or *trouette* (Anjou), *tourtoureau* (Vienne), *teurtelotte* (Morvan), *tortole* (Isere), *tourtrella* (Savoy), *tourtourèlo* (Tarn), *tourdouro*, *tordola* (Provence), and *tourdoula* (Nice). The Piedmontese *coulomb tourei*, a corruption of the Latin *columba turtur*, is the exact equivalent of the German *Turteltaube* and the English turtle-dove. The names *Taube* and *dove* are derived from Gothic *dûbô*, i.e., black, it having originally been applied to the sombre-hued wood pigeon. In the translation of the Gospels by Ulphilas we see the word *hrafva dûbô*, in the sense of death bird, applied to the turtle-dove. In the literary language of France and Italy we find respectively *tourte* and *tortora*, as well as the diminutives *tourterelle* and *tortorella*, which, like the German *Turtelchen* and *Turtel*, are derived from Latin *turturilla*. The Tuscan dialect has *piccione torrajolo*, i.e., purple pigeon.

To *columba* alone refer *koulm* of the Breton dialect of Belle Isle-en-Mer, the French *colombe*, the Italian *colomba*, and the Portugese *pumba*.

According to some recent writers it would appear that Columbus was not the real name of the discoverer of the New World, but only a *nom de guerre* chosen by the admiral's uncle, whose family name is said to have been *Griego* (Greek!), and who, following the then honorable profession of a pirate, called himself Colombo, or sea-dove, in

allusion, it would seem, to the swiftness and white sails of his ship.

Si non è vero, è ben trovato!

That in Corsica the name of our bird is *turturella* I learn incidentally from a verse in the dialect of that strange and wild isle, which runs as follows:

"Beati quelli e quelle
Che, dopu maritati
So sempre inamorati
Cumme e turturelle."

"Blessed are those
Who, though they be married,
Are ever in love
Like turtle-doves."

In fact, the conjugal affection and inconsolable grief of the widowed turtle-dove have become proverbial.

"C'est une tourterelle qui ne boit jamais sans troubler l'eau" ("He [or she] is a turtle-dove who never drinks without first troubling the water"), says the French proverb of a person who appears to be in love with grief.

In the Spanish *Cancionero de Romances* the same idea occurs:

"Que* ni poso en ramo verde
Vi en prado que tengo flor,
Que si hallo al aqua clara
Turbia la beve yo."

"Who† never rests on branches green,
Nor in meadows bright with flowers,
Who never finds a limpid brook,
But troubles it before she drinks."

Another Spanish ballad sings of the cooling spring (*fonte frida*) where

". . . all birds alight to drink,
All except the turtle-dove,
Who, a widow in her sorrow
All forlorn, bewails her love."

Is it not curious that the whole of this gorgeous wealth of legends should have arisen from the simple fact that the cooing of the bird displays a certain sadness in tone and cadence?

The name of the thrush is closely allied, if not entirely identical, with *turtur*. In Sanscrit we meet with a word, *tardas*, as the name of a certain bird which we are no longer able to define. This *tardas* is, according to all linguistic appearances, the same as the Latin *turdus* and its diminutive *turdela*, a thrush. The German *Drossel*, English *throstle*, Old Prussian *treste*, and Old Norse *thröstr* (*pröstr*) are cognate, though not laterally derived forms. In Greek and kindred languages the same word appears with a prefixed *s*, as *strouthos;* Lithuanian, *strazdas*, a sparrow. With a slight alteration we obtain in Greek, *strouthion;* Latin, *struthio;* and German, *Strauss*. English *ostrich* and French *autruche* still show in their initials the Latin *avis*, a bird, and thus prove themselves to be derived from the Latin *avis struthio;* in German, *Vogel Strauss*. Thus we become aware that, notwithstanding the great divergency which seemingly exists between thrush and ostrich in English, and *Drossel* and *Strauss* in German, they are really nothing but modifications of the same primitive nature sound.

The weird, shrill cry of the jay has given rise to its name. To the Teuton and Norseman that cry must have sounded like häh! (hay) whence they called it *Hägen* (Swedish), *Hegri* (Icelandic), *Heire* (Danish), and *Häher* (Modern German). The older form of the latter—*Hehara*—was originally applied to a species of woodpecker, from which, in the course of time, it was transferred to its present bearer. The English heron, French *héron*, German *Reiger* and *Reiher*, and Anglo-Saxon *Hragra* are supposed to be another branch of this same stock.

(To be Continued)

*La tortolilla. †The turtle-dove.

TO MY DOG REX

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

FRIEND, if the gift of human speech denied
Thy noble race were granted thee to-day,
And thou couldst thus thy inmost thought unfold,
What wouldst thou say?

If the beseeching pathos of those eyes,
Fixed on my own with sad but mute appeal,
Could voice itself in words, what more of love
Could they reveal?

I ask no other token of thy truth,
Thy deep affection, steadfast loyalty,
Than those far-reaching and imploring eyes
Unfold to me.

Could human hearts thus meet in full accord,
And each to each their fervent love express,
How many a life were blessed, now languishing
In loneliness!

HARVEST TIME

IT has always seemed to us that summer takes rather ungracious leave of her friends. The time is set and she must go. We know it; we submit to it. Every boy and girl can understand that the schools should reopen and the winter's work be taken up again in all seriousness, but what a pity that one of the four most beautiful seasons of the year should wilfully shorten her days, tired, as it were, of her own beauty, and turn her back on us a few minutes earlier every night, until, lo and behold! she is gone—for another year. What can be done about it? Nothing. But if summer has been of any benefit to you, and if you are going from seashore or mountains back to city life and work, you should take one of these shortened afternoons to estimate what the whole glorious holiday has been worth.

Has it done you real good? Has it brought you to a wider knowledge of nature? Have you heard the birds carol in the trees and watched their busy little lives without learning something from their cheerfulness, from their devotion to the families dependent upon them, from their daily performance of their little round of duties? Truly, after eight or ten weeks of holiday you should have a harvest worth garnering. All you had to do was to live in the open air with open eyes. There is much to be seen that you cannot afford to blink at for a moment. Very likely you have blinked. Very likely you have chased or frightened little animals from which you might have learned useful and delightful lessons. Young people make such mistakes sometimes, and, when they grow older, they regret it; that is, if they grow wiser and nobler in growing older. But you've had your chance, and what have you made of it?

If you have lain in the grass on a long summer's day and kept perfectly still—nothing alive about you but your eyes—some wild creature may have drawn near with the timid curiosity, the fluttering confidence, which untamed animals often show towards human beings, and which is so touching in them. They want to study you; yet the chidings of their parents, added, perhaps, to the long, sad experience of their race, warn them they may come to harm at your hands. They are afraid and fascinated; and, if you are a true-hearted boy or girl, *you* are ashamed. Then they may have become emboldened by your stillness, and gone closer. A moment like that you will never forget. It means that you are trusted, in spite of traditions. Would you betray the trust? Would you frighten a helpless creature that actually *dares* approach you?

Think what a monster you must seem to a rabbit, to a squirrel, to a bird. There is, indeed, a grave doubt in our minds as to whether you would be so brave as they. We should not like to have you come across a sunburned, tousled-headed young giant lying right in your path in the woods. You might be scared to death, nor should we blame you. You have probably heard terrific tales of giants devouring little boys and girls. The good little boys and girls of the story-books get off scot free, of course; but when an actual flesh-and-blood giant is in your path, how is he to know if you are a good little boy or girl? You have no authority to tell him so, even if you have the self-assurance. The very fact of your praising yourself would be against you. It is a delicate matter, this praising one's self, and ought to be attempted by only those who have had long practice and who would not be believed anyhow. We advise no one to try it on the spur of the moment. We are sure, however, that your summer vacation has been spoiled by no giant. The only questions in our minds are, have you been as giants to any helpless animal, and have you inspired it with terror instead of with trust?

These are questions only you can answer. Your harvest of good and gentle deeds will tell how you have spent your summer. It is not necessary for you to tell any one that you have been a good little boy or girl. Let your harvest speak; for when the moral nature is cultivated it yields forth more and more abundantly year by year, and the harvest, which appears small to you now, will eventually grow to such dimensions that it will enable you to enrich the lives of others as well as your own; and so who knows but that the world may become a better place for our young people living in it?

THE SQUIRREL'S MISTAKE;

Or, The Golden Nut

BY ELMENDORF

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

IN the spring of 1886 a happy chain of circumstances resulted in the moving of ourselves, our household Lares and Penates, to a large, old-fashioned country place in the village of Trenton. The season was a remarkably early one, and the first of May found us all comfortably settled and quite ready to enjoy the opening of the spring flowers and the coming of the birds from the south. We found the large trees on the lawn already occupied by two families of squirrels; the beechnut and butternut crops had been excellent for two successive seasons, making this quiet yard a most desirable location for them, in spite of some mischievous boys who were only too ready to drive them away with stones and sling-shots. We formed ourselves into a sort of body-guard or life-preserving corps for these frisky, chattering little neighbors, who soon became very fearless and tame; and by summer-time we were on the most friendly terms. The placing of our chairs on the piazzas and the hanging of our hammocks under the trees were generally the signal for them to come gliding down the linden and locust trees, looking at us intently; and as if convinced we were kindly, honest people, who would do them no harm, they would perch on the hammock, jump down into our hats, play leap-frog over our work-baskets, and do everything that healthy, happy squirrels might be expected to do on a lovely summer's day, when the warm sunshine was bringing out all the delicious perfumes from locust-trees above and clover

blossoms beneath; where the birds sang and whistled, and the bees hummed; where the sunlight and shade flecked the smooth velvet turf into marvellous patterns and devices unknown to any tapestry weaver ever born; where the earth was warm to the touch, and the color of the leaves gave a shimmering green shadow as you gazed up through the tiers upon tiers of leaves to the intenser light above. All this and much more the squirrels undoubtedly felt and enjoyed as they chattered and frisked from overflowing good spirits. Their happiness had something contagious in it, as all true happiness should have, and spread to the inhabitants of the hammock and the piazza, who forgot some of the cares and sadness of life in watching the gambols of these merry, happy little creatures, so full of life and activity, and so full of faith that all would be well. We fancied they were saying to each other: "In the summer we have the sunshine; autumn brings us plenty of nuts; in winter we have good long naps that carry us round to springtime. Life is good. We are busy, and yet have plenty of time to frisk and chatter and play. It is good to live and be a squirrel. If boys only would not hurt us with sticks and stones, and steal our nuts and take away our little squirrels from us, we should be perfectly happy."

When summer was fairly come, Madam Squirrel, with great dignity and much chattering and many wavings of her bushy tail, as though to attract our attention, marshalled her three little baby squirrels on a large branch to take the air, which they must have been sadly in need of after being cooped up in a close little hole of a locust-tree. Of course they were duly admired, and we gave a treat in their honor, consisting mainly of banana skins which were eaten with delight. I am grieved to say little squirrels have not very pretty manners; at least these little ones scratched and grabbed from each other, and quarrelled and pulled the banana skins this way and that way, very like ill-mannered little boys and girls, only they looked so comically funny and so perfectly pretty while misbehaving that it would have been difficult to scold them.

As the fall approached and the nutting season began, the busy squirrels knew no rest. A little opening through the eaves-trough of the house gave them access to a large attic which they used for their "nuttery" or granary, and at night the occasional rolling of a butternut across the board floor revealed their nocturnal occupation. Their queer little heads and bright little eyes made many a quaint picture as they perched on the ridge-pole of the house, or gave an indescribably quick flirt with their tails as they disappeared down the hole into the treasure-room.

Moving day, heralded by the frosty nights and falling leaves of October, came all too soon for us, and while preparing to return to the city a grievous loss was discovered; a gold thimble, carefully marked with its owner's initials, was missing. All possible and impossible places were searched, questions were asked of every one (except the squirrels), rewards offered, but no thimble appeared, and it was given up as a lost treasure, the only loss to be subtracted from our summer's harvest of health, strength, and pleasure. In midwinter, when the event had almost been forgotten, I received a letter from one of our country neighbors, asking if I had lost a gold thimble with initials marked on it. The proprietor of the Trenton house had ordered some repairs made in the furnace, and in the jagged opening just where the pipe went through the thick stone wall was found a soft mass of scraps of paper, leaves, rags—in fact, anything soft or fuzzy that goes to make up a squirrel's winter quarters. When it was knocked down, out rolled—not a sleepy squirrel, but some brown butternut shells, and among them a golden nut in the shape of the missing thimble! A frisky little squirrel must have been attracted by its shining shell, and decided in his wise little head that, although the nut seemed light and quite hollow within, it must still be well worth having, and so had taken it from the work-basket in his mouth and carried it, doubtless with many a squeak and chuckle of delight, into his winter's home, where he hoped to enjoy the sweet morsel when deep snows should cover the ground outside. He must have been bitterly disappointed, and perhaps had to stand the jests and jeers of his family when they found the golden nut was quite empty, wouldn't crack, and was altogether a golden grief and a glistening sorrow instead of a most rare and luscious nut, unknown before to the world of squirrels.

I forgave my little friend the temporary loss he had caused me, resolving, however, to be very careful how I left my work-basket and thimble on the lawn the next summer. Alas! my precautions were not needed; for, whether they were warned by an unfailing instinct that the next nut harvest would be a failure, or whether conscience reproached them for having so unhandsomely rewarded the hand that had been outstretched in their defence, or whether they had broken their little teeth in trying to crack the golden nut, not a squirrel was to be found in our yard the next summer, or in any of the neighboring woods. But never were our hammocks swaying under the trees, and our work-baskets placed on the grass on a lovely summer's day, without a pleasant regretful thought coming to us of our funny little neighbors of the previous year and their experience with the golden nut.

NEST-BUILDING CHEIROGALES

By J. Carter Beard

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THERE are certain queer little animals in Madagascar that have a most curious habit. We know that in our own country, insects, frogs, and reptiles, besides several kinds of mammals, such as woodchucks and bats, and even bears, hide away in secret places and go to sleep for days and weeks and months, until the warm sun of the springtime awakens them again to life and motion. They take their winter sleep like the water rat:

"When the cold winter comes,
And the water plants die,
And his little brook yields him
No further supply,
Down into his burrow
He cozily creeps,
And through the long winter time
Quietly sleeps."

L. C. Beard

But in Madagascar there is no winter time. The weather there is always warm, and yet these little bushy-tailed things go off to a nicely built nest of leaves, and sleep for weeks, while other animals are sporting around them.

Why some animals should do this and others not, why some should sleep in the summer time, when food is to be had in plenty all around them, and others in the winter, no one has ever been able to find out. Some hibernating animals awake now and then and take food, but others get quieter and quieter, the breathing becomes slower and slower, and the heat of the body is lessened, because the heart beats more feebly as well as not so fast as at other times. When in this state the creature takes no food; but having become nice and fat before going to sleep, it gradually gets lean, and wastes slowly away until it awakens. Some kinds of animals, such as many of the bats, if they are awakened before the natural ending of their hibernation (as their winter sleep is called), will die.

Now, during a part of the year, the little cheirogales of Madagascar get fat, and their fine bushy tails attain a most dignified size; then they retire for their summer sleep, during which they grow thinner and thinner, and finally come forth so thin and worthless looking, and with such miserable vestiges of tails, that no one would take them for the plump little bodies that built and occupied the big nest where they slept.

Their sleepy time is during the hot and dry season, which answers to our winter, and they wake and fatten up when the warm rains bring everything to life again.

The little bushtails, or cheirogales, are only four inches long, though their tails are a good six inches.

They are true nest-builders, making their nests as large as those of crows, and constructing them of interlaced twigs and leaves, in the midst of which there is a place hollowed out, and lined with soft fur, for the young.

THE PRAIRIE-DOG

BY ROY F. GREENE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THERE is a little pet, though some deem it a pest, of the Western States, which is but little known by the residents of the East, except as seen in the museums, where it is known as the prairie-dog. This is not the only name by which the queer little rodent goes, for his earliest name, given him by the Indians, is Wish-ton-wish. Whatever it means, Wish-ton-wish is probably not so misleading as prairie-dog, for the little fellow has not even the most remote connection or relationship with the canine species.

The so-called prairie-dog is in reality a species of rat, although it bears a nearer external resemblance to the common squirrel, with which, however, it has no relationship. It is decidedly a Western animal, and has never of its own accord migrated east of the Mississippi River. Subsisting as it does upon insects, plants, and grasses, its towns or colonies are usually far removed from human habitations. Yet we must not infer that it is unsocial in disposition, or that it readily gives way to the encroachments of civilization. Quite the contrary; for as the course of empire wends westward, and man begins to turn the sod of the prairies, the little prairie-dog seems inclined to meet him half-way. While the buffalo, the deer, the antelope, and even the game birds of the West have steadily been retreating farther and farther toward the setting sun, the course of the prairie-dog for the last decade has been eastward, and we find the advance-guards of these little rodents and their outposts of settlement in localities where they were formerly unknown.

The prairie-dog is about twelve or fourteen inches in length; its head is not unlike that of the squirrel, but its tail, which is about five inches long, is not so bushy as the squirrel's. It always lives in communities, whose domiciles are holes in the ground, around the entrance to which they heap a small conical mound of earth, and on these you may see them, sitting up like trick dogs, barking a welcome in their peculiar way to the passers-by. They are as quick in movement as a cat, and it is almost impossible to kill one of them by an ordinary gunshot. Some think they are invulnerable and cannot be killed, but this idea is a myth. One reason of the difficulty in bagging them is that, even when severely wounded, instinct prompts them to wriggle back into their holes, and die, if die they must, at home. As soon as one is pierced by a bullet, it contrives, by convulsive movements, which are well directed even in its agony, to drop from sight into its hole, so that a specimen is rarely secured by shooting.

As their "dog towns" are out on the broad prairies, and are frequently far from streams, they display unusual sagacity in obtaining water. Each town has a well, which goes down from the surface and is not unlike their home retreats, even to the conical mound at the entrance, save that one usually sees gravel and sand at the entrance to the well. Often one colony consists of as many as ten thousand dogs, and contains half as many separate homes, each house being connected with the town well by an underground passage.

They are quite harmless little creatures, and all the damage they do is to deprive the stockman of much valuable range, for their propensity to gnaw the grass roots has a tendency to leave the surrounding country as bare and smooth as a billiard-table. But they are happy little fellows, and make very interesting pets; and the prairie-dog, little "Wish-ton-wish," has found a place in the hearts of the Western people.

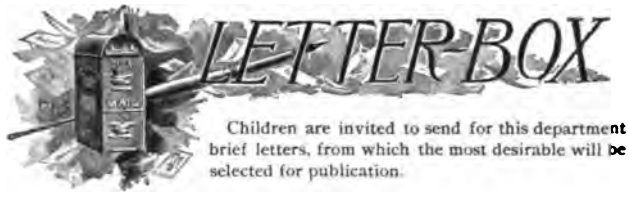
"MISTER," said a small, neatly dressed boy, "have you seen anythin' of a dog that looked like he was lost?"

"No, my boy," replied the kindly faced gentleman. "Are you sure you are not lost yourself?"

"No, sir. I ain't sure about not bein' lost. Fact is, I know I'm lost. But, mister, that dog's lost so much wuss'n I am, that I ain't got no time to think 'bout my own troubles." —*Exchange.*

"WHAT is the matter, Mosky?" asked the tumble-bug of the mosquito. "You look so pale and worn."

"I am," replied the mosquito. "I wasted last night on a French wax doll, thinking in the dark that it was a fat little baby. I'm nearly starved."—*Exchange.*



Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box:

I am rather an old child to write to you, but, as I think the following fact is a very curious one, I venture to send it for your approval.

A friend of mine, living for many years in Dresden, Germany, is the owner of a green parrot, which she has had for eighteen years. "Polly Boy" is a splendid talker, speaking both English and German. His mistress writes me that "Polly Boy" has become "Polly Girl," by laying two eggs. Such a thing never happened to her before. The eggs were about the size of a pullet's.

Since the arrival of "Polly Girl's" eggs, she has refused to eat hens' eggs with her mistress. Polly always eats from her mistress's plate, and was very fond of eggs. She is devoted to German sausage.

If this is honored with a place in the "Letter-Box," I will send the copy of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to "Polly Girl."

With best wishes, very sincerely yours,

A. M. MANIGAULT.

GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

Dear Letter-Box:

I haven't any pets, because we don't live anywhere, we board. Father travels a good deal on business, and he likes to take mother and me along when he can. In the winter I go to school. I haven't time to take care of a pet, if I had one, but that doesn't prevent me from being fond of animals. Many a time I have brought poor sick dogs and cats to the Society. I make it a rule never to pass a suffering animal in the street without either doing something to help it or notifying the Society, if the case is too much for me.

I sometimes wish I had a dog. As soon as I am a man and can have any kind of a home of my own where my tastes won't disturb people, I shall buy a dog.

The Shelter for Animals is a splendid thing. I went up there the other day with a friend of mine who had lost his dog. The dog had a license, and a collar with the license tag on it in good condition. There was no trouble about finding the rascal. He had strayed away, and was lucky enough to be picked up by the Society's men. That means he was properly fed and cared for over night. On account of his tag, my friend was pretty sure of finding him in short order. A licensed dog is not so easily lost nowadays.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL B. P.

NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box:

There is a funny parrot I know about, and I thought may be the other little girls and boys would like to hear of her, too. She lives in Brooklyn, and is very fond of the lady she lives with. When the breakfast bell rings in the morning, she will push open the door of her cage with her bill, fly down to the breakfast table, take her own chair, which she always knows and occupies at each meal, and wait until the family assemble. If they should not gather as quickly as she thinks they ought, she will call out, "Hurry up, folks, hurry up," and at the same time hop over to the oatmeal dish and attempt to lift the cover; for she is very fond of oatmeal and will make her entire breakfast of it. She would not touch the oatmeal even if able to lift the cover; for she is a very good Polly. After finishing her breakfast, she flies right back to her cage.

In the afternoon, when her mistress lies down for a nap, she will nestle in her neck and take a nap, too. She has a wonderful memory. When a friend came to the house after an absence of three years, Polly made an extra effort to welcome her, and called out, "Hello, Polly," very often, as if she would let the friend know how glad she was to see her. She calls every one Polly, seeming to think that Polly must be every one's name.

I think OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS a lovely magazine, and I take much pleasure in reading it every month. Very truly,

I. R. C.

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

THE CARE OF THE HORSE'S FOOT

THAT one may care for the horse's foot intelligently, it is of first importance that its anatomical construction be understood. The foot does not consist of only the hoof and its contents, but includes all that part of the leg from the knee and the hock down, while the hoof, or *horny box*, is analogous to the nail of the human being, and is a protective covering for living, sensitive tissues.

The bones of the fetlock and foot constitute the skeleton on which the other structures of the horse are built. They comprise the lower end of the *cannon* bone, the two *sesamoid* bones, the large pastern or *suffraginis*, the small pastern or *coronet*, the coffin or *pedal* bone, and the small sesamoid or *navicular* bone.

The *cannon bone* is cylindrical. It stands nearly or quite perpendicular, and it extends from the knee, or hock, to the fetlock.

The *sesamoids* occur in pairs, and are small. They are shaped like a three-faced pyramid, and are set behind the fetlock joint at the upper end of the large pastern, with the pyramid down.

The *suffraginis* is a compact bone, set in an oblique direction downward and forward. It extends from the cannon bone to the coronet.

The *coronet* is short and cube-shaped. It is set between the suffraginis and the coffin bone, in the same oblique direction.

The *coffin bone* forms the end of the foot. It is shaped like the hoof in which it is enclosed.

The *navicular bone* is short, flattened above and below, and is attached to the coffin bone behind.

The portions between these bones are covered with a fibrous membrane called the *periosteum*, and all of these bones have an incrustation of cartilage, which forms the joints.

Captain M. H. Hayes, in his book entitled "The Points of the Horse," gives the analogies between the bones of man and the horse. The humerus, elbow, and fore-arm, for instance, are the same in both man and horse, except that in man the ulna is more highly developed. The knee of the horse corresponds to the human wrist. The five bones between the wrist and the first row of knuckles are represented by the cannon and the splint bones of the horse. The fetlock is analogous to our first row of knuckles. The large pastern corresponds to the first row of bones of the fingers; the small pastern to the second row; the coffin bone to the third row, and the hoof to the human nail. The navicular bone is a detached bone which has no counterpart in our body; but, in the hind limb of the horse, the stifle represents our knee; the tibia, our shin; the hock, our ankle; the point of the hock, our heel. "Thus we may see," says Captain Hayes, "that the horse is an animal which moves on the tips of his fingers and toes (unguligrade); and that he has only one toe (or finger) to each leg."

Of the skin of the fetlock and ankle, the most important part is that called the coronary band, which secretes the horn by which the walls of the hoof are made. In an article upon "Laminitis, or Founder," in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS for February, 1894, the contents of the hoof are described. It is best, however, to repeat that the hoof consists of a wall, a sole, and a frog; and that it contains besides the coffin bone, the navicular, and a part of the small pastern, the sensitive laminæ, the plantar cushion, and the lateral cartilages.

The horn should be either black or dark gray in color, and the wall should be smooth and shiny, showing its fibrous structure.

The best-known defects of conformation in the horse's foot are flat feet, club feet, and crooked feet.

Flat feet are common to heavy, lymphatic horses, raised on marshy soil. The defect is usually confined to the fore feet, which are broad and low-heeled. Flat feet have no arch, and therefore have little or no elasticity of sole, so that the weight of the animal falls upon the entire plantar surface.

Club feet have a nearly perpendicular wall. The heels are high; the fetlock joint is thrown forward, and the weight of the animal falls on the toes.

Crooked feet have one side of the wall higher than the other. Animals with this defect are pigeon-toed, and are prone to "interfere."

It may be said that all feet are liable to corns. When the conditions necessary to the production of corns are present, even the best feet will become affected. A corn is at first a simple bruise of that part of the sole which is between the bars and the wall at the heel. Corns are of three kinds: dry, moist, and suppurating, and are common to horses with contracted heels, with flat feet, or with thin walls. Bad shoeing is the most prolific cause of corns, while, of all the errors in shoeing, the most common is the preparation of the foot for the shoe. The frog, the main support of the foot, is largely cut away, and instead of seeking to maintain the integrity of the arch, the first thing done is to weaken it by too freely paring the sole. Shoes are sometimes worn so long that the hoofs outgrow them until the heels rest upon the soles and bars. The fore feet are almost exclusively subject to corns, both because they support the greater part of the body, and because the heel of the fore foot during progression is first placed upon the ground, and receives far more concussion than the heel of the hind foot, in which the toe first strikes the ground. When the corn is *dry*, the horn which covers it is yellow and is stained with blood; when the corn is *moist*, the exudation of blood and serum is abundant and renders the horn soft; a suppurating corn occasions inflammation and suppuration of the subjacent tissues. The treatment of corns consists chiefly in removing the cause, and, in many cases, the cause is bad shoeing. The best preventive measure is to maintain the suppleness of the hoof by stuffing the feet with flaxseed meal and smearing the hoof with lard oil or neatsfoot oil.

THE FOOT OF THE HORSE, OR LAMENESS AND ALL DISEASES OF THE FEET TRACED TO AN UNBALANCED FOOT BONE. Prevented or Cured by Balancing the Foot. By David Roberge. New York: William R. Jenkins.

The author of this work proves in nervous English and by means of pictorial illustrations that the horse is subjected to many diseases through careless and ignorant shoeing. He also shows that, in every case, "the horse points to the exact location or seat of his trouble." Thus, if the inside heel of the hoof or the shoe, or both together, is too high, the leg will be pointed backward and inward; whereas, if the outside heel is too high, the leg will be pointed backward and outward. If, however, the inside toe is too high, the pointing will be forward and inward; whereas, if the outside toe is too high, the pointing will be forward and outward. In no fewer than eight different ways is it possible to diagnose a fault in shoeing as the cause of a misdirection of the leg. It is impossible within our space to notice the details of this valuable and interesting work. We can only say that it deserves the careful perusal of all who own horses, and the careful study of all veterinarians and farriers.

A NARROW, NARROW WORLD. By Edith Carrington, author of "Workers Without Wage," etc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The writer of this book has done better work than this. Her "Workers Without Wage" is admirable, and so would the present book be if she had not attempted to join fact and fiction with so little skill as to spoil both. A child who cares to read of natural history has passed beyond the age at which he can be amused by talking butterflies, reflective mud-puddles, and inquisitive walnut-shells. Fairy tales are one thing and natural history is another, and our author has not the art of a Charles Kingsley in combining them. Here is a specimen of her success: "'To-morrow,' said the earwig on the twentieth day of her long watch, 'when the big sun outside opens his eyes, perhaps I may have baby earwigs to show him. I am sure no sun ever shone on anything so well worth seeing as that sight will be;' and she gave one peep out to look at the dandelion. The dandelion, which had been gazing at the real sun all day, was just closing green fringes over its brilliant self, 'For what is the use of looking any more when there is nothing in the sky?' it said." Now, this sort of thing may be very pretty; but the boy who cares for natural history will call it rubbish.

THE STORY OF BLACKIE. By J. O. S., author of "Day Lilies," etc.

This is the autobiography of a black cat, very nicely told and very prettily printed.

IN the August number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is an article signed Charles Henry Webb, and entitled "Uncared-for Cats." Upon careful perusal we are satisfied that the author intends to be humorous. Why else should he write: "'Faithful as a dog' is but a longer name for fidelity. But c-a-t is held to be merely a short way of spelling treacherousness. And it must be confessed that in some points of good faith, if you choose so to put it, Ponto outpoints Puss. Poke him in the eye, and very likely he'll lick your hand. Treat her similarly, and the chances are that she scratches, *i.e.*, in return for your licking her, she'll not lick you." This may not be the highest form of wit, but, to quote Mr. Webb again, it is, perhaps, given to the public, "*Faute de mew.*" What can one do more than one's best? Space forbids a criticism of Mr. Webb's literary style; what concerns us is the matter of his article, and what we regret most sincerely is that a friend and admirer of Mr. Bergh should have accumulated, since Mr. Bergh's death, so vast an amount of ignorance concerning the workings of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It must certainly surprise other friends of Mr. Bergh to see the Society denounced in the pages of a widely read magazine like *Lippincott's*. For Mr. Webb's enlightenment, we may state that, as in Mr. Bergh's day, uncared-for cats are still brought to the Society and are sent for by the Society; and we would suggest that Mr. Webb read the Society's last Annual Report. It may interest him to learn that in 1893 the number of "Small animals, disabled past recovery, humanely destroyed," was 4,794, against 1,202 in 1887, and that "Complaints received and investigated" in 1893 were 7,599, against 3,773 in 1887. The championship of Mr. Bergh's *former* friends would be as welcome to the Society as are the encouragement and sympathy of Mr. Bergh's *present* friends, for such, indeed, are the generous men and women who seek to further the work of the Society, and not, like Mr. Webb, to misrepresent and revile it.

DR. R. W. SHUFELDT'S "Lectures on Biology," read before the Catholic University of America, are published in the Natural History department of recent numbers of *The American Field*, Lecture Third and last appearing in that journal for August 4. Dr. Shufeldt treats most particularly of the value of biology as a study. Phases of the general law of correlations, as exemplified in many ways both on the part of animals and of plants, of the laws of the relations existing between organisms, of the laws of protective resemblances among animals and plants; of parthenogenesis; of the laws of extinction of species and of persistent types of animals, all "show those delicate compensations, equilibriums, and balancings that are ever in operation throughout all nature, and of which we yet have so very imperfect a knowledge. . . . The most I can feel," concludes the author, modestly, "is that I have brought evidence before you wherewith to prove the undoubted value that attaches to the study of biological sciences."

IN the August number of *The Atlantic Monthly* Frank Bolles describes "August Birds in Cape Breton." The article is not illustrated—articles in *The Atlantic* never are—but Mr. Bolles does not need the assistance of an engraver to bring his pictures before the eye. Take, for example, his portrait of the moose birds: "Their large rounded heads had no sign of a crest, and the white on the crown and under the chin gave them a singularly tidy look, as though their gentle faces were tippeted. . . . Of the Cape Breton warblers," Mr. Bolles found "the black-and-yellow the most numerous and by all means the most brilliant in plumage." Whenever he "called the birds together, the magnolias were sure to appear, their gleaming yellow waistcoats showing afar through the trees, and contrasting with their dark upper plumage and the cool gray of their caps. . . . In the markings of a male redstar, the black extended much lower on the breast than usual, and the vermilion which lay next it burned like a hot coal." But the sparrow-hawks were coy

of sitting for their portraits. Mr. Bolles sketched them as "they rose and fell, tilted, careened, righted, tacked, made exquisite curves, and, in fact, performed as many graceful manœuvres in the air as a fine skater could on the ice, and then came back to the fence and perched again"—too late. The likeness once caught, the author mentions them no more. In the same number of the magazine Henry Childs Merwin writes of "Professional Horsemen." "In dealing with horses," says the author, "there are two things to be done: first, to control and restrain them; secondly, to stimulate and encourage them. . . . For a dozen men that can do the first, you will find only one who can do the second. But that one has an extraordinary power. . . . It would be hard to say what is the secret of this power, but I doubt if it is ever found in any man not possessed both of a strong will and of a feeling for dumb animals. The 'magnetism' that people talk about is, I suspect, simply the fortunate combination of these two qualities."

Nature Notes, the magazine of the Selbourne Society, has in its August number an article entitled "A Devonian Headland," by W. J. C. Miller, and the last of a series of articles by O. V. Alpin, M.A., upon "The British Avifauna —Its Changes and Present Character." The Devonian headland is Chalcombe Head, and is the chosen retreat of seabirds. The cliffs are lofty, hard, and everywhere wellnigh perpendicular. The birds nest along a deep ledge, half-way down the cliffs, which nature seems to have provided especially for them, and where they and their young are safe from the greed of the "collector." The article upon the British avifauna treats particularly of the shyness of birds. "It is doubtful," says the author, "whether the great bustard, even if not persecuted, could have borne to live in our crowded England, especially East Anglia, once its home. . . This shyness is more remarkable in big birds than in small birds, and is perhaps one reason why the 'noblest' forms disappear first. Gilbert White wrote long ago to Daines Barrington: 'Most kinds of birds seem to me to be wild and shy somewhat in proportion to their bulk. . . The golden-crested wren (the smallest British bird) will stand unconcerned till you come within three or four yards of it, while the bustard (*Otis*), the largest British land-fowl, does not care to admit a person within so many furlongs.'"

UNDER the title, "Bits of Bird Life," William J. Long, in *The Youth's Companion* for August 16, gives a dainty and altogether charming description of "An Oriole's Nest," of how it swings "from the long drooping tips of the old elm boughs," of how no bird-enemy can trouble it, because "the blacksnake, that horror of all low-nesting birds, will never climb so high," the red squirrel "cannot find a footing on those delicate branches," and crows and hawks will not venture so near human habitation as the orioles love to build. Could any boy or girl, we ask, read such an article and then pillage such a home?

"THE ADMIRAL AND THE MIDSHIPMITE," a story by Mary Murdoch Mason, opens the August number of *St. Nicholas*. The Admiral is a boy; the Midshipmite, a fox-terrier; the story —irresistible. The illustrations, two in number, are by A. J. Keller, who is undoubtedly a lover of boys and dogs, and very, very probably a personal friend of the Admiral and the Midshipmite. At all events, the drawings make one suspect it. In the same number of the magazine "Glimpses of Central Park Animals" are given, by George Ethelbert Walsh, with illustrations by Meredith Nugent, and a second paper upon "The Bears of North America," by W. T. Hornaday, is illustrated by L. Palmer, J. Carter Beard, and from an old print, by kind permission of Theodore H. Hittell. Meredith Nugent contributes a picture of "Fish-Day" that tells its own story. "A Plucky Connecticut Girl," by Laura B. Hall, is an anecdote of the Revolutionary War.

AN important article in *The Livery Stable* for August is by W. J. Martin, V.S., and tells how to "Care for Horses' Mouths." In the opinion of the author, all young horses from three to four years of age should have their teeth and mouths carefully examined when any symptoms of tenderness are shown in the mouth, as it is at that age that some of the milk molars are replaced by some of the permanent molars. "I have seen a young horse," says Dr. Martin, "that had had its throat blistered with liniment, and was being treated for distemper, when the trouble was due to the displaced crown of a milk molar." Removal of the crown gave the animal instant relief. *The Livery Stable* justly considers that to treat the horse humanely is always to the best interests of horse-owners.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IS devoted to the cause of humanity toward abused or ill-treated animals. We cannot recommend too much the spread of publications of this kind. Public benefactors ought to be found in every community to subscribe for a certain number of them, and have them distributed to every school-child at every school in the country.—*Kansas City Catholic*, Kansas City, Kansas.

IT is a prize of itself. The contents are splendid, and it should be in the hands of every horse owner.—*Jefferson County Sentinel*, Boulder, Montana.

EVERY ONE who is interested in the preservation of our birds and the humane treatment of our animals should take this interesting magazine.—*The Artesian Chronicle*, South Dakota.

HAS each month a good variety of original matter and editorials touching upon subjects that should interest the humane everywhere.—*The Home and Mart*, East Boston, Mass.

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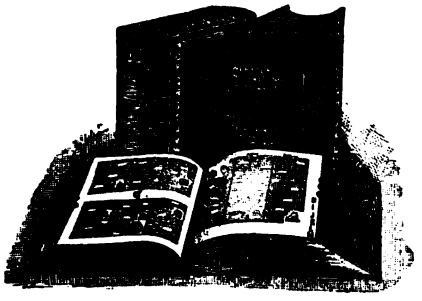

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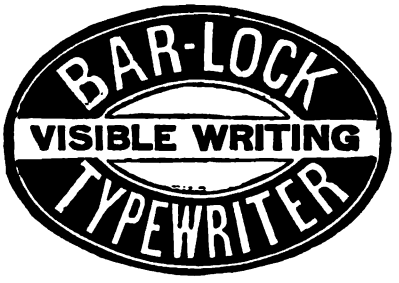

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Patrick: Well, sor, I lave thim cobwebs there fur to ketch the flies, an' pervint thim plaguin' the horses.—*Exchange.*

"WELL, I've been making a goose of myself," said the hen, when the eggs on which she had been sitting hatched into goslings.—*Farmer's Home Weekly.*

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MORE than three hundred species of fish hitherto unknown to naturalists are described by M. Leon Vaillant as inhabiting the lakes of Borneo. Many other fishes are identical with species living in the waters of the Sunde Islands and of Indo-China. As these species never reach the sea, they furnish another argument in favor of the theory of a former connection of these countries.—*Harrison's Family Magazine.*

THE manner in which animals endure pain should awaken the sympathy of all thinking people. Horses in battle furnish a striking example of this power of endurance. After the first stinging pain is felt they make no sound, but bear it with mute, wondering endurance; and when in the silence of the night a groan comes from the battle-field, it is because of loneliness—the craving for human companionship which is so necessary to once domesticated animals.—*New York Herald.*

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V. 7.

Vol. XXII. NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1894. No. 2.

COMMON SENSE AND HUMANITY IN THE BREEDING, TRAINING, AND USE OF HORSES

BREEDING

WE are glad to give praise where it is due, and we have nothing but commendation for the persistence with which our handsome contemporary, *The Rider and Driver*, has urged upon horse breeders the adoption of a more rational system. "Heretofore," says our contemporary, "few breeders of trotting horses in America were bent upon getting aught but a horse that would be phenomenally fast. If they got one out of a dozen, they felt that their labors were rewarded. What became of the remaining eleven was a matter of secondary consideration. If they were not all *abominations in appearance and gait, as the result of breeding for speed alone*, instead of for type, they might fetch fair prices for road horses or for whatever purpose the straggling purchaser might elect. It was great race horse first, and utility horse afterwards." Against this irrational system of "breeding for speed alone, instead of for type," *The Rider and Driver* has incessantly protested, insisting that it would be a much more profitable business to supply the market with good-looking, well-mannered, and reasonably speedy horses. Of late years "many breeders have been changing their policy." Our contemporary says: "They have come to realize that it is more profitable—and much more satisfactory, we should think—to turn out a level lot of horses, broken to harness and ready for use, which would average between $500 and $1,000 at public auction, than to speculate upon the vague possibility of producing one horse that would sell for a fortune."

We believe that our contemporary is right, and that the breeding of well-proportioned and serviceable horses of good blood will be found, in the long run, to be much more profitable and much more satisfactory than the off chance of producing now and then a single animal of phenomenal speed.

ITS EFFECTS

The course of common sense in this matter is clearly the course that would be dictated by humanity. "Breeding for speed alone instead of for type" is very apt to produce what our contemporary calls "abominations in appearance and gait." From a current number of *The Horseman* we take the following description of a notable filly: "The Butterflies was the personification of 'a racing machine,' and nothing else. She represented the extreme type of the 'greyhound thoroughbred,' a tall filly, all legs, with a long, slim barrel, very beautiful to look upon, but oh, how awfully delicate! As dainty as a deer she looked, as she danced along the stretch, and she raced like one; but her limbs were not strong enough to sustain her speed. She was like a frail vessel carrying too powerful an engine."

If that is a description of a success in breeding, what must a failure be? Of what possible use is such a creature anywhere else than on a race track? One is not surprised to read in the same paper that The Butterflies "has gone lame"; and horses of that type are pretty sure to go lame and otherwise to show the effects of over-breeding, without possessing the speed and the questionable beauty for which this too delicate creature is praised. Labor is the lot of horses, and horses of The Butterflies type are simply unfit for labor. Their career is short; they go quickly down from the breeding stable to the cab, and from the cab to the knackers. A horse's lot in the service of man is hard enough, and no animal ought to be bred in such a way as to be foredoomed to wretchedness. Horse breed-

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ers who adopt the sensible plan recommended in *The Rider and Driver* may be glad to feel that, in consulting their own interests, they are giving to the creatures they produce for profit something more than the fair chance of a life of such satisfaction as is possible to the domestic horse.

CRUELTIES OF TRAINING

There are cruelties in the training of race horses which every true sportsman must condemn. Thus we read in *Sporting Sketches* that "in 1868 the late Duke of Newcastle thought he would make a Derby book on the following year's race, and before long had made a £40,000 book on the great event. He relied on Wild Oats winning, in which case his gains would have been enormous, and if that animal *had not succumbed to the exigencies of training*, the result would probably have been different." The meaning of the last sentence of this extract is, that an unfortunate horse was trained to death for the private profit of the Duke of Newcastle. In another journal we read of an overtrained mare that she "came out so stale and sore" that it was impossible for her to run—a not unusual consequence of overtraining. A still more cruelly disreputable misuse of the arts of the trainer is told of a well-known owner of a stable at Rochester. "Last year," it appears, "Mr. B. took the lank, lathy gelding, Soldier, that hadn't a sound leg in his emaciated frame, and by a remarkably clever piece of patchwork training, brought him to the post in such good shape that he was able to last through and win one of the hardest-fought mud races trotted in the early eastern circuits." What does this mean but that a crippled horse, which was unfit for severe work of any kind, was artificially stimulated by overtraining, so that he might "last through" a frightful exertion, which ought never to have been required of him?

CRUELTIES ON THE TRACK

On the track itself cruelties are sometimes permitted, against which every lover of horses ought to protest, as our always welcome contemporary, *The Horseman*, does protest in a particular instance, as follows:

"Most men who drive horses cherish a natural love for them, and this feeling will stay an abusive hand; but now and then cases of horrible cruelty come to light, which call for a rule authorizing the judges to punish the offender. An act of this kind was committed recently at East Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, as described by the *Philadelphia Record*: 'The races were marred by an exhibition of cruelty and brutality by Hutchinson, driver of Simon Bolivar, who pulled and beat the little horse around the track in the third heat until it fell exhausted at the first turn after passing the judges' stand. It was thought the horse would die, but after considerable treatment he was gotten into the stable.' This atrocity is little less heinous than the occasional killing drive made by a substituted driver, after it is apparent that the horse cannot win. But the appointee of the judges, honest overmuch, whips the tired and defenceless horse without mercy. One of the obsolete rules of trotting should be rescinded, and another enacted to protect the horse from men like Hutchinson."

Would it not be a good and sportsman-like rule to forbid the use of the whip and spur altogether on the race track? Ought they not to be banished? Ought a horse be allowed to win, when it can win only by merciless beating and spurring? When a horse does win on the race track, ought it not to be by the use of its natural powers under the influence of command and encouragement, and not under the unnatural stimulus of torture? It is not creditable to the race track to read in two or three journals which lie before us such statements as these: that "Little Mat was badly tired;" that Southside "bled at the nose;" that Merry Monarch "swerved under punishment;" that The Butterflies and Gutta Percha "fell lame," and "both went to the whip in the last furlong;" that Raybould "pulled the whalebone and applied it to Clinton's back;" that another horse "won by the hardest kind of a draw;" and that "Venus dropped dead on the track in the last heat." These are samples, and only samples, of incidents which are constantly occurring. We trust that the sporting papers will insist upon the stoppage of everything of that kind. They can do it if they will, and we believe they have the will to do it.

CRUELTIES OF VANITY

In the use of horses, senseless cruelty is sometimes committed in sheer recklessness, or for the gratification of personal vanity. We have a high esteem for the personal character of the Emperor William of Germany. He is a man of pure life and of noble aspirations. His generosity is admired abroad, and is even now doing much to

lull the animosity against his country which prevails in France. His solicitude for the welfare of the humbler classes of his subjects has won their gratitude. But, with all this, he has on more than one occasion shown a strange insensibility to the sufferings of animals. It was with his approval that the horrible long-distance race was run two years ago from Berlin to Vienna, and he sanctioned the cruelties which outraged the world on that occasion by decorating the noble scoundrels by whom they were committed. Recently, too, the German press tells a frightful story of a "mad drive" taken by the Emperor himself from Voss to Stalheim. The distance is twenty-seven miles; the temperature was ninety-six degrees in the shade; but the Emperor drove the whole distance with his own hand, stopping but once on the way, in two hours and a half, that is, at the rate of very nearly eleven miles an hour. The condition of the horses at the end of that ride may be imagined. We do not envy the man who could be guilty of such an act of cruelty for the mere purpose of doing what nobody else had ever done before. Yet, in the use of horses, we need not go to Germany to find men who are willing to gratify their own vanity at the cost of reckless cruelty. We are thankful to say that in the State of New York, at least, a man who should do what the Emperor of Germany did on that occasion, would be liable to fine and imprisonment for misdemeanor.

OBSTRUCTION OF THE U. S. MAIL

THERE is a general impression that a man who is guilty of cruelty in driving a vehicle containing United States mail cannot be summarily stopped or arrested, though he may be prosecuted afterwards. If this were true, then the driver of a mail wagon must be allowed to continue an act of cruelty—that is, to continue in the commission of a misdemeanor—for an indefinite time, and the police authorities would have no power to interfere. On the face of it, such a state of things would be intolerable if it were true; but it is not true.

The law of the United States on this subject is as follows:

"Any person who shall knowingly and wilfully obstruct or retard the passage of the mail, or any carriage, horse, driver or carrier carrying the same, shall, for every such offence, be punishable by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars" (Revised Statutes, sec. 3995). It must be admitted that this language is broad enough to cover all obstruction, of whatever kind, and that the statute mentions no exception. But then, it is always to be understood that in the enactment of general statutes the legislature contemplates and intends exceptions which are necessary to avoid absurd results. Thus, under the laws of every State in the Union, wilfully to deprive a human being of his life is forbidden and punished as the crime of murder. Yet we read nearly every day that men are publicly put to death by sheriffs and other officers without incurring the penalty of that law; and the reason is that *another* law requires the execution of convicted murderers. In the same way, it is forbidden by general law that any citizen shall be deprived of his liberty; yet citizens are constantly restrained of their liberty, because there are many laws requiring their arrest, not only on conviction, but often on mere suspicion, of crime. It is clear, then, that the general statute forbidding knowing and wilful obstruction of the mail *may* contemplate exceptions which are not expressed in the statute, and must include them when other laws of equal authority require them to be made.

It is perfectly true that the law does not allow any *wilful* and *voluntary* act of obstruction to the passage of the mail, and it has been held that the detention of a mail carrier by arrest on civil process in an action for trespass, or on the ground of a lien on the horses employed in carrying the mail, is a violation of the law (U. S. v. Barney, 3 Hall's Am. Law Jour., 128; U. S. v. Harvey, 8 Law Rep., 77); but the case is different if the mail carrier is detained on a bench warrant issued by a State court of competent jurisdiction upon an indictment for felony. In a case of that kind (U. S. v. Kirby, 7 Wallace; U. S. Sup. Ct. Rep., 482) it was held that "the statute has no reference to acts lawful in themselves, from the execution of which a temporary delay to the mails unavoidably follows. All persons in the public service are exempt, as a matter of public policy, from arrest by *civil* process while thus engaged." Process of *that* kind can therefore furnish no justification for the arrest of a carrier of the mail. This is all that is decided by the case of the United States v. Harvey. "The rule is different when the process is issued upon a charge of felony. No officer or employee of the United States is placed by his position, or the

services he is called to perform, above responsibility to the legal tribunals of the country, and to the ordinary processes for his arrest and detention, when accused of felony, in the forms prescribed by the Constitution and laws. The public inconvenience which may occasionally follow from the temporary delay in the transmission of the mail caused by the arrest of its carriers upon such charges, is far less than that which would arise from extending to them the immunity for which the counsel of the Government contends. Indeed, it may be doubted whether it is competent for Congress to exempt the employees of the United States from arrest on criminal process from the State courts, when the crimes charged against them are not merely *mala prohibita*, but are *mala in se*. But whether legislation of that character be constitutional or not, no intention to extend such exemption should be attributed to Congress unless clearly manifested by its language."

It is settled, then, that the driver of a mail wagon is liable to arrest on a charge of felony. But the next question is whether he is also liable to arrest in the actual commission of a *misdemeanor*. In principle, that point has been clearly settled by Mr. Justice Washington in the United States v. Hart (I. Peter's Circuit Court, 390), in which it was held that the act of Congress is not to be construed so as to prevent the arrest of a driver of a carriage in which the mail is carried, when he is driving through a crowded street at an improper rate. This exception to the general language of the statute recognizes the force of State and municipal laws which prohibit the misdemeanor of furious driving; and the application of the same principle must equally warrant the arrest of a mail carrier for other misdemeanors enacted by the same authority.

THE A. S. P. C. A. AND THE POST-OFFICE

Though perfectly assured of its right to arrest persons in the act of committing cruelty in the transport of the mails, our Society has been exceedingly reluctant to appear as an obstructor of the public service. It has greatly preferred to use its influence with the local and national authorities of the Post-Office Department; and we are happy to say that it has been able to maintain satisfactory relations with them to the present time.

A case in which the officers of the Society were obliged to stop a post-office van occurred in February, 1882. The horses were in a condition which the law describes as "unfit for use." Mr. Bergh immediately notified the postmaster, Mr. H. G. Pearson, of the reason of the detention which had occurred, and requested his coöperation in preventing further violations of the State law by contractors for the transport of mails. Those contractors, Mr. Bergh observed, were well paid by the government, and were bound to furnish good horses in sufficient number for the execution of their contract. Instead of this, they used horses which were "unfit for use," and they frequently, especially at night, cruelly overloaded the wagons which were drawn by these unfortunate animals. Mr. Bergh reminded Mr. Pearson that no employee of the government is entitled to violate any State laws, and urged that the forbearance of our Society had almost amounted to a crime in permitting these illegal cruelties to be continued.

In his reply to this note, Mr. Pearson courteously expressed his opinion that the action of the Society in the case under consideration "was justified by the facts," and that, under the instructions given to our officers, they would have due regard to the possible loss and inconvenience to the public which might result from the stoppage of a vehicle conveying the mails. Mr. Pearson also promised to call the attention of the contractor to *the necessity of avoiding all cause of interference on the part of the Society* with the performance of his service.

A DECISION OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

A case in which our Society was brought into decisive correspondence with the Post-Office Department occurred in June, 1883, when clear cases of violation of law on the part of drivers of mail wagons were brought to the attention of Mr. Pearson. In his reply, Mr. Pearson promised to forward the complaint to the Hon. Second Assistant Postmaster-General, for his information and action, as the control and management of mail messenger and mail station service, contracted for and furnished by the Postmaster-General, was under the jurisdiction of that officer of the Department. The complaint was referred directly to the Postmaster-General himself, and the letter which he then addressed to Mr. Bergh settled once for all the liability of post-office employees and contractors to arrest for the misdemeanor of committing acts of cruelty in violation of the laws of the

State of New York. The Postmaster-General's letter was as follows:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *July* 6, 1883.

SIR:—Referring to your communications of the 28th and 30th ult., relative to the cruel treatment of horses used in transporting the mail on route No. 6,771 in the city of New York, you are informed that I have no power to correct the evil reported by you.

The contract for service on said route provides for the conveyance of the mail by the prescribed schedule. If a failure to perform the service result from abuse of animals, or any other cause, such action will then be taken as the facts may warrant.

The contractor is, of course, amenable to the laws of the State of New York.

Very respectfully,
(Signed) W. Q. GRESHAM, *Postmaster-General.*

This letter of the Postmaster-General clearly admits that post-office employees are liable to criminal arrest for a violation of State law, and this admission is made with special reference to State laws for the prevention of cruelty. Post-office employees and contractors can therefore expect no support from the Post-Office Department in the violation of these laws; and, while our Society will continue, as heretofore, to act with the greatest possible discretion in all cases, it had better be understood that cruelty to animals used in the service of the Post-Office Department *must cease*, and that the only sure way to avoid a detention of the mails by the arrest of drivers is to require them and their employers to abstain from cruelty. The recent arrest of the driver of a mail wagon in a case mentioned in our Headquarters Notes has attracted some attention, and has been followed by considerable bluster on the part of those who are more or less responsible for the cruelty committed. That bluster may as well be dropped. Post-office contractors are as much bound to obey the laws of the State as other people, and they will find that it is an exceedingly expensive thing to disobey the law.

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THE gravest thing any man has to do is to live, and it ought to be the best thing that he does. He should not be known as a success in his vocation, as first in profession or affairs, but as first in character.—*John F. W. Ware.*

THE yearly crusade against the cruelties inflicted upon the horses and mules employed on the several canals of this State was begun earlier this season than heretofore. Officers Gay and Noble, experienced in canal work, were selected for the duty, and from their verbal and written reports it may be assumed that the atrocities, which for years have disgraced the commercial water-ways of the State, are becoming things of the past, and that, owing to the persistent warfare carried on by the Society, better treatment is now assured for the poor, helpless creatures which furnish the motive power to transport the products of the State.

As will be seen by the following extract from their report, the officers were at work for several days before they found "a bad case." "We did not find anything very bad, however, until we got to Schenectady, when we overhauled two lumber boats, 'Hiram Abiff' and 'A. H. Smith,' which were being towed by two apologies for horses and one small mule. It was not 'an old-time canal case,' by any means, but was much worse than any we had yet seen since we had been out." The captured animals were taken to a barn and placed in charge of a veterinary surgeon, while the captain, who was almost as dilapidated as his nondescript team, was arraigned before City Judge Eisenmenger upon a charge of cruelty to his animals. He pleaded guilty and was fined ten dollars. He declared that he did not have the amount of the fine, and he pleaded poverty so hard that the kind-hearted magistrate reduced the fine to five dollars, which was paid. In the case of the driver, John Roney, the sentence was suspended. Both were seriously warned by the judge not to be found again driving disabled animals; for if they were brought before him a second time on a similar charge a severe sentence would be imposed.

"Just as we reached the tow-path early this morning," continues the report, "two boats, 'The Mullholland' and 'The Armstrong,' loaded full up with grain, and drawn by three mules, happened along. With the exception of badly galled shoulders, against which the heavy collars were continually rubbing, the animals were in good physical

condition. The wounds were bad. Edward Gallagher, the captain, along with the driver of the team, was arrested, and when arraigned pleaded guilty to the charge of cruelty. The former was fined ten dollars for permitting the mules to be worked, while in the case of the driver sentence was suspended, accompanied with a warning. The mules were suspended from labor until in proper condition for work."

At Fort Edward, through which place the Champlain Canal takes its course, the officers found a decrepit horse hauling the canal boat "Ivy." The vessel was fully loaded with merchandise. The poor creature was in a deplorable state, lame, weak, and exhausted. Weary and footsore, the wretched beast had been compelled to haul the heavily laden boat for many miles. The officers at once unharnessed the horse, intending to take it to an adjacent barn for treatment and rest, but before it had gone half the length of the boat, it fell to the ground. Threats to throw the captain of the boat overboard were made by the crowd of canalmen and residents of the tow-path, and it required some diplomacy on the part of the officers to save their prisoner from being roughly handled by the indignant throng. The sufferings of the horse were humanely ended, and the brutal owner was taken to jail.

The canals were thoroughly patrolled, and while many horses and mules were found working with sore shoulders, they were otherwise in excellent condition. The only cases which were prosecuted are those described above. In concluding their report to President Haines, the officers say: "There is no doubt but that the canal horses and mules are in much better condition now than ever before." The crusade will be continued until a substitute for living motive power is found.

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OFFICER SNOWDEN, of the Society, while patrolling Fourth Avenue the other morning, noticed that one of the horses attached to United States mail wagon No. — behaved as if something were wrong with the harness. Hailing the driver to stop, the officer proceeded to investigate the matter, and was surprised to find seven bad wounds on the animal's breast, four on one side and three on the other, on which the collar was pressing, and causing the poor creature great pain. The stopping of a mail wagon in the streets of New York is not a daily occurrence, and in the present instance it caused a crowd to gather around the officer, curious to know the trouble. The dreadful condition of the horse's breast aroused many of the spectators to express their indignation, and to denounce the mail contractor for permitting such cruelty. The driver, however, assumed the entire responsibility, and was put under arrest. The wounds of the animal were photographed, as well as the blood-stained collar, and will be used in evidence at the trial of the offender, William Brooks, who was put under bail of $300 by Justice Voorhis.

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THAT many of the horses belonging to the Glen Island and New Rochelle Surface Railroad Company are not physically able to do the work required, is apparent from the many complaints received at Headquarters from people living along the line of travel. "The horses are not equal to drawing the loads, and are beaten while ascending the hills," says one. "It is absolutely pitiful to see the poor beasts struggling up the steep ascents with cars crowded to the utmost," says another.

The road to which we refer carries passengers from the New Haven Railroad station at New Rochelle to Glen Island. Between the two places there are several steep hills, particularly one known as the Neptune. On Saturdays, Sundays, and especially on holidays, great crowds of pleasure seekers go to Glen Island and New Rochelle, and are obliged to ride on the cars of the surface road mentioned. To satisfy himself of the real condition of the horses, President Haines made a personal investigation, and, while not finding things as had been represented, he found sufficient to warrant him in sending several officers of the Society to remedy existing evils. Officers Smart and Lambert, from Headquarters, with Agents Harrison, of Pelham, and Angevine and Johnson, of Mount Vernon, were detailed for the work, and carried out their instructions effectually. The first intimation the officials of the road had of the presence of the officers, was when an open car, with seats, aisles, sides, and platforms packed with passengers, and drawn by a pair of light draught horses, was stopped at the foot of Neptune Hill. The passengers did not at first understand the reason of the interference, but, when requested to take a look at the decrepit animals attached to the vehicle, they one and all declared they would walk the rest of the distance rather

than be a party to further cruelty. The officers required several horses suffering from sores to be suspended from labor; and others disabled by lameness and general decrepitude were unharnessed on the roadway and led to the stable. Drivers were not arrested, for the reason that the horses were given them to drive, and to refuse meant loss of employment.

The management were warned that criminal proceedings would be instituted if a change for the better were not made at once.

WHILE the patrol was driving along a lonely road in the upper part of the city, moans of distress were heard coming from a deep ravine a short distance from the highway. Securing their horse, Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Seymour went in the direction of the sound, but, although the moans continued, they found neither human being nor animal. The officers were therefore about to return to their wagon when something was seen to move at the extreme bottom of the gully. With much difficulty they reached the spot, and the Superintendent afterward said in his report to President Haines: "I never in all my life saw such a dreadful sight, a living skeleton of a horse, stone blind, lying on a pile of sharp rocks, starving to death." No time was lost in humanely ending its suffering, and an investigation immediately was begun to find out, if possible, who was to blame.

Of course, in such cases no one knows anything about the facts, and it was only when on the point of giving up for the night that the officer obtained a clue. It appeared, an itinerant Italian tin-ware peddler had abandoned the animal to die two days before. The poor creature had wandered too near the dangerous locality, and being stone blind, had fallen headlong to the bottom. No one could describe the human brute or in what direction he went, hence nothing could be done to bring him to justice.

IT is related of Dr. Johnson that he was remonstrated with upon one occasion for not putting a muzzle upon his dog. Shortly after, the Doctor was seen wending his way down Fleet Street with his faithful companion trotting unconcernedly at his heels with a muzzle strapped carefully over an ear. When approached upon this peculiar arrangement, he replied: "The law requires that my dog shall wear a muzzle, but the law hath neglected to stipulate where he shall wear it. I have therefore complied with the letter of the law."—*Gameland.*

HOW much time he gains who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only at what he himself does to become just and holy!—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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10 EAST 22D STREET, NEW YORK

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THE INDIAN AND HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS

BY CHIEF YA-IE-WA-NOH (HARRIET MAXWELL-CONVERSE)

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

IN the cause of humanitarianism the North-American Indian should hold the foremost place. It is truly said of him that the one supreme law of his household forbids cruelty to children and animals. In my residence among them, during the various degrees of their adoption of me as friend, sister, and chief, I have never seen a blow inflicted upon a child or an animal. In their terse explanation of this they say, "Whip no use if they bad; just *talk* it out of them."

The Indian believes the animal kingdom to be endowed with reasoning faculties. He has a tradition that in the first creation of animals they were gifted with the power of speech; that by some evil necromancy, rather than by loss of spirit, this faculty was lost, but that the endowment of thought and motive still remains. They also believe that the animals are endowed with immortality, and that by way of compensation for suffering in this life the fur and feather folk will hereafter receive peace for pain and gentleness for cruelty.

In the totemic devices, tabular stones, and pictographic records of his tribal history, the Indian represents the animals and birds as his co-helpers and companions. In his tribal organization, in his mythology, family relationships, heraldry, religion, necromancy, secret societies, and national laws, he is largely aided by animal example, counsel, and invention.

The creation of the earth he believes to have been the result of a convention of water fowls and amphibious animals. These "interpreters of the sea signs" beheld in the darkness surrounding them a luminous opening through which a terrifying object was slowly approaching. Fearing it would enter their waters and disturb the peaceful life thereof, they held a hurried council and agreed that only by prompt action could the serenity of their abode be preserved. If this stranger should splash the water it would never recover its purity; if the motive of its coming were friendly, it must be courteously received. It was decided that the sea fowls should fly to it and sustain it on their outspread wings until a place should be prepared for it; and while the birds lifted themselves toward the light to meet the intruder, the aquatic divers, one after another, plunged into the watery depths to receive instructions from the powers below.

From this mission none ever returned save the musk-rat, whose fainting and half-dead body came to the surface, grasping in its strong paw a small lump of *oh-gas-ta* (earth). On his restoration this *oh-gas-ta* was taken from him, and, when dried in the sun, was recognized as a message. It was interpreted to signify that a "holder" for the *oh-gas-ta* should be found; and thereupon the turtle, whose bent legs could clasp it, and whose lithe neck could either hide his head or push it far away, was delegated to offer his rocky shell; so he was called the "earth bearer," and the *oh-gas-ta* was laid upon him.

Under this weight the turtle's shell expanded and the *oh-gas-ta* grew to a large island to which, as a secure resting place, the returning birds bore their burthen—a woman who, for disobedience to her chief, had been thrust into darkness to perish. In the "land of light and peace" from whence this woman was expelled, a huge oak had been pulled from its roots, making an opening through which she was thrust into the gloom of death, but by the compassion and hospitality of the water dwellers she was delivered from this doom, and shortly after her rescue a daughter was born to her. By the marriage of this daughter with the turtle—transformed into a handsome young man—the race of human beings came into existence. Their first-born children were twins, who represented the principles of good and evil, and on the death of the "first mother," her body was divided in the heavens, one portion of it becoming the sun, "the light giver of the day," and the other the moon, "the guardian of the night," after which vegetation and all the rest of the creation came into being.

The Indian preserved kinship pure and simple in his family relationship by totemic device. To this end the animal tribes were taken as "dividers." Thus among the Iroquois Indians, in our own State of New York, each of the original Five Nations was divided into eight tribes or clans. The Wolf, Bear, Beaver, and Turtle were the "elder brothers;" the Deer, Snipe, Heron, and Hawk were "younger

ing from him in many other respects. He, too, was duly adopted, and was christened Jocko. He was soon domesticated, and now forms a part of the *entourage* of one of the finest old Bedfordshire manorial homes.

With age Toby has taken on quite an amount of dignity. He is neither so noisy nor so companionable as formerly, but is more staid and useful. One of his favorite resting places, where he enjoys his after breakfast contemplations and his afternoon siestas, is among the branches of a fine old English oak whose protecting shades, in the far-off past, were the scene of the stolen love meetings of Amy Wentworth and the profligate Duke of Monmouth.

Neither of these knowing birds has been able to understand the mystery of a looking-glass. They spend many hours of patient investigation before a mirror in their master's room, but all to no purpose, for the puzzle seems to remain as great as ever. They usually walk directly up to it, and betray great surprise when they find two other rooks advancing to meet them. For a while they then remain silent and motionless, looking at the strangers, and waiting, apparently, for some sign of recognition. Then they go through a considerable flapping of wings and indulge in numerous caws, but after long waiting for an audible response, they give up the useless effort, only to return next day as eager as ever to solve the mystery.

The older bird and his admiring junior are perfectly contented with their home, and never leave it. They often look out from their perches upon various wandering flocks of vagrant rooks, but are never tempted to new adventures. The old fellow is very wise. Like a fat old office-holder, he knows enough to appreciate a sinecure in which the emoluments are liberal and the service nominal. His devoted follower never falters in his dutiful imitation of his benefactor.

Toby proves by his actions that he appreciates the advantages of the situation, and in his simple way makes some return for the pleasures he enjoys. During a considerable portion of the pleasant days of the year he is in reality the watchman upon the tower, ever on the outlook to give notice of the approach of visitors to his castle, and no one can intrude upon the premises under his self-appointed watchmanship without exciting vigorous caws which are enthusiastically reinforced by those of his faithful subordinate. Aside from his affectionate devotion to his master, displayed as often as occasion permits, this duty of "chief watchman of the castle" is Toby's most substantial return for favors received.

In a letter of last May the master wrote: "My two crows are sitting on chairs close to me, and cawing to me that it is time for me to let them out of the window, so I must obey." This quotation gives but a faint intimation of the exceptionally friendly relations existing between these devoted friends. Blessed are the birds that can inspire such affection in the heart of a noble old man, and doubly blessed is he who is the object of such loving appreciation. Long may they all live to enjoy the fulness of their mutual attachments!

This brief sketch is not intended for an amusing story. It is only a narration of facts in support of a theory, viz.: that the humblest creatures are worthy of our tender consideration, and, when properly treated, will make pleasing returns for the affection we may bestow upon them.

Animals in Japan

By Frances Hunt Throop

[For our Animal Friends]

In this country of dock-tailed, check-reined horses, of panting struggling beasts of burden, and of bruised, beaten, wandering and homeless creatures of every description, can you fancy the existence of an earthly paradise for animals? Can you think of a country where no animal is kept in captivity, where horses are rarely tied, and very few birds are caged, where the flesh of animals is so sacred that the people eschew meat, and where the little feathered creatures one sees about the temples are supposed to talk with God? Yet this is true of Japan, the land of the rising sun. This country of flowers and fairy tales and fancies is full of strange superstitions and beliefs which, told in the form of beautiful legend, have been handed down from father to son for countless

chief one by one until he was "returned" to life fully restored, and conscious. Noting these friends about him, he questioned them, and then they revealed to him the secret of this wondrous "medicine." But this was done only after he had been tested by fast and endurance, and had been found strong enough to endure the perilous journey that had to be made in search of the medicine. On this journey in the darkness he was accompanied by all the night folk of the forest; the whip-poor-will sang in front of him, and the fire-flies threw light over the marshes and across the "fatal walk." In the morning the eagle brought him the sunlight guiding him to the termination of the long path, wherein he was installed the first human "keeper of the medicine."

In the present initiative rites of this ancient organization the initiate imitates the journey of the chief, sinks in the marsh hollows, and falls wounded in thorny places. All through the night the journey is continued in utter darkness, save short "rest" intervals of light for pipe smoking. The procession that accompanies him is formed of totemic representatives of each bird and animal which is believed to have participated in the original act of grateful benevolence. The medicine, when found, is firmly held to possess certain healing properties that are efficient as "life restorers."

MEMBERS OF A SIOUX BEAR TRIBE FEASTING.

In the dream fancies of the red man the birds and animals are prominent assistants. In the "dream fast"—a ceremony that takes place when a youth arrives at the age of manhood—visions of animals are anxiously solicited and seriously interpreted, and the after-life of the faster is vastly influenced by the conditions of his vigil. He retreats to an unfrequented place in the forest where he holds an uninterrupted fast until he is rewarded by "the sign." This sign, which comes in a dream by night or in a vision by day, is a bird, or four-footed animal, or reptile which may present itself to him in the most persuading manner. If repulsive, the sign is rejected; if it is agreeable, persistently returns from time to time and inspires his mind with faith in its friendliness, it is accepted and becomes the "assistant of his spirit," the personal guardian of his life, and the inspirer of energy to his soul. With this new and unseen spiritual friend he returns to his people and the feast which awaits him. He carves from wood or stone a figure of his guardian to be carried about his person forever. It will go with him to his grave, and may be found by intruding relic hunters who will learnedly pronounce it "an idol of the heathen Indian." The name of this guide and companion is never spoken by the dreamers. It is known to others only by its symbolic device, which he carries about him.

By dreams of animals the Indian prophet foretells tribal and family events and the sex of the unborn child. If he dreams of a fleeing stag the future boy will be named "Running Buck." If a gentle doe passes him the forthcoming girl will be called "Gliding Fawn." A prophet's dream of a rainbow upon which strange characters—signifying English words—were written, was the announcement of a boy who would be a distinguished hero and scholar. To my personal knowledge this dream was fulfilled; the boy has become as a man the most eminent among the present generation of North American Indians.

Before the advent of the pale-faces, who introduced cruelty to animals to the Indians, in the competitions of commerce, it was considered an evil thing to trap or wantonly kill a bird or beast. It was understood that the "dumb folk," knowing the needs of the red man, assisted in providing him with food and clothing. For this friendly purpose the animals and birds voluntarily surrendered their lives to sustain their human brothers. If a hunter saw an animal or bird willingly enter his path, he had the right to kill it. If it had crossed his path by accident and was not willing to be killed, no matter how swift the arrow or certain the aim, it would pass by him unhurt. If he should unintentionally kill anything out of his hunting-path, he at once asked its pardon and reverently buried it. When a chief died his favorite animal was put to death and was buried with him that its spirit might continue with him in his immortality. He was

unwilling that his desolated animal friends should be left with strangers; with this trusted companion he confidently entered into his new life in the "far away."

In signing a treaty the Indian affixed his animal or bird totem to the cross of the Christian, otherwise the deed would be invalid.

In the astronomy of the red man the animals and birds formed the larger constellations. By a singular coincidence our Ursa Major is his White Bear; the fox, robin, mouse and other animal "travelers of the heavens" are representatives of the souls of animals that the red man expects to meet in the after life.

It will be seen how largely and how kindly the animal creation figures in the life of the red man. The humane Indian has a keen instinct of the personal rights of his dumb friends, a just judgment of their merits, a righteous appreciation of their companionship, and a revolting horror of cruelty inflicted upon them. As his friends he shares with them the better portion of his frugal fare and comfort, and as patient, enduring, and willing helpers he honors and respects them.

VOICES OF FIELD AND FOREST

By Emil Seytter, Ph.D.

[For our animal friends]

II

THE Latin name for swan is *cygnus*, which, like the Greek *kyknos*, leads to an ancestral root-form, *cy* or *ky*, with the meaning to sound, to sing, in the same way as English swan and German *Schwan* are akin to the verb to sound, Latin *sonare*, from which latter we indirectly, through the Italian *suonare* (French *sonner*), derive the word sonnet. The swan, therefore, is a song-bird according to its name, and, indeed, the song of the dying swan has ever been a theme on which poets of all ages have loved to dwell with particular fondness. Unfortunately for this poetic conception the ornithologist steps in and flatly denies that there ever was or is such a thing as a singing swan, even though it be dying. But, may we ask, if such be the case, how did the myth—for a myth it evidently is—arise? To this pertinent question the science of comparative mythology has an answer quite ready, and tells us that the swan was an ancient solar emblem. The primitive Aryans imagined the sun to be a lovely swan with snowy, glittering plumage, sailing across the vast blue sea of the ethereal regions. When the swan dies, that is to say, when the sun is setting, the nocturnal breezes begin their weird and dreamy melodies in the leaves and branches of the forest solitude. Thus arose the brilliant conception of the dirge of the swan, which was the origin of names like the above. That the swan was a solar symbol, is also clearly set forth by the fact that it was sacred to the sun-god Apollo. Other words belonging to this group are the Latin *cicuma*, an owl, *cicala* or *cicada*, a tree cricket, and *ciconia*, a stork. Poets like Pindar and Shakespeare, and preachers like Fénelon, were, on account of their melodious language, called respectively the swans of Hellas, Avon, and Cambray.

The rail, which in German is called *Ralle*, and in French *râle*, owes its name to a peculiar rattling noise characteristic of it. In Germany the wawling of cats and the utterance of this bird are called *rallen*, i.e., to rattle, whence the tomcat is a *rälling* in dialect. In French we meet with *raler*, i.e., to rattle in the throat, and *râle*, the death-rattle.

The name of the peafowl is very remarkable as an example of how words start from primitive germs and gradually evolve into the highest spheres of cultured human speech. In its modern English garb the true character of the word is somewhat veiled, and if we would find clear evidence as to its imitative character, we must step back into the past. The French name *paon* points directly to the Latin accusative form *pavonem*. Likewise derived from *pavo* are the German *Pfau* (Old High German *Pfawe* and *Pawe*) and the English *peafowl* (Anglo-Saxon *pea* and *pawa*). The *p* in *pavo* being equivalent to a Greek *t*, we find that the corresponding Greek form is *taos* or *taon*. It has further been proved that *taos*, itself an admirable onomatopoeion, is a loan word from the Far East, either through the Persian *tâus* or the Armenian *tawus*. That the word is imitative of the cry of the bird, is a fact established beyond doubt.

The bird itself came originally from India, where in the Drawidian idiom on the Tamil coast *togei* means peacocks, which is the ancestral form of the Hebrew *tukkyim*, i.e., peacock. The first of these birds we know to have been brought from Ophir to Ezion-geber by the fleet of King Solomon.

Partridge and *perdrix* (French) are derived from the Latin *perdrix*, which may or may not be imitative. There is, however, a much more

remarkable series of names, each of them bearing the indelible stamp of onomatopoetic origin. To these belong Greek and Latin *tetrao* and Lithuanian *teter-va*, i.e., a blackcock or grouse, Greek *tetrax*, Modern Persian *tédzrév*, and Sanscrit *tittiri*, a partridge. The starting point of these names has to be sought in an old Aryan word *teter* or *titir*, imitative of the shrill, peeping noise which partridges emit when startled from their hiding place and whirring off in rapid flight.

The Latin word for lark, *alauda*, is derived from a Celtic word *al'oud*, meaning the great or excellent singer (from *al*, i.e., high or great, and *oud* or *aud*, a song). The French *alouette* is derived from the Latin *alauda*. In the Romany Rye, or Gypsy language, the lark is called *richedo tschirr-kulo*, and in the Yakama idiom, *rol-rol*.

The nightingale owes its name to its habit of singing during night-time,—*nahti-galan* in Old High German meaning "the singer of the night." The Anglo-Saxon *nightingale*, the Dutch *nachtegall*, and the German *Nachtigall* are modifications of the same original name.

Prominent on account of its voice is the cuckoo, that mysterious caller of the woodlands in springtime, whom everyone hears, and whom few ever see. His soft and low, bell-like note is remarkable in that it is everywhere and at all times invariably the same. This call has given rise to many names, whose similarity is sometimes quite amazing. The Sanscrit *kôkila*, the Greek *kokkyx*, the Latin *cuculus*, the Old Slavonian *kukavica*, the Lithuanian *kukuti*, and the Irish *coi*, are all more or less faithful transcripts of that strange call which greets us in springtime from out of the leafy woodland bowers: "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" From the Latin *cuculus* are derived the English *cuckoo*, French *coucou*, Dutch *kockock*, and German *kukuk*. In primitive belief the cuckoo was a prophetic bird, portended springtime, long life, matrimonial bliss, and riches. At this very day the Tyrolese peasant believes that when the cuckoo calls only before St. John's feast, and never once after, it brings rich harvest and a mild winter. In Westphalia, Southern Germany, and the Alps, the number of the calls of the cuckoo is indicative of the number of years allotted to the listener. Thus in Westphalia the peasant inquires of the bird:

"Kukuk vam Heaven,
Wu lang sall ik noch leaven?"

"Cuckoo from Heaven,
How long shall I live?"

As often as he calls in reply, so many years the inquirer will be among the living.

In Swabia the children sing:

"Kukuk! Kukuk!
Schrei mir meine Jahr'an;
Schrei mir sie in'n Deckelkräbe:
Wie viel Jahr darf ich noch lebe?"

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Call my years out;
Call them into a covered basket:
How many more years may I live?"

In Holstein our bird acts as prophet in matters of matrimony, and the candidates for that state of life ask:

"Kukuk achter de Hecken,
Wo lang schall ik gaen un bleken?"

"Cuckoo behind the hedgerows,
How long shall I remain single?"

Especially influential is the call of the cuckoo in money matters. Whoever in Saxony rolls about in the grass when the cuckoo's call is heard for the first time in the year, will never be without money during that year. In Westphalia, Brandenburg, and Swabia, it is necessary to shake one's pockets and jingle with the money in order to be successful.

The day on which the cuckoo called first was formerly observed as a holiday in Westphalia, and he who first announced it received an egg as recompense for the joyful message. During the whole day he greeted the people he met, not with the usual formula, but by the exclamation: "The cuckoo has called!"

The shrike, which in Icelandic is called *skrikja*, is unmistakably the shrieker, and as such derives its name from the verb to shriek, German *schreien*. *Scric* was in Anglo-Saxon the name of the thrush.

Another bird of shrill-sounding voice is the seamew, whose name with its cognate forms *mæw* (Anglo-Saxon), *meeune* (Dutch), *mar* (Icelandic), *meh* (Old High German), and *möve* (Modern German), points to the verb *to mew*, French *miauler* (whence *mouette*), Italian *miagolare*, and German *miauen*, i.e., to cry like a cat.

The peewit (*Xema ridibundus*) bears an onomatopoetic name, as is sufficiently shown by the cognate forms *kievit* (Danish), which stands in place of an

older word *pievit*, and *Kiebitz* (German). The phœbe bird (*Sayornis Phœbe*) owes its popular name, peewee, likewise to its call.

Of lions and other large wild animals we say that they roar. This verb—Anglo-Saxon *raerian*—Old High German *reren*, appears again, though much softened, in the German *röhren*, i.e., to bellow (of the stag). In the Low German dialects the bleating of sheep is called *rohren*. If we inquire for the origin of this word, we meet with allied forms like the Old Norse *rödd*, Gothic *razda*, and German *Rede* (speech), and, going back still farther, we finally arrive at the Aryan root *ras*, with the meaning to sound, to cry. Closely allied with this is the root *rud*, i.e., to sound, to make a sonorous noise. This latter gave rise to the Greek *Rhodios* and *Erodios* and the Latin *ardea* (*ar(o)dea ? !*) and *ardeola*—a heron.

Tropical South America is the home of a bird (*Ramphastos Tucan*) endowed with an extraordinary large bill. This bird is called tucan from its loud call, *tocano*, *tocano*. The funny thing, however, is that the Indians of the Orinoco have bestowed on a tribe of their congeners the nickname of Tucanos on account of their noses, which are said by them to approach the dimensions of the bill of the tucan.

The frog—German *Frosch*, Dutch *vorsch*, Icelandic *froskr*, Swedish *frö*, and Anglo-Saxon *frogga*—is another musician of wide renown, though rather excelling by the energy than the sweetness of his vocal productions.

The Greeks and Romans were fond of imitating the quacking of the frogs. Thus in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes we find a passage where the batrachian chorus is most cleverly rendered as follows:

"Hóh hopop, hóh hopop,
Brekekekex, koax, koax,
Brekekekex, hoax, hoax!"

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, imitates the quacking of the frogs by a repetition of the words *sub aqua*, i.e., under water.

". . . sed nunc quoque turpes
Litibus exercent linguas pulsoque pudore,
Quamvis sint, sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere temptant."

The name of the humble-bee is not connected with the adjective humble, as might be thought at first sight, but is related to the verb to hum. In the Lithuanian the word bee is called *kamanė*, which in Old Prussian appears as *kamus*. In the Hindu language of India we meet with the word *kamara* as the name of the *yak*, or grunting ox (*bos gruniens*). These three forms all point back to a Sanscrit verb, *kemo*, with the meaning to hum or buzz. The equivalent of the Sanscrit *k* being *h*, in the more recent cognate idioms we are able to trace our verb to hum back to *kemo*, and thus connect humble-bee, German *Hummel* and *Humbel*, with the Lithuanian *kamanė* and *kim·ti* (to be hoarse), the Old Prussian *kamus*, and the Sanscrit *kamara*. The name of the humming bird, although of recent origin, belongs to the same category as the above. Sometimes our insect is called a bumble-bee, which word, though in reality the same in meaning, yet leads off in an entirely different direction. In Latin *bombus* means a buzzing, humming sound, a boom; allied with it are *bombire* and *bombitare* (Latin), *bombyzo* (Greek), all three with the sense of susurration; *bombizatio* (Latin), i.e., the buzzing of bees, and *bombinator* (Latin), the buzzer. In Germany, where to boom and to grunt are rendered by *brummen*, children and country people combine *brummen* and *Hummel*, thus calling the humble-bee a *Brummhummel*.

Other words imitative of the susurration of insects are the negro words of Africa, *tsetse* and *ntsintsi*, both denoting a certain species of fly.

Here I must conclude, though the greater part of the subject remains untouched. As in a field where the flowers are counted by thousands, each being more brilliant and enticing than the other, it is impossible to gather all, so I have been able to select only a few of the most interesting of the names, and, while offering them to the reader, I sincerely trust that the quaint charm that clings around them in the free realm of the hillside and woodland has not altogether vanished from them in these lines.

One thing has presented itself very forcibly to my mind while engaged in writing the above sketch, that the deeper we enter the subject of the relationship that exists between man and animal, the more we become aware that we have scarcely learned the A B C in the book of nature, and are still lingering in the porticos of the school of life.

REASON OR INSTINCT, OR BOTH

From the History of a Dog

BY H. CLAY HALL

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

SOME twelve years ago, when the little daughter of the household was seated upon the horse-block in front of our humble residence, a small dog came to her and jumped upon her lap. He was gaunt, and there were cruel marks upon his side; but his whole conduct seemed to intimate that he had been the pet of some one. At first she tried to drive him away, but he persisted in his loving demonstrations until the good mother of the house was appealed to that he might be kept until some owner should appear.

He soon made himself at home, but his attachment for the little girl was apparently greater than for any other. The master of the house, in going to his daily business, would not allow the dog to follow him at all; but on Sunday mornings, when he was accustomed to go for his mail, he would permit the dog to accompany him. Hardly four months had elapsed when that dog seemed to have learned the days of the week, and while he would never offer to accompany his master on any of the secular days, he was anxious and ready on every Sunday morning for his trip to the post-office. How did he keep the record? No bells had sounded up to the time we left; he simply *knew* it was his day.

He had been with us some three years when some miscreant poisoned some very valuable dogs in our immediate neighborhood. In discussing this event at our home one evening, I said I wished "Jip" would stay at home for a while, and not go off the premises. At the time of the discussion the dog was lying upon a rug with his intelligent eyes wide open, and for over three weeks he neglected his trips to the post-office. Believing that he had understood what had been said—and I did and do believe it—I said one morning at breakfast: "Now, Jip, don't you eat a piece of meat or anything else unless you get it at home." His little paws came up by way of acknowledgment, and I resolved to try him. Contrary to my rule, I took him with me, and at the butcher's shop I told the butcher to give him a little piece of raw meat. He was willing, of course, and cutting a nice piece of beef extended it to him, but the dog paid no more attention to it than if it had been a stone. Was that instinct or recollection? At any rate it showed *understanding*.

So, for all these years he has seemed to improve in knowledge. He has been in the habit, in the evening, when the family were together, of sleeping upon a rug near the stove until bed-time, and when the family were ready to retire, he would be told to go to his bed, and would leave the room. In order to test his memory, as we sat around the table, I said: "We will see if he does understand that it is bed-time." The words had scarcely escaped me when he got up and started for his sleeping-place. Did he not *understand?*

These isolated instances, and many others which might be given you, have convinced me that a dog, kindly treated (and who has had no different treatment), does really understand what is said to him, although it is not spoken in stern tones of command, and also that he listens to and appreciates what is said before him. I am no psychologist. I cannot account for these things. I only give them to you as they are. They show at least the power of kindness to make a friend even of a dog.

One other instance of reason or instinct, and I close. During the war the writer was in charge of a picket station of cavalry which for some reason had been left unrelieved for forty-eight hours. On the night of the second day the writer lay down, leaving word with his next in command to call him in an hour. The bridle rein of his horse was across his arm. Scarcely had he begun to doze when the horse lay down beside him, nosed along the writer's thigh and laid his head upon it with a long sigh of fatigue. The horse and his rider lay in this position until the hour was up, both sleeping. Did that horse have nothing more than instinct? Did he not understand that his master was both a companion and a friend?

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KINDNESS to the animal kingdom is the first or a first principle in the growth of true philanthropy. Young Lincoln once waded across a half-frozen river to rescue a dog, and stopped in a walk with a statesman to put back a bird that had fallen out of its nest. Such a heart was trained to be a leader of men, and to be crucified for a cause. The conscience that runs to the call of an animal in distress is girding itself with power to do manly work in the world.—*Butterworth.*

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

BY this time our young people are fairly out of the woods, so to speak, and at home again. The delights of the country in October cannot be denied, but there is a time for everything. Who would care to climb trees all the year round? No; boys and girls, you should be glad to take up your schoolbooks; you should set to work with new vigor. You may have a Saturday—several Saturdays—and if you do, if a chance to go back to the woods and revel in autumn pleasures should come to you — if, for instance, you should go NUTTING — well, need we describe what that would mean?

But the day's work has always to be done, and half-hearted work is not real work any more than half-hearted play is real, good play. Unfortunately, some young people—please notice that we have not said *our* young people—do not enjoy work. It does not occur to them that there may be pleasure in it. They want to romp with their pets; they want to "play," as they call it, and they cannot realize that even their pets may care less for a master or mistress who has no thought beyond a romp. It is a mistake to consider your dog a plaything. Make him your playfellow, and remember that a playfellow is a companion, a friend. Your dog will lie patiently at your feet until you are ready to play. If he understands that you are busy, he will not disturb you; but you cannot deceive him. If you are restless, you will make him uneasy; and if you are earnest in your work, he will keep touchingly quiet. It is good for a pet to be trained in that way. It develops his intelligence, and he will soon show that he understands your wishes.

But when your work is over, a romp will be good for both of you, and you will enjoy it ever so much more if you have enjoyed the work that went before! Some one once said that change of occupation is the only real rest, and many persons have perverted that saying to suit themselves; but we need not hesitate to assure our boys and girls that a change from eager study to good, lively play is the very best rest that young people can have. In laying stress upon the value of work, and in striving to convince you of the pleasure of work, we have not lost sight either of the value or of the pleasure of play. Only remember that the duties and happenings, whether pleasurable or disagreeable, which come to you every twenty-four hours, ought, all alike, to be cheerfully accepted as a part of "the day's work."

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ROSA BONHEUR'S house at Fontainebleau is alive with pets of all kinds—dogs and sheep, even horses and goats, creatures famous for beauty or pedigree, remarkable for variety of species, or simply faithful companions and friends.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

THE SYMPHONY IN Q MINOR

BY MADAME A. PUPIN

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

ONCE upon a time, the domestic animals, smarting under a sense of the injuries received at the hands of man, resolved to hold an indignation meeting to discuss their wrongs. The rendezvous selected was a charming grove on the banks of the Hudson, and the hour was midnight.

The meeting was to be opened by a grand concert, in which the Sirens and Muses had been invited to take part; and it was to be conducted by Apollo, who had composed, in honor of the occasion, a grand Pastoral Symphony in the now disused key of Q(ueue) minor. The selection of this key was a protest against the existence of man, who, according to their theories, was descended from the monkey tribes, which, in course of time, had gradually lost their tails.

Now this magnificent concert, though quite near the habitations of men, was not heard by any human ears, and the reason will be understood when we consider the theory of the "music of the spheres," as propounded by Pythagoras. Pythagoras maintained that everything in the universe is in constant vibration, and hence that music is everywhere, but that the sounds are too high, or, in other words, that the vibrations are too rapid, to be audible to mortal ears. The poets have said the same thing; Byron tells us, "There's music in all things, if men had ears." Another poet describes the birth of the world as accompanied by music:

"The Father spake! in grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside,
And wheresoever in his rich creation
Sweet music breathes, in wave, or bird, or soul,
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll."

So this enchanting concert, so much enjoyed by the superior capacities of those present, was altogether inaudible to the undeveloped ears of man.

After the performance of the splendid symphony, the meeting was called to order, and the horse was proposed for President. "All in favor of the horse for President, will please say yea; contrary, nay." As there was only one neigh, and that came from the horse himself, he was declared unanimously chosen. The President went gracefully forward, took the place of honor, and called first upon the dog to state his grievance. Therefore, the dog began:

"Your Honor, it is universally acknowledged that I am the friend of man; there is no one of the so-called domestic animals more distinguished for fidelity than the dog, unless it be your Honor," making a reverence to the President. "And yet, if man desires a contemptuous epithet to hurl at his foe, he calls him a dog; he reviles his enemy with the word cur, while to every brainless fop he gives the name of puppy. Your Honor, I protest against this injustice and

inconsistency. I often feel degraded by association with man; he seems to me a most ignoble brute."

The dog was about to continue his speech, but, being overcome by his feelings, he retired into the background, and the cow stepped forward and spoke as follows:

"Your Honor, I agree with my friend the dog. I am gentle, quiet, and inoffensive. I submit patiently to be deprived of my milk, day after day, and try to bear no malice, even when tortured by inexperienced fingers; yet it pains me to hear the oft-repeated expression, 'as awkward as a cow.' Now, grace more properly belongs to creatures of quick motion, but as I am much given to ruminating, I have adopted a slow, dignified carriage, which I consider more becoming to a creature of my philosophic habits."

The cow here stepped behind the sheep, who, being thus brought into the foreground, continued the plaint thus:

"Your Honor, I am in the same situation as the cow; I am mild and gentle in character—how often you hear the phrase, 'as gentle as a lamb'—and I am sure I carry my good qualities down to old age. I yield my warm coat without resistance to the shears of man, yet my name is constantly used by him with derision; the greatest simpletons among men, fools who do not know how to behave, are termed sheepish. I am sure I do not know a sheep that hasn't better manners than a man. When I hear men call us 'the brutes' it makes me——"

"Yes," said the hog excitedly, pushing himself to the front, "I hope your Honor will excuse the interruption; but when I think how we are in bondage to the detested human race, who call us 'animals' and use our names for their own irrational acts, I lose all patience. Why, when a man eats too much he is called a pig, if he drinks too much he is called a hog, and any dirt or disorder they live in they designate as a pigpen, and I'd like to know who builds our pens? We, the cleanest of the animals, to be obliged to spend our lives in such filth as we do, and to eat such rubbish as they give us to eat! No other animal would touch it. But we, who, if left to ourselves, would eat nothing but beechnuts, are obliged to eat it; and then, to cap the climax of inconsistency, after feeding us with the vilest of refuse and reviling us for eating it, man kills us and eats us himself. Men despise us, and yet the butchers say there is no animal so like a hog as a man." With a grunt the hog lay down, exhausted by his own vehemence, and the hen hopped forward.

"I indorse all that has been said, your Honor," said the hen, "especially when I hear the everyday saying, 'as stupid as a hen.' My business is to lay an egg every day, and I attend to my business with diligence and regularity. I cannot see anything stupid in that. The thing that hurts me most is that they give my name to slanderous old maids, calling them 'old hens.' Old hens, indeed! Humph! The only gentle, kind-hearted creature among them all, they are sure to say is hen-pecked; and a man who has no courage they call chicken-hearted. It's too much, I declare it is," said the poor hen as she retired, trembling with indignation.

"It is all true, your Honor," said the goose, coming to the front. "I sympathize with my cousin the hen, for I hear, not once but a thousand times a day, the expression, 'as silly as a goose'; and if man does any irrational act, he is at once dubbed a goose. Now I come to think of it, I know nothing so silly or so irrational as men's twaddle about 'rational human beings.' They overeat and overdrink, and act in defiance of the laws of nature, and bring horrible diseases on themselves, and then they employ physicians to cure them with doses of various poisons, compounded after the formula of the schools, while the only doctors who cure by nature's laws they designate as quacks. Quacks! Just think of the insult to us! Then everybody knows that animals never had any disease until they were brought under the dominion of man. Why, our tribe never knew anything about liver complaint till we got in bondage to man. Speak of treachery! When they are the kindest to us, that's the time to be suspicious!"

"I'm no orator, your Honor," said the turkey, "but that's my case exactly. We used to be a long-lived family, but now we all seem to die off before midwinter. I want to say that I repudiate man's aspersion of my character. I have the mildest disposition in the world, yet man is continually saying, 'as mad as a turkey-cock.' If I *could* get mad, it would be when I hear such words."

"Come on, come on," said the dog, urging forward a reluctant cat, "now speak up, don't be afraid." "Your Honor," began the cat, "I am the most maligned and persecuted animal in the world. My name among men is a synonym for treachery, yet if I knew what kind of treatment to expect from these treacherous human beings, I should not merit such calumny. At one time I am fondled and well fed, at another, starved and hunted from place to place; is it any wonder I am timid and uncertain? I distrust the human race, and that is why I appear treacherous. My best friend is the noble dog, and we live in harmony together when we are allowed; but when any two human beings cannot live together without disgraceful squabbling, they are said to live a cat-and-dog life. It's a vile slander. I appreciate the feelings of my friend the hen, for don't they call a particularly malicious old gossip, an 'old cat'? It is said that man prides himself on the gift of articulate speech. Now, of what use is articulate speech, when it can be understood in only one language, without laborious study? We animals understand everything human beings say; we perceive their ideas as soon as formed in their minds; and can't we express more by a look or a single touch than they can print on twenty pages of a book? The other day the little daughter of the house I inhabit took me in her lap and then began to study aloud from a book; I glanced at the title and saw that it was Ollendorff's French Grammar. Well, such absurd phrases you never heard! 'Have you the green tree of my uncle's garden?' 'No, I have not the green tree of your uncle's garden, but I have the blue ribbon of your grandmother's yellow night-cap.' 'Has your son a headache?' 'No, my son has not a headache, but my nephew has a wooden leg and a wart on his nose.' I jumped down and ran away, not to hear any more such gibberish. I often laugh to myself over the stupidity of men. When I hear them say they will drown my kittens the next day, and I remove them to a place of safety, the stupid bewilderment of these self-styled rational beings is really too laughable. I beg your Honor's pardon, I have been too long," said the cat, retiring gracefully.

"Not at all," responded the President, politely. "I see in all these speeches a great pity displayed for the limited comprehension of man, and a marvellously patient endurance of almost intolerable wrongs while we are under bondage to an inferior race. As to myself, I have little to say. It is well known that the horse prides himself on his intelligence, grace, refinement, and moderation in eating and drinking, you can therefore imagine his sensations when some ignorant, boisterous, drunken bully bursts out into a noisy guffaw, and man calls it—a horse-laugh. We have a keen sense of humor, but we never betray it except by a merry twinkle of the eye. But I see you have something further to say," said the President, addressing the dog.

"Yes, your Honor, speaking of the limited comprehension of man, is it not a pity he should be so destitute of the sense of beauty? Why should he dock your tail, and deprive you of that most graceful and useful appendage? Why should he clip my ears? And speaking of ears reminds me that man is sadly deficient in what we call an ear for music. They have instruments which they call musical—harsh, discordant, blatant—but how often I have howled with the excruciating pain these ear-splitting, nerve-destroying instruments have caused me! What does man know about vibration?"

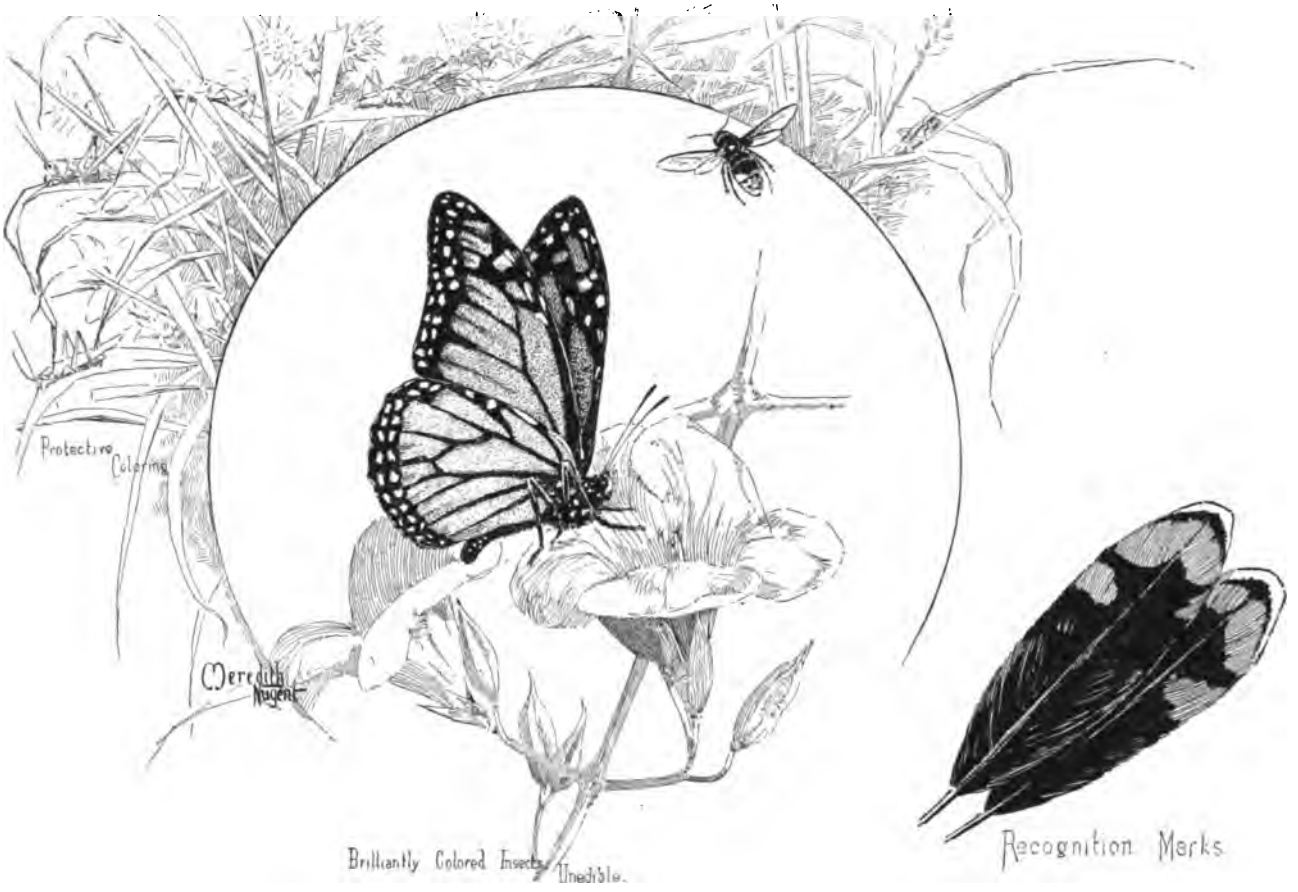
Just here Apollo gave the signal for the chorus, "The God of Day Appeareth," and under cover of this recessional hymn, the animals retreated in haste, each to his own place.

THE USES OF COLOR TO ANIMALS

By Meredith Nugent

[For our animal friends]

IN the animal and vegetable worlds, nature seems to have excelled herself in splendor of color. Beautiful and pleasing as their colors are, however, they become still more so when we learn that they are as useful as they are beautiful. Have you ever thought why it is that some butterflies are so noticeably brilliant, while others, though beautiful in color, are almost unobserved? Why is it that some flowers are so very showy, and others so dull? And again, why is it that many of the brilliant flowers are without any sweet scent, while the dull ones are often perfumed with the most delicious odors? All this is not the result of chance. In the insect world, color almost always serves as a protection from enemies. One may be in the midst of thousands of insects and yet not be aware of it; only a few may be visible, and these so gorgeously colored as to make vivid bright spots in the landscape. Move but a step, however, through the tall weeds, and hundreds of grasshoppers and other insects will start up in all directions, to disappear again as suddenly. If you be of an inquisitive turn of mind and try to get a close look at one of them, you may have to search long before you find one, because the color of the insect is so nearly the same as that of the plant



upon which it is resting as to be almost imperceptible. This similarity of color is the grasshopper's protection from its many foes, and hundreds of other insects are protected in a like manner. If it is hard for us to discover them it is hard for the birds, too, though in a much lesser degree, for the feathered hunters are accustomed and trained by constant practice to observe and detect their prey.

Have any of you ever thought why fishes are dark on top and white below? If you look, you will see that the dark back is almost invisible from the surface of the water, while the white under-surface when seen from below is so blended with the light of the clouds and sky as to be almost invisible. Certain mollusks are always found on bright corals, of which they seem almost a part, so strong is the similarity of color, and if a number of these mollusks be placed in water with corals of various colors, each will choose the coral wearing its own particular tint.

The polar bear, lion, tiger, zebra and hundreds of birds are shielded from dangerous foes by their likeness in color to general surroundings. Indeed, the instinct of protection is so strong in some animals that they change their colors to suit constantly differing surroundings, as, for example, our little Florida chameleon and, in a lesser degree, the trout. Boys who are fond of fishing must have noticed that trout caught in a stream with a light sandy bottom are light, while those taken in a muddy stream are invariably dark, and again, that the same fish will change their color when their surroundings are changed.

So far I have simply spoken of protective coloration, colors which assist their wearers to keep hidden from their many foes, but what about those brilliantly colored insects I mentioned in an earlier part of this article? They are not protectively colored; their bright colors do not at all resemble their surroundings; quite the reverse, because it is to their interest to be as conspicuous as possible. (See illustration.) While other butterflies move through the air quickly, these brilliant fellows fly very slowly in order to show themselves in their gorgeous hues, and, strange to say, these butterflies are distasteful to birds. A good example is our large reddish-brown archippus with his black markings. See how brilliant he is when flying in the green, and what an easy and slow way he has of going; he is never in a hurry. He seems to know that he is not good to eat, and he takes plenty of time to show off his brilliant colors, so that the birds may not mistake him for an edible butterfly.

Nearly all stinging insects wear bright clothes. Witness the gaudy apparel of bees and wasps. Their color is at once a warning to their enemies and a protection to themselves.

There is a South American frog which is dressed, not in green, like other frogs, but in a brilliant red, and as it feeds by day instead of seeking its food by night, it is very conspicuous. But, as might be expected, this frog is very distasteful, and his brilliant clothes announce the fact very loudly.

We have a beautiful illustration of the same sort in the glow-worm's light. A bright *color* would be useless in the dark, but the pretty soft *light* is a warning to nocturnal insect-eating animals that the glow-worm is not to their taste.

We now come to a novel phase of the color question, in which certain insects that *are* eatable have imitated the colors of those which are *not* eatable, and by sailing under false colors, as it were, escape the birds and animals, who take them to be unpalatable. Many edible butterflies have imitated butterflies which are not edible. Some beetles, which are uneatable by reason of their hardness, are imitated by soft and edible beetles. This sort of imitation is not confined to insects. In the Malay archipelago there are orioles which have adopted the colors of the powerful friar-birds; some harmless snakes have the colors of poisonous ones, and so on. Of course, these imitators only gain protection by living in the same area with the imitated species.

Color is also useful to animals as a means of recognition. Many animals are safe only when banded together in great numbers. Strong markings, by which a straggler can recognize the herd at a distance, are of great use when fleeing from an enemy. A beautiful instance of such a marking is found in the rabbit. Its white upturned tail becomes conspicuous only when the animal is running to its burrow. To little rabbits who do not know the country well the marking is particularly useful, as in this manner they are shown the way home.

To birds which flock together in large numbers it is very necessary they should be marked prominently, so that they may easily recognize one another from afar. Many birds are marked very strongly on the wings and tail, and these markings are known as recognition marks. (See illustration.) As the upturned tail of the rabbit is only shown when running, so the recognition marks of certain birds are only shown when in flight.

The pink-colored mantis, a member of the carnivorous family of insects, is doubly served by its peculiar color. When the mantis is at rest it perfectly resembles an orchid flower, and this resemblance is not only a protection from its own enemies, but it also deceives and attracts the butterflies upon which the mantis feeds, so that, besides serving as a shield against foes, the form and color of the mantis have the additional advantage of assisting the insect in procuring its food.

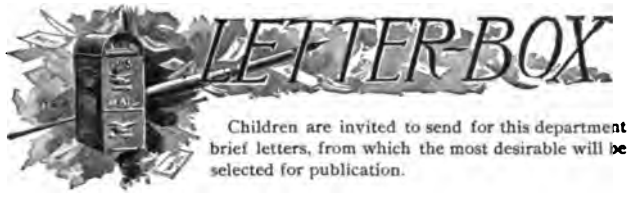
HOW JANET'S CLOCK WAS WRONG

By C. F.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

JANET is a wise old collie that we have had for seven years, yet she constantly surprises us with new proofs of her cleverness or affection. She carries newspapers, delivers notes from one part of the house to another, and makes herself generally useful. She considers the waking of the maid every morning to be one of her duties. When I set the silver-basket outside of my door, Janet realizes that the day has begun. She leaves her bed, yawning and stretching, slowly mounts the stairs, and is never satisfied till she has thoroughly roused Eliza by pawing and low barking.

Not long ago the silver-basket was left by some mistake in the hall all night. Janet, happening to see it in the middle of the night, inferred that it was time for her usual errand. Her midnight visit frightened the maid very much, for she supposed that all manner of dreadful things were happening down-stairs. But when she saw the silver-basket in the second-story hall, she understood at once that Janet's clock was out of order!



Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box:

When I was a little bit of a girl, last year, I was naughty one day to a cat. I was at grandma's, and the cat was lying asleep on the corner of grandma's dress, on the floor; I stepped on her tail and she squealed. Grandma thought I did it by accident, so she took the cat up in her arms and petted her, saying:

"Poor pussy! Little May didn't mean to hurt you. She knows it hurts to step on your tail just as much as it hurt when I rocked on her dear little toes yesterday."

I felt queer when grandma said that. You see, it *did hurt* to have my toes under grandma's chair, and I squealed louder than the cat. I cried, too, for about ten minutes, I think. The trouble is, I forgot it, and I stepped on the cat's tail to wake her up. It wasn't an accident at all.

Grandma put the cat on the floor again, and went on reading the newspaper. I felt dreadfully uncomfortable. It seemed mean of me not to tell grandma that I hadn't stepped on the cat by accident. By and by grandma put down her paper:

"Maysie maybird, tell me why you stepped on pussy's tail?"

I told her as quick as a flash; I was so glad to be asked. Then grandma said, "Do you know what I think my little girl needs? A subscription to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. Promise me, maybird, that if I give you the magazine you will bring it to me and read it aloud every month."

And that's what we've been doing, grandma and I. As soon as the magazine comes, I put on my hat and run around to the next street, where grandma lives. Once I had to keep OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS for two days without reading it. I wanted to be honorable enough not to look at it, but I couldn't help peeping at a funny little tail-piece in the Letter-Box. I told grandma, and she didn't mind.

It's almost a year now since I've been a subscriber. I've learned lots about animals. Grandma said she *saw* me step on the cat's tail. She thought the best way to cure me of being cruel to animals was to teach me to sympathize with them and to know something about their lives and habits. She says OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is "a blessed educator, and is doing the Lord's own work."

This is a terribly long letter. Grandma says you won't print it; but, if you don't want to print it all, will you please print half, or let me write another? I generally write short letters. I've written all this in one morning, anyhow.

Your ever-faithful reader and friend,

MAY W. H.

Dear Letter-Box:

Let me tell you a cat story. You have probably heard a great many, but there is always one more, you know, and the teller of any story always thinks that his is particularly worth the telling.

Our cat was lying in her basket last night, snuggled close to her one little kitten. The servants were on their way to bed. One of the maids stopped near the basket, and, touching the kitten gently with her foot, said to the cook:

"Why did you save that kitten, Hannah? It's not a pretty kitten at all."

The servants passed on upstairs, and the remark was forgotten. In the morning, however, the cat's basket was empty. The cat herself appeared later in the day, but no kitten was to be seen. Finally the cook had occasion to go to a closet in which she kept a bandbox. There she found the cover off the bandbox, and the kitten carefully hidden, not only under the cook's bonnet, but under a number of cloths, rags, and papers. The cat had concealed her only child, her little helpless kitten, as best she knew how. The cook says that she will give the cat the bandbox, and I am sure that never again will a remark be made to wound the cat's sensibilities.

Ever your sincere friend,

M. OLLAWAY.

NANTUCKET, MASS.

Dear Letter-Box:

This is my fifteenth birthday, and I am to be made a full and complete member of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—if only they will elect me in the fall. Do you think that they will? Every one of my family is a member. Our immediate family is not very large, but I have an aunt in Wisconsin, another one in Maine, and four uncles and a cousin in New York, who are devoted to the great work of animal protection.

My own pet horse is a mustang which was sold to my father at a nominal price, as being irremediably vicious. Father and I both took a fancy to the little fellow. I begged for him, as I have trained several horses on our farm, and I love to make them love me. To-day there is no sweeter tempered horse in the world than that "vicious mustang." All he needed was *training*. He has a sensitive nature, and his original teacher had believed in *breaking* horses.

Yours truly,

L. J. H.

NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box:

Father has told me such a piece of news that I feel as if I should burst if I kept it to myself a moment longer. We are going to New York to *live!* Isn't that splendid? The first walk I shall take along the streets of the city of New York will be in the direction of the Society's Headquarters. My dog is going to New York with us, but my pony has to be left behind. A friend of ours, Mr. W———, has promised to take the pony for his special pet. Mr. W——— is a subscriber to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, and, if you knew him, I'm sure you would trust him to be good to animals.

Hoping soon to be in the same city with you, I remain,

Yours very truly,

JAMES H. MCR.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

THE SKIN: ITS FUNCTIONS AND ITS CARE

THE three main functions of the skin of all animals are: (1) A means of communication with the outer world by the sense of touch; (2) A means of ridding the body of waste matter; (3) A protective covering for the body. The skin, lungs, kidneys, and bowels are the excretory or eliminative organs. In the horse, as in man, the skin throws off several acids, a great deal of water, some salts, and a small percentage of nitrogenous waste (urea); but in the dog the kidneys, lungs, the mucous membrane of the mouth, and the salivary glands do much of the excretory work, and the skin has but limited ability to throw off poisonous matters. A dog's skin, therefore, is liable to reflect the slightest derangement of the digestive tract.

The common skin diseases of the lower animals are *erythema*, an inflammation which is especially distinguished by redness and heat of the skin; *herpes*, which is a vesicular eruption; and *urticaria*, or nettlerash, which takes the form of circumscribed swellings on the skin's surface. All these forms of disease are frequently seen in horses, and some of them in cattle and in dogs. As for sheep, the thickness of their wool makes any redness of the skin, vesicles, or the elevated patches of urticaria difficult of detection. It is only when the skin of the face or extremities is attacked that the character of the disease may be recognized.

Herpes are often found on the lips of sheep and lambs. The fluid discharged from the vesicles dries quickly and forms a sticky scab. Herpes of that nature will appear on the lips of horses, but there is a circular form of the eruption, *herpes circinnatus*, which is commonly known as ringworm, and to which the horse is particularly subject. The part affected is tender, to the touch, and the dried secretion forms a ring-like scab, unlike the gray crust of true ringworm. The local treatment of herpes should consist in the application of a slightly astringent ointment. Oxide of zinc is recommended by good authorities. As herpetic affections are due to some derangement of the digestive system, a reliable veterinarian should be consulted for special treatment.

Urticaria, or nettlerash, attacks horses and cattle in hot weather, when there are easterly winds. Symptoms of urticaria are always marked and appear suddenly. As in man, certain articles of food are generally the exciting cause of the disorder. A sudden check in the circulation of the blood in the vessels of the skin is the chief cause of the irregular swellings on the neck and body. If cattle are fed upon indigestible food in hot weather and are placed in a yard where a cold wind blows upon them suddenly, nettlerash will appear. Warm clothing and a dose of bicarbonate of potash—a tablespoonful in the food is advised—will usually cause the swellings to disappear as suddenly as they came.

Considered as a protective covering to the body, the skin has the combined advantages of resistance, toughness, elasticity, and flexibility. The subcutaneous layers of fat, and the modifications of epidermis in various forms, as wool, feathers, scales, hairs, etc., serve for the preservation of warmth, or, as in the case of claws, talons, etc., as an animal's means of offence or defence.

It will be readily understood that nothing is more important to an animal's health and comfort than to keep the skin clean. Frequent grooming is considered necessary for a horse. It is equally important for a dog. If the skin is unclean, its pores are choked with impurities and it cannot perform its functions of elimination. Not only does uncleanliness affect an animal's general health, but the accumulations of foreign matter on the skin excite itching, and the animal in rubbing or scratching will soon produce some eruption.

Washing is of course the first and foremost means of maintaining cleanliness. Washing, however, may be too frequent and consequently injurious. Faithful grooming will maintain a dog's skin and hair in perfect condition, but the grooming must be applied not less often than once a day. To be convinced of the benefit of friction to the horse's skin, observe the effects produced by hand-rubbing the legs of a tired horse. Any ordinary enlargement disappears, stiffness soon goes, and when the legs attain their natural warmth the horse is visibly revived, eats with a good appetite, and lies down quietly to rest.

To groom a dog, first brush his coat long and thoroughly, then rub him with gloves of woolen yarn or hair, and finally rub him well with the bare hand. The brush and the gloves should be applied the way of the hair, never against it.

The general rules for washing a dog may be found in that excellent work, "Kennel Secrets," by "Ashmont," and are as follows:

Never wash a dog within two or three hours after eating heartily. The best time is about an hour before a feeding, for then, if he is depressed by the bath, his food will do much to bring on a reaction and restore him. Use tepid water and let the washing be done as speedily as possible in a room the temperature of which is not less than 70° Fahr. Lest the dog take cold after a bath, dry him always, put him beyond draughts in summer if he is to be confined, and keep him several hours in a warm room or exercise him briskly if the weather is cold. In case he shivers or seems languid, give him a generous quantity of warm milk.

It must also be remembered that pure and reliable soaps are the only kind to be used upon any animal. After washing, a thorough drying is essential to health; and after drying, some exercise should be given. The skin of no animal can be kept in proper condition if the stables, kennels, or whatever the surroundings, be not scrupulously clean.

A POULTRY-HOUSE ten by ten feet is not too large for twelve hens. To allow one foot frontage for each hen is a good rule. The depth of the house may be from eight to ten feet, and the height in front need not be more than eight feet. Provide for light and ventilation, and let the nest-boxes and the roosts all be loose, so that they may be easily removed for cleaning.

THE ANIMAL AS A MACHINE AND A PRIME MOTOR, AND THE LAW OF ENERGETICS. By R. H. Thurston. First Edition. First Thousand. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

Whether it was intended or not, this small volume of less than one hundred pages is one of the most valuable contributions to humane literature that we have seen in many a day. It is a strictly scientific work, so scientific that it is impossible to give any extensive account of its contents in these columns. The first thirty-six pages, for example, which treat of the subject of "Energy and its Transformations," are merely incomprehensible to persons unacquainted with mathematics and the science of physics; and as the rest of the volume is grounded upon the statements and inductions of the first chapter, the ordinary reader will be obliged, even there, to skip passages which he would be glad to comprehend. As the title page indicates, the author regards the animal simply as a machine and a prime motor, that is, as an agent in the performance of work. As a machine, the animal body is a singularly complicated structure, and the engineer is not certain as to its classification. In this curious machine, combustible matter in the form of grain and other food is consumed, and results in the production of thermal, mechanical, and probably electrical, as well as vital energies which find application in the performance of work external as well as internal. The point in which the animal machine excels all machines of human invention is that it effects combustion at a low temperature. Science has not yet discovered how to produce combustion at a temperature of 98°, and consequently all our heat engines are operated with an enormous waste of available energy.

The question of food—that is, of the material of combustion—as well as of the structure of the animal machine, is clearly a matter of the first importance; but the manner in which the power of the machine is to be applied in the performance of a given amount of work is hardly less important. Thus, in drawing an ordinary vehicle, a horse may be effectively aided or totally incapacitated by a good or bad adjustment of *the line of traction*. Mr. Thurston lays down the rule that, "in all cases, this line should be given such inclination as will ensure increased pressure of the animal upon the ground for heavy pulling, and decrease its weight in the opposite case, just to the extent required to make adhesion ample without unnecessary surplus." This obvious principle is admirably illustrated by three engravings in which the position of the load on a two-wheeled vehicle is shown to make an enormous difference in the work required of the horse. So great is the difference of power, which is caused by a difference in the adjustment of the trace, that Mr. Thurston quotes with approval the following observations of Mr. Brigg:

"The resistance which a horse can overcome depends upon the following conditions: (1) his own weight; (2) his grip; (3) his height and length; (4) direction of trace; (5) his muscular development, which determines the power to straighten the bent lever represented by his body and hind legs against the two resistances, the vehicle through the trace attached to the shoulder, and the hind feet against the ground.

"To pull through a very low trace, or to have a man, or even two or three men, on a horse's back, is advisable and even necessary if a horse is expected to haul a load requiring the full force of his muscles at any particular moment—and for the moment, under such conditions, he would be able to draw a much greater load than without the added weight. But any person can see that the animal could not travel far with any vehicle if he must carry three men on his back in addition to hauling his load.

"Therefore, to deal justly with our horses, we should not only study cause and effect, but should devise some means by which, automatically, every possible advantage could be given to the horse at all times. Otherwise there must be a constant waste of energy, tiring the horse prematurely and increasing the chances of his stumbling and falling."

Although the reading of this book will be difficult, or perhaps impossible, to many readers, the portion from which we take these extracts will be readily intelligible to all, and will be worth a hundred times the cost of the book to any one who has occasion to use draught animals.

IN its department of "Notes and Comments" the *North American Review* for September publishes an article, by C. H. Crandall, upon "The Tendencies of the Turf." "To people who have never analyzed the attractions of the turf," says the author, "it may seem inexplicable how horse racing should maintain such a hold on the public." Mr. Crandall then proceeds to analyze those attractions, and to use as arguments against the present system of horse racing, the mere record of those sights which "are too common for the chronicler to pay attention to, except occasionally." The "heaving flank, the bleeding sides, and ridged bodies that register the whip's activity are not often dilated upon. Moreover," adds Mr. Crandall, "they can hardly be made attractive even to the hardened 'horsey' taste of the inveterate race-goer. No one likes the sight of blood, and here are gently bred ladies looking on. Tell them not to look at the tired, dusty, bloody brute. He will be washed, bandaged, and doctored up for another race." But are the tendencies of the turf towards bettering the present conditions? Not so long as "the apparently indispensable adjunct of betting is kept up at all the racecourses," and the horses "lashed, spurred, and driven to their last atom of endurance." One has only to read the daily papers to see that Mr. Crandall's article could not have been better timed. In the New York *Herald*, of September 16, is a paragraph headed "Taral's Demon Finish." It is an account of the recent contest at Gravesend, N. Y., between Domino and Henry of Navarre.

OF Bradford Torrey's "A Morning at the Old Sugar Mill" not the least delightful portion is the account of his walk thither, which, in his own charming way, he describes in the September number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and thereby brings before one pictures of pine-wood sparrows, red-winged blackbirds, brown-headed nuthatches, grosbeck, quail, etc., that cannot soon be forgotten. We know of few things pleasanter than a walk with Mr. Torrey. May he take many to "the Old Sugar Mill," or elsewhere, and may he

ance of such streams. The donkey "has never been told that the brooks of Europe and of the northern part of the United States contain no such vermin. . . . Why, then, should he not, when he approaches a stream, dread the crocodile?"

THE holiday number of *The Quarterly Illustrator* should certainly be offered the compliments of the season. It is more than usually beautiful, and is rich in excellent reading matter. The opening article, by Richard Harding Davis, upon "The Origin of a Type of the American Girl. With Original Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson," is a fair example of what one can say for a friend if one knows how. Mr. Davis claims to know nothing of art, but as he knows Mr. Gibson and the English language, his article is no mean tribute to his artist friend. Towards the end of the magazine, Marguérite Tracy writes of experiences "With Horses and Dogs." The illustrations are the work of her father, the late John M. Tracy, whose paintings of animals are well known. "The men who owned and loved dogs," says Mr. Tracy's daughter, "felt that he understood them, and they brought them to him for portraits, just as they had been bringing their children." Again, she says: "Horses are infinitely more satisfactory models than dogs." They may have more patience, but one of the author's dogs, though a restless model, "loved to act as district messenger-boy to the older dogs, and would beguile their posing hours with succulent bones." A pointer, also owned by the author, once devoted herself to protecting a tame sparrow from the cat. Truly, in studying the lower animals we may be taught lessons of the highest humanity.

THE Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine* contains two stories which are remarkable as the winners of the first and third prizes in the recent "McClure Prize-Story Contest." The first prize was awarded to "The Takin' In of Old Mis' Lane," by Ella Higginson, a story with a paragraph that goes straight to one's heart. Nothing more touchingly human than the prayer of old Mis' Lane can be imagined. "Dikkon's Dog," by Dorothy Lundt, won the third prize. The hint of tragedy in the first pages of the story is happily dissipated by its Christmas ending. The second of the Bonaparte articles, by Ida M. Tarbell, appears with superb illustrations, and is a valuable contribution to historical literature.

"SHOOTING 'BOB WHITE,'" an article by Calvin Dill Wilson in *Lippincott's Magazine* for December, treats of the sport from Bob's point of view, and makes the following admirable comment upon the existing game-laws. "On account of the universal friendship felt for him, Bob," says Mr. Wilson, "is specially honored by having his name on the statute books of most of our States, and he has been the cause of profound thought to our wise legislators, so that in the game-laws it is generally written that the closed season, when he shall be permitted to whistle in inviolable safety, shall be from January first until October. But all his friends have not as yet been able to agree as to exact dates, and the laws for his protection vary slightly in different States, and, indeed, among the counties of the same States. This is not fair to him, especially as he is not duly notified as to the places where he is safe longest, and we think that when his life is in danger there should be a uniform law, that he might know what to expect, and not lose his life because he was not sufficiently posted to fly over a State or county line a week sooner to a place of security. So popular and desirable a citizen as he ought to be treated better. . . . Six weeks in a year are enough for him to endanger his life for the enjoyment of his compatriots, and those six weeks should begin on the same date through the whole country, that he might know when the war was over."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for December 11 is the Christmas number, and in it is published Part II. of "The Stork Express, Limited," by Barnet Phillips, which was begun for the Christmas *Young People* of a year ago. What finally becomes of Great-grandma Pelican, the Stork, and the boy who was once the baby, we are not to learn just yet. The story is to be concluded in next week's number, and it breaks off in an exciting place, exactly as a continued story should.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY; OR, ORPHEUS AT THE ZOO AND OTHER PAPERS. By C. J. Cornish. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, $3.50.

THE HORSE; ITS VARIETIES AND MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By George Armatage, M.R.C.V.S. Illustrated. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. Price, $1.00.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

AN uninteresting number of this magazine has never arrived at this office. It contains just the kind of stories that teachers need in their supplementary reading in the schoolroom.—*Verdon* (Nebraska) *Vedette.*

CAN be commended to all classes of readers, old and young. It has a reliable veterinary department.—*The Free Baptist*, Minneapolis, Minn.

DOING a grand work for the helpless, speechless beings that so obediently serve humanity.—*The Manayunk Sentinel*, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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All communications should be addressed to

JOHN P. HAINES, President,
10 East 22d St., New York.

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For FIVE new subscriptions, paid in advance, we will send, express prepaid, Volume XXI. of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, beautifully bound in red cloth, with handsome lettering.

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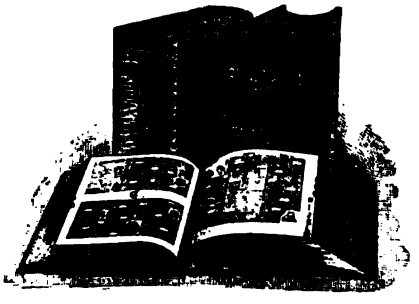

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OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT. V. 7.

Vol. XXII. NEW YORK, APRIL, 1895. No. 8.

THE HIGHER MORALS IN ANIMALS

IT was the dreary theory of Larochefoucauld that all human sentiments and emotions, however apparently unselfish or generous, are really rooted in the motive of self-love. Even compassion, he thought, was nothing less than an instinctive pity for one's self if one were to be placed in the circumstances which inspire that feeling; and the impulse to help the suffering he translated into an equally instinctive effort to help one's self. Even if the theory were true—and for our present purpose we need neither adopt nor reject it—compassion would still involve one of the very highest faculties of the human intellect, since it would at least imply a clear presence of imagination, and wheresoever we may discover the sentiment of compassion, we shall be bound on the principles of Larochefoucauld to recognize the presence of the one supreme quality which makes the genius of a Shakespeare godlike. Be that, however, as it may, the moral dignity of man confessedly consists in his possession of virtues to which he is prompted by no directly or consciously selfish motive, and to which he is not constrained by any external compulsion. Such are the virtues of sympathy, exhibited in acts of unselfish benevolence; affection for others, carried to the extreme of absolute self-forgetfulness and even self-sacrifice; and gratitude for benefits which can be neither continued nor renewed. These are the loftiest virtues of humanity; but are they confined to humanity? We think not. On the contrary, we believe that all of them may be found in animals far below the grade of mankind; and if that is true, then "it must follow, as the night the day," that the animals on which we look down as our inferiors are sharers in a moral life of which mankind does not always furnish the most brilliant examples.

SYMPATHY EXHIBITED IN ACTS OF UNSELFISH BENEVOLENCE.

Who has not heard of the dog whose broken leg was set by a kindly surgeon, and which afterwards repeatedly brought to him other dogs that had fallen into some like misfortune, evidently desiring and expecting that he would relieve them? Here were memory and reason, beyond all possibility of doubt; but was there not sympathy also, and benevolence as well?

Or, take the case of that other noble little dog which found an old dog lying sick and abandoned to its fate in the hollow of a tree, and forthwith regularly carried food to relieve its hunger. In what particular is the sentiment or the conduct of that animal to be distinguished from the sentiment or the conduct of the Good Samaritan?

Sir John Lubbock's studies among the ants have not left him with a very high opinion of those interesting animals, and yet he does not deny them the divine "quality of mercy." When he saw an ant, which was suffering sorely from the loss of its *antennæ* in a fight with an ant of another species, tenderly relieved and carried to the nest by a sympathetic companion, Sir John himself could not refrain from admitting that "it would have been difficult for a witness of the scene to refuse to recognize in it a feeling of humanity."

"Sympathy," says Romanes, "is a characteristic feeling of the (elephant) species;" and that is more than one can always feel safe in saying of the genus *homo;* but who can question the reality or the depth of sympathy revealed in the following incident observed by the French Bishop Huber? ("L'Intelligence des Animaux," i. 44.)

"Overcome by weakness, the animal had sunk down, and they had gone away to get another to help him to rise. Huber was greatly struck by the almost human expression of surprise, emotion, and

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sympathy of the second elephant when he saw the position of his companion. At first he obeyed the order and pulled strongly upon the chain that had been passed around the neck and body of the sick elephant, but at the first groan of the latter, he stopped suddenly, turned around with a savage growl, and with the aid of his trunk and forefeet began to remove the chain from the neck of the old elephant."

One does not readily attribute benevolence or sympathy to that trickiest of animals, the monkey. Perhaps, if men knew monkeys as some monkeys have the misfortune to know men, they would deny that monkeys have any benevolence at all; but if they knew monkeys as the monkeys know each other in their native forests, they might find those humble cousins of ours to be, at heart, as pitiful as men are. At any rate, the following anecdote is worth the telling. Two monkeys of the same species, but not otherwise related to each other, were together on board ship when one of them fell into the sea. The other was greatly agitated, and immediately endeavored to rescue him by holding on with one hand to the ship's side, while with the other hand he threw out to his comrade a cord which was tied around his own body. Unfortunately, the cord was too short to reach his friend; but what more could the poor creature do to exhibit his sympathy or his desire to help? It is pleasant to know that his good intention was fulfilled by one of the sailors, but, at bottom, the benevolence of the sailor was not different in kind from that of the monkey, and the instinct of helpfulness in the one was of precisely the same kind as in the other.

AFFECTION FOR OTHERS CARRIED TO THE POINT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

The holiest and most unselfish of all human affections is the love of a mother for her children, but in this the human mother does not surpass the devotion of animal mothers to their offspring. True, the wild animal lets her young go when they have reached maturity, and after that she seems to care for them no more; but there are human mothers whose heartless indifference to their infants might well be shamed by the conduct of "dumb brutes." When a monkey mother in manifest agony watches the life go out of her young one, and then quietly lies down and dies beside it, no human mother could give a surer proof of love or of the anguish of a broken heart.

It is among birds, however, that we find the strongest proofs of individual affection, apart from the maternal instinct. Even the stupid ostrich in the Jardin des Plantes, says Romanes, "has heart enough to die of love" when his mate dies at his side. When one of two parrots which are kept together is taken sick, the other is seen to watch her anxiously, waiting upon her with all the assiduous care of a human nurse, and then, when she dies, he, too, shortly afterwards stretches himself out to die. Could there be any surer proof of affection between individuals than that?

Yes, one, and only one; and for that again, we must resort to motherhood. When swallows boldly fly into the flames of a burning dwelling and perish there in the vain attempt to save their fledglings, that is a case of affection carried to the verge of self-sacrifice and beyond. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend;" but in what respect does the love or the self-sacrifice of the poor swallows differ from that of the man who does precisely the same thing? In none that we can think of.

GRATITUDE.

In that wonderfully interesting book, "A Naturalist on the Prowl," there is an anecdote of ant life which we prefer to use here rather than any of the innumerable stories of the gratitude of animals to human beings who have treated them with kindness. In the jungles of India there is a species of ant which makes its nest in trees, fastening the leaves together in a wonderful way for the protection and convenience of its large communities. The ants of this species keep cows of a peculiar kind; for their cows are caterpillars which, like themselves, have their habitat on the trees. On the back of these caterpillars is a gland that yields a fluid which is very nutritious, and, strange to say, the creatures are exceedingly docile, and are easily domesticated by the ant farmers of the trees. The ants are kind masters. The caterpillar cows are regularly milked every day, but they are not kept in confinement; and wherever they go, they are attended by a guard of ants which protect them night and day from all their foes. And now let our author tell the rest of the pretty story:

"In time the caterpillar arrives at maturity, changes into a chrysalis, and can yield no more milk. The ants watch over it for ten days, until the butterfly has emerged and flown safely away.

"Take this fact and think it over," continues the writer. "You could scarcely spend an hour better. Say it is gratitude, such as oftentimes moves us to pension an old horse that has served us long and faithfully. Or say it is policy, like that on which we act when we institute a close season for game. Say what you will, in short, but think your meaning out, and you will be a more reverent and an humbler man than you were."

Yes, and if one fairly "thinks the meaning out," he will find it difficult to believe that the ants are far-sighted enough to consider their prospective and purely speculative interest in the progeny of the caterpillar. It will be easier, at least, to think that when the useful creature they have tended ceases to be profitable, the tiny denizens of the Indian jungle are prompted to continue their care of it by an unselfish feeling of affection. If men were to act as these kindly creatures do, we should attribute their conduct to gratitude, and there is nothing but an inveterate prejudice to prevent our crediting our small fellow-creatures with the same laudable and amiable virtue.

Now, to conclude: If we find in innumerable instances, of which we have given only a few examples, that what we call "the lower animals" actually do exhibit the highest virtues of which humanity is capable; if we find that they express a manifestly genuine sympathy by acts of unselfish benevolence; if we know that they cherish for each other affections which death itself does not destroy, and which they carry to the point of absolute self-sacrifice; and if in their reciprocal relations they behave with a practical gratitude which would be creditable to human beings, on what ground shall we deny to these humble fellow-creatures of ours the dignity of a moral nature?

CROPPING DOGS' EARS: A CRUEL PRACTICE SUCCESSFULLY OPPOSED

ONE of the most senseless of fashionable cruelties is the cropping of dogs' ears. No less an authority than *The Field* declares it to be "a barbarous and cruel custom, to the results of which the eye has become educated; and there is no doubt that, with the more dainty and delicate varieties of the canine race, it breaks their spirit, and is a usual cause of premature deafness and other ailments." Only a generation and a half ago, says the same authority in matters of sport, "it was the custom either to cut off or 'tear out by the roots' the ears of pug dogs, merely because it was thought the poor little creature's head, when shorn of its ears, more nearly resembled the closed fist of a man than it did with the ears intact." This horrible fashion has passed away, but the record of it may still be found in old prints and engravings. It was not the unfortunate pug alone, however, which was subjected to the cruelty of ear cropping. Until within half a dozen years the Irish terrier was almost universally cropped; the bull terrier was cropped as a matter of course; to this day, great Danes, black-and-tan terriers, English terriers, and toy terriers continue to be mutilated; and it is only of late years that masters of fox hounds have begun to reach the sane conclusion that the custom of "rounding" the ears of fox hounds is not only cruel in itself, but is a permanent injury to the animal.

The honor of opening a campaign against this inexcusable cruelty belongs to the Irish Terrier Club. Ten years ago an uncropped Irish terrier was never to be seen on a bench show, but the humane members of the club came unanimously to the conclusion that the Irish terrier, as nature made him, is merely disfigured by the fashionable mutilation. Having reached this conclusion, the club took its first step of reform by confining its own show to uncropped dogs; the next step was to make a unanimous representation to the Kennel Club, in consequence of which that high authority adopted a rule to the effect that no Irish terrier, born after the year 1889, should win a prize at any show held under the Kennel Club rules, if its ears were cropped. The cropping of Irish terriers went at once out of fashion, and it is now universally admitted that the uncropped Irish terrier is a far more sightly creature than his mutilated ancestor.

ANOTHER SUCCESS: LETTER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals belongs the honor of inaugurating a new crusade against cropping. In the month of January last that society prosecuted two men and a woman in Worship Street Police Court for cropping the ears of a bull terrier. The defence was set up that it was "absolutely necessary to have the ears of bull terriers cut," a necessity which the sitting magistrate, Mr. Bushby, declined to admit without proof; and he also refused

to accept "the startling theory that the cutting of the root of the dog's ears caused no more pain after the cutting of the lapel," without a good deal more evidence than anybody had to offer. In point of fact, the "theory" is a sham and a pretence. "In some *few* cases," says *The Field*, "the canine patient may be placed under the influence of an anæsthetic; but even when this is done, the subsequent manipulation and dressing of the ears form a most painful ordeal. A necessary operation, even when it is unavoidably painful, is not an act of cruelty; but a painful operation which is in no way necessary is an act of cruelty which the law of England forbids; and under that law Mr. Bushby sentenced the offenders who had been brought before him to a heavy fine, and in default of its payment to one month's imprisonment with hard labor.

Naturally enough, the prosecution of this case led to considerable discussion. Members of the Kennel Club have long disapproved of the inhuman practice of cropping, and some of them have earnestly favored the adoption of practical measures to suppress it. Mr. Edgar Farman, vice-president of the Bull-Dog Club, is one of those humane gentlemen, and early in the year he addressed a letter to the Prince of Wales, asking for an expression of his opinion on the subject. The reply of his Royal Highness was promptly given in the following terms:

"MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, PALL MALL,
January 22, 1895.

"*Sir*:—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, and to inform you in reply that he has kept dogs for many years and frequently sends some of them to exhibitions; but that he has never allowed any dog belonging to him to be 'mutilated.'

"His Royal Highness has always been opposed to this practice, which he considers causes unnecessary suffering, and it would give him much pleasure to hear that owners of dogs had agreed to abandon such an objectionable fashion.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

"EDGAR FARMAN, ESQ., Brooklands, Romford."

Nobody was surprised at the publication of this letter of the Prince of Wales, whose kindness of heart is well known, and who has never yet been suspected of a stupidity, even in deference to a senseless fashion. Yet the publication of the letter had an immediate and salutary effect. The opposition to cropping was immensely strengthened, and as the fashion has nothing but fashion to commend it, the opinion of the Prince of Wales that it is objectionable, and the expression of his desire that it should be abandoned, deprived it of its only support. The English breeders of bull terriers have lost no time in accepting the Prince's view and Mr. Bushby's decision. At a meeting held during the Liverpool show, within a week after the delivery of the judgment, the members present announced their intention to discontinue cropping, and appointed Mr. Vero Shaw to draft a letter to the English Kennel Club, requesting that body to assist in putting a stop to the practice. Mr. Shaw's letter was signed by all the breeders of bull terriers present, and there is little doubt that the Kennel Club will comply with their request.

RESISTANCE TO THE MOVEMENT: GOOD PURPOSE OF THE WOMEN'S KENNEL CLUB

The members of the White English Terrier Club showed less sense and less humanity, for they adopted a resolution asking the Kennel Club to put no prohibition or restriction on the cropping of terriers. It is not likely that their opposition will avail. The Kennel Club, which promptly complied with the request of the Irish Terrier Club, will not refuse a unanimous request of the Bull-Dog Club, and it may be trusted to observe that the cropping of English white terriers is just as cruel and just as illegal as the cropping of any other dogs. Within a short time, therefore, it may be expected that this useless and cruel practice will be so discountenanced that it will wholly pass away.

Apropos of this subject, we are glad to hear that a Women's Kennel Club is to be organized in New York; and we are doubly rejoiced at the prospect, since we learn that one of the first efforts of the Women's Kennel Club will be to discountenance the cropping of dogs' ears. A single letter from the Prince of Wales has done more to abolish this inhuman practice than all the arguments that have been plied against it; and the united influence of the gentlewomen of America would be no less powerful in this country. There are other forms of cruelty which continue to exist only because the gentlewomen of America do not choose to put an end to them, but lend them the immense support of fashion. With this good precedent of the Women's Kennel Club, we shall look for better things hereafter.

ON the old "King's Highway" road, near Parkville, Long Island, a saloon kept by one Bell and known as Oakwood Park is frequented by the "sporting" fraternity. In the rear is an old unused barn, which cannot be seen from the main thoroughfare, being hidden from view by a clump of woods. For some time a gang of dog fighters had been arranging for a contest between two noted bull-dogs named Gamble and Pete; but knowing it would be unsafe to have the fight in any of the places known to the officers of the Society or the police, they selected Bell's resort; and while Officer Joseph Murphy of the Twenty-third Precinct, Brooklyn Police Force, was standing under a tree about midnight, on a lonely night post which included the locality named above, he noticed several carriages drive up to the saloon. Cautiously approaching the building, he saw enough to warrant him in running to the station house, which was nearly a mile distant, for assistance. Capt. George A. Buckholz got his reserves into three patrol wagons and hastened to Oakwood Park. All was still, but the crowd was finally discovered to be on the upper floor of the old barn, the only entrance to which was by a small door at the rear end. The building was surrounded, and Captain Buckholz made his way to the loft, where the unsuspecting gang was seated around an enclosure in the centre of the floor, in which two bull-dogs were fiercely fighting. Consternation seized upon the law-breakers at the appearance of the officers. There was no escape, however, for the entire lot, numbering seventy-eight, was captured. The prisoners were arraigned before Justice Nostrand of Coney Island and Justice Steers of Flatbush, pleaded guilty, and were fined ten dollars each. The principals, Barney Reilly and Alexander J. Brown, were fined fifty dollars each. Febo Bell, the proprietor of the place, escaped arrest for the present, but for the present only. His early arrest is certain. At the close of the trial the Society's prosecuting attorney took occasion to tender the thanks of the Society to the officers and patrolmen of the Twenty-third Precinct for the able manner in which the raid was conducted. "I am confident," said he, "that the safety of citizens as well as the enforcement of the humane laws of the State could not be entrusted to more faithful and intelligent officers."

Both of the dogs, which were badly mangled, were forfeited to the Society pursuant to law, and it is safe to say they will never again be used for fighting purposes.

❁ ❁ ❁

"THERE is one thing to be said in praise of New York," remarked a cosmopolitan recently. "I have been in nearly all the large cities of the world, and there is hardly one of them that is so free of stray dogs on its streets as the American metropolis."—*New York World.*

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PEGGY

BY J. W. HUNT

TWO men stood in lazy conversation before a squat log-house with mud-plastered chinks, watching the approach of a horseman, through a forest of huge oak and beech trees, which clothed the mountain side, and afforded only an occasional glimpse of the rider, until he emerged into the clearing about the cabin, and drew rein at the door.

"Mawnin', stranger, mawnin'," said the taller of the two, in answer to the new-comer's salutation.

"Ken you 'uns git somethin' to eat?"

"Certainly. Bub! Oh, Bub! B-u-ub! Come take keer o' this haws. What, you ain't goin', Cole? Why, I 'lowed you war goin' to stop fer dinner. Shote 'n kawn bread. No? Well, 'member me to yo' wife."

The stranger dismounted, and "Cole," with a short yet courteous nod, strode off down the rough mountain road. "Bub," in the person of a freckle-faced boy of twelve, whose tousled red hair protruded through various rents in an old soft hat, slouched up and led away the horse, and the visitor followed his host into the house.

They made a strongly contrasted pair, these two. The travel-stained garments of the first were unquestionably what his host mentally described as "store-clothes," while his manner as plainly indicated him to be a man of cities. The latter, from the crown of his slouch hat to the soles of his bare feet, was every inch a man of the mountains. His gray eye seemed made for a quick, sure glance along a rifle barrel; his straight lips, for curving with satisfaction around a cup of moonshine whiskey. In an unbleached cotton shirt, and "pants"—they are all "pants" in southeastern Kentucky—of butternut homespun jeans, supported by a strip of cotton over one shoulder, he welcomed the wayfarer to his two-roomed log-house with a hearty hospitality, in which even a certain natural courtliness was not lacking.

John Chadwick was surprised. Before leaving New York for these mountains of the "dark and bloody ground" to appraise some lumber lands, he knew that the people among whom he was going viewed strangers with distrust. Yet here was a man receiving him as cordially as though he were an old friend. His entertainer saw his perplexity, and a twinkle brightened his eye as he said:

"Take a cheer and set down. I reckon you didn't look t' find sech easy goin' hyar'bouts. But Cole Granger, him as was talkin' to me jes' now, hearn all about you down to Barton's. The boys 'lowed so long as you warn't rev'noo it war all right. Ef you sticks to the trees an' don't go nosin' 'roun', thar won't be no trouble. They air powerful set agin questions, the boys air, shore as my name's Ormsby Greene."

Having delivered himself of this significant advice, Mr. Greene produced a brown jug from a corner cupboard, withdrew the corncob which did duty as a stopper, and deftly swinging the jug upon his shoulder, proceeded to pour a whitish amber-colored liquor into two teacups, and pledge his guest in "mountain-dew." Chadwick with difficulty suppressed a gasp of pain when he swallowed the fiery stuff, but Mr. Ormsby Greene never winked; and murmuring something about "the only drink fer a man," seated himself on a sawbuck, and proceeded to regale his guest with his family history. He'd been married twenty years and had two sons, Clay and Bub. Clay was nineteen, and had been in Texas or somewhere for six months, waiting for a little unpleasantness (in which bowie-knives and revolvers had figured) to blow over. "Never had no gals," he said. "Thar war just me an' Martha, that's ma wife, 'n Clay, 'n Bub, 'n Peggy. I 'low thar warn't nothin' in the State as could tech Peggy for pooty. She war——"

"Pop, that yaller heifer's eating the kawn," yelled Bub, from the doorway.

Mr. Greene was instantly galvanized into action, and rushed away to drive off the poaching cow, leaving Chadwick to fill out the uncompleted sentence as his fancy might dictate. Who was Peggy? Some niece or cousin, perhaps. Where was she? He had caught glimpses of Mrs. Greene bustling about, preparing the midday meal, but Peggy was nowhere in evidence. Chadwick's curiosity was piqued. Would she appear at dinner? he wondered. Had he fallen upon a mild mystery, perhaps a romantic adventure? Chadwick liked mysteries, and was not averse to romantic adven-

tures. Peggy! It had never occurred to him before, but really there was something quite fetching about that name. He began to construct a Peggy of his imagination. She must be tall, not too tall, but above the medium, and slight, yet strong and graceful, an ideal maid of the mountains. Her hair, dark, of course; as to her eyes—but a call to dinner put an end to his reverie before he had settled the color of her eyes.

Seated at the table were the Greenes, *père et fils*, while Greene, *mère*, dispensed the golden cornbread and the succulent shoat; but of Peggy there was no sign. It was tantalizing. Night, however, brought an explanation of the riddle.

It had been arranged that Chadwick should spend the night at Greene's cabin, and resume his journey in the morning, with Ormsby Greene as guide. So, after permitting Mr. Greene a few minutes to get well under the soothing influence of a Regalia produced from the guest's cigar case, Chadwick boldly attacked the mystery.

"You have mentioned 'Peggy' several times," he said. "Who is Peggy?"

Greene gravely withdrew the cigar from his mouth and knocked off the ashes with the laborious awkwardness of one unaccustomed to the luxury.

"Peggy? Ah, she war somethin' worth lookin' at, I tell you. So smooth an' plump an' white, with yaller head, an' eyes as black an' soft-like as you ever see. Lord, how she did love Clay! Clay's ma son, him as I war tellin' you's in Texas. Well, sir, she couldn't b'ar Clay outen her sight, she couldn't. Whenever you'd see Clay you could bet yo' boots Peggy war near. An' Clay thought a sight o' her. Clean grit, too, she had. The Bordens, up on Bear Fork, useter say as how she warn't a patch 'longside their Lize, but I reckon I stopped that kinder talk. Them Bordens war'n ornary lot anyhow, an' I never could see what thar war to make a fuss about when ole Borden war foun' dead in th' Fork.

"Let's see, whar war I at? Oh! Peggy's grit. Well, sir, she showed it more'n once, an' one night—doggone, but it war a-snowin' that night, fit to kill! It war in February, an' the drif's war piled fit to smother a man. Clay war up the mount'n, an' Peggy war along, of course. They'd started 'fore the storm commenced. Well, we was a-settin' in this very room, me'n Martha thar, 'n Bub. The win' was a-howlin' 'n kickin' up the all-firedest racket, when I heerd a sort o' scratchin' like on the winder. I looked out, 'n laying thar on th' snow, which war drifted up 's high 's the winder-sill, war Peg. I opened th' winder 'n pulled her in, 'fore you could say 'Jack Robinson.' She war nigh dead-beat, 'n couldn't make a soun', but she never let go o' Clay's hat, which she war a-totin'. She jes' lay there ketchin' her breath an' lookin' up at me, fit to cry.

"I didn't need to see th' blood on th' hat to know somethin' war wrong. 'N less 'n a shake of a sheep's tail I grabbed down my rifle 'n war ready to start. Then, sir, will you believe it? Peggy got on her feet, 'n lookin' back to see that I war followin' her, staggered out into the storm agen.

"I warn't sprouted in no hotbed, you may reck'n, 'n I hev had my share o' tough rassels, but that war the toughest night's work I ever struck. But Peg, she went right ahead, straight's a bee, 'n I floundered along right after her. We kep' on a matter o' two good miles, 'n then we come to a heap o' somethin' covered with snow. Peg set to work, 'n I helpt her to bresh the snow off, 'n when it war cleared away thar war Clay a-layin' thar, still 'n white, with a big blood stain froze on the sider his face. Well, I toted him in my arms back to th' house, 'n if it hadn't ben for Peggy guidin' me I never could 've got thar, neither, but she jes' went erhead, encouragin' 'n showin' me the way, till we got safe home.

"Clay warn't hurt much. One o' them Bordens had fired a shot at him 'n grazed his head, stunnin' him like—the Bordens never war wuth shucks with a rifle nohow—but he'd a shorely froze to death if Peggy hadn't come for help.

"Pore little Peg! It war all up with her. Soon's she seen Clay war all right, she jes' dropt over on her side 'n died, a-waggin' her tail."

"What! 'Wagging her tail?'" exclaimed Chadwick.

"That's what she did. I forgot to tell you, Peggy war a dog."

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CHERISH your best hopes as a faith, and abide by them in actions. Such shall be the effectual, fervent means to their fulfilment.—*Margaret Fuller.*

● ● ●

A PARROT that speaks wisely by chance, excels his mistress if she is a fool by intention.

"DAVE," THE MAJOR'S GANDER

By E. Wyndham Sandys

DAVE, the loved pet of my old friend the Major, was not of plebeian blood. It is true that he first poked his fuzzy head into daylight amid novel surroundings for an aristocratic gander, but he was a wild Canada goose for all that. Somebody had filched four shapely eggs from a new nest near Reedfoot Lake, and presented them to the Major during one of his spring shooting trips. The Major carried the eggs carefully to Nashville, where a vulgar but patient old hen took charge of them, warmed them for four long, weary weeks, and to her everlasting credit hatched four sturdy wild goslings. One of the four, presumably a young gander, soon died, but the remaining three grew and flourished. The Major dabbled in cotton and bred trotters, and the young wild geese and their foster-mother occupied a well-watered grass paddock in which were half a dozen lively yearling colts and fillies.

The goslings waxed fat, and soon became independent of the loving care of their poor old hen-mammy. They turned naturally to the brook and the well-filled watering trough, and in a month they had almost broken her heart with their strange behavior; and at last she left them to their evil ways, and sought consolation among her own kin.

Dave was the most venturesome of the trio. His sisters were simply young misses and as well-behaved as female things should be; but Dave was of an investigating turn of mind, and, like many a boy, his curiosity got him into trouble. How it happened was never known, but when he was about half grown, some playful colt managed to set a sharp-edged hoof upon his upper mandible, and cut off about a quarter of an inch from the point. Dave was disfigured for life, but his misfortune had certain advantages. His maimed bill earned him his name. A certain wild young fellow of the neighborhood, whose name was David, had been sadly disfigured when a child by a burn on his mouth; and as something in the expression of the mutilated gander reminded the Major of David, the gander received the name of "Dave." The shortened bill gave the bird a curious look, and as part of his tongue protruded, he had a good deal of difficulty in picking up his food. But he soon learned to turn his head crown down and to scoop famously in the reversed position. More from pity than with any idea of making a pet of the bird, the Major used to carry a pocketful of grain with him when he entered the paddock, and he soon taught Dave to feed from his hand. By the time the gander was full-feathered his wild nature appeared to have undergone a complete change. His sisters were apparently as tame as ordinary geese, but they were really unwilling captives, and one day they disappeared, leaving Dave alone. The Major cared little about them, and concluded that they had strayed or been stolen. Dave did not seem to mourn for them, though he gave an occasional "honk" of inquiry for a day or two after they disappeared.

During Dave's first winter the Major saw him nearly every day and fed him constantly by hand. With the coming of spring there came a change in Dave. He grew big and strong, and sported a body coat of beautiful gray feathers; his long graceful neck shone like new black velvet, and the white crescent on his throat was like the purest silk. His voice rang full and clear as a trumpet, and his "honk-kronk-a-wunk" of pleasure, or anger, was heard for blocks around. His mutilated mandible caused him no concern, and he bore himself as proudly as though the upper half of his bill were perfect, and his tongue were covered like those of other wild ganders. When migrating flocks of geese passed high overhead, Dave would hail them loudly and listen for the answering "honks." Sometimes he would rush about in wide circles, beating his clipped wings as though he were anxious to mount in air and follow his friends northward; but the sight of the Major or the sound of his voice would quiet Dave at once. When the geese ceased flying, Dave devoted himself to the Major more than ever. No matter where the gander might be in the paddock, the Major's voice was instantly answered by sonorous "honks" of delight, and Dave would hasten, half running, half flying, to meet his friend. If the

Major wanted to look at the colts, Dave would range alongside, straighten his long neck, and thrust his soft black head into the Major's hand, and so they would stalk about till the inspection was over. If Dave wanted corn, or wished to attract attention, he would nip at the Major's leg, or pull at his trousers, until the grain was given or the hand was lowered. In time the Major took Dave for walks outside the paddock, to a shop, or to places of business, and the gander would march gravely along, always keeping his head as near as possible to his master's hand. He would wait quietly till the Major was ready to return, and then put up his head again and toddle back to the paddock.

When the fishing season began, a neighbor secured a lot of minnows for bait, and put them in the water trough so that they could be kept alive until they should be wanted. Dave soon found them, and stole every one of them in brief order. The neighbor, thinking that somebody was robbing him, mounted guard, and caught Dave in the act. He foolishly kicked the poor bird, but Dave showed fight and beat the owner of the minnows so severely with his powerful wings that he was glad to retreat. An engineer in the Major's employ, who was visiting the paddock to attend to some pipes under a cotton platform, once struck Dave and temporarily disabled one wing. After that he was a marked man. If he showed his nose in the paddock Dave made for him and drove him to shelter, and at last the man was obliged to ask the Major to shut Dave up before he would enter the paddock.

"DAVE MADE FOR HIM"

For a couple of years Dave throve and had many walks and adventures. Then a change of business demanded that the Major should go to live in New York, and the question was, what should be done with Dave? The Major's daughter insisted

that Dave should not go to New York—the idea was ridiculous. The Major declared that where he went Dave should go, and that he would walk Fifth Avenue, Broadway, or Madison Square with Dave's head in his hand and Dave's flat feet keeping step, as best they could, in spite of all the crowds in the great city. As the Major put it, "Me and Dave are old friends, and we like to walk together. We'll go to New York, and I'll show Dave the town. If he wants to visit the Hoffman he shall, and if he wants to 'honk' anywhere between Twenty-third and Thirty-third Streets, he can holler just as loud as he has a mind to. He's a heap better bred and better mannered than a lot of the young ganders who walk between those streets."

So the day of departure was settled, and a crate was ordered for Dave. It was made and sent to the paddock the evening before Dave was to start for Gotham. Dave inspected it curiously, and had his usual feed from the Major's hand and an extra promenade around the enclosure as a sort of farewell tour. Early the following morning the Major sought the paddock to prepare Dave for his journey, but no honk of welcome greeted his appearance. The Major called, "Hey, Dave!" several times without receiving the usual reply. A gray shape by the water-trough caught his eye. He hurried to it, and found poor Dave's dead body crouched as naturally as in life. The cause of his death was never known. Of course, the poor gander knew nothing of the change before him, but it was a singular coincidence that he should die in his well-loved paddock when the crate which was to bear him to an irksome captivity lay in full view within the enclosure that had been Dave's world for many happy months.

JACK DASHER'S DREAM
A Dialogue

BY EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON,

Characters:

JACK DASHER,	A Horse Jockey.
PETE,	A Stable Boy.
DR. VIVISECT, PSYCHE, TITA, QUICKSTEP,	Fairies—Figures in the Dream.

SCENE, Jack Dasher's room over the racing stables.

Jack Dasher (*entering in great excitement*). Hurrah! we've won! The General and I have won the five-mile heat! He's a hero, the General is; the best horse I ever rode. It's a cool hundred dollars in my pocket, and no end of glory to him. How he strained every nerve and muscle to pass Don Cæsar! There *was* a time when I thought surely he wasn't going to do it after all. Nobody can tell what there is in a horse till he's tried him. I think I feel him under me now. Hi, there, get up, you rascal! Here's speed for you! Panting like a locomotive, eyes bursting from their sockets, sweat pouring from him by the bucketful, what cares he? He is bound to win this race, if he dies for it! Is he going by the Don? Yes—no—faster, faster, old boy! Get up, you old plug! What ye stopping here for? Now, just one more spurt! Hip, we're a nose ahead of the Don! Keep to this, and we're all right. How Don Cæsar blows! His breath comes behind me like a cyclone. Hurrah! we've passed the stake! *Victory!*

Now the crowd shouts like a thousand lunatics. But what's the matter with the General? Poor fellow, how he staggers! Lead him into the stables, and give him a good rubbing down. He'll be all right again in a week.

Heigh-ho! I'm as tired as a horse. Such excitement pulls fearfully on a man's nerves. (*Takes a vial from his pocket.*)

Never mind, this will give me a rest. I'll take forty winks before the next heat. (*Drinks and throws himself on a lounge, where he presently falls asleep.*)

(*Enter Psyche and Tita.*)

Psyche. But, my dear Tita, you must admit that the human race is altogether an inferior order of beings.

Tita. Inferior to us fairies, of course. Nevertheless, they show a great deal of intelligence. They use steam and electricity, for instance, in a way that almost convinces me that they actually have a sort of reason, differing from ours only in degree.

Psyche. Oh, nonsense! It is only instinct.

Tita. Can you really believe that instinct would teach them to build great cities, like London and Paris, to lay telegraph wires under the ocean, or to write and print books and newspapers?

Psyche. It is hard to understand, I admit. But creatures far below them do things almost as wonderful. Ants and bees build cities much better organized and governed than some human cities, and dogs and birds find their way for hundreds of

miles where the most intelligent men would be hopelessly lost. Human beings are, without doubt, the most intelligent of the lower creation, but still they are an inferior order of beings at best, and as such they are manifestly created expressly for the convenience and pleasure of us fairies.

Tita. I suppose that is true; but we ought to treat them as kindly as possible.

Psyche. Oh, certainly. They should be subjected to no unnecessary cruelty.

Tita. As Dr. Vivisect says, they are probably the connecting link between monkeys and fairies.

Psyche (suddenly discovering Dasher). Ha! here's a specimen of the genus.

Tita. Sure enough! Where's the brand? (*Examines Dasher's face.*) He has none. He is a wild specimen, and belongs to the finder.

Psyche. He is young, and looks strong and healthy. We're in luck. We'll own him together. Let us put our brands upon him.

(*Psyche is about to touch Dasher's right hand with her wand, when she is prevented by Tita.*)

Tita. Hold! An idea strikes me. We have no monopoly of the branding art. In fact, I have heard that it originated among the very race of which this creature is a specimen, only they do not practice it in the humane way we do, so as to cause no suffering. They actually burn the flesh of their victims with hot irons.

Psyche. Then I should think that *burning* ought to be called the *humane* way.

Tita. Yes; strange, isn't it, that the word humane should have come to mean kind and merciful instead of brutal. Well, my idea is, that we try this humane creature's *humane* methods on himself.

Psyche. "Poetry of justice!"

Tita (calling). Quickstep!

(*Enter Quickstep.*)

Quickstep. Here am I, fair mistress. What are your commands?

Tita. Bring a furnace with fire and two iron rods.

(*Exit Quickstep.*)

Psyche. Poor creature, it will hurt him terribly!

Tita. Oh, not so very terribly! The lower animals haven't the capacity for suffering that we fairies have.

(*Reënter Quickstep, with furnace and two irons.*)

Tita. Now, dear Psyche, you put your mark on the palm of his left hand, and I will put mine on his right.

(*They heat the irons in the furnace, and, at a signal from Tita, they mark the palms of Dasher's hands. He screams, leaps from the lounge, and shows his palms, marked "P" and "T."*

Dasher. Oh! my hands, my hands! They're burned!

Tita. Whoa, there! Whoa, I say! (*Makes a pass with her wand.*)

Dasher. Wh—wh—who are you? And wh—wh—what have you done to me? My feet seem riveted to the floor, and oh, my hands, my hands!

Tita. Poor fellow! It burned, didn't it? Quickstep!

Quickstep. Here, mistress.

Tita. Get some tar and put on his hands.

(*Exit Quickstep.*)

Psyche. What shall we name him?

Tita. We might follow the example of his race, and give him some such picturesque name as Emperor, Prince, Sultan, or Mahomet, to add irony to his real condition of slavery. I propose, however, that we spare him this insult, and name him simply and appropriately.

Psyche. How would Trot do?

Tita. Trot it is.

(*Reënter Quickstep, with the tar, which he applies to Dasher's hands.*)

Dasher. Thank you. That relieves the smarting wonderfully.

Psyche. Now let us see what kind of roadster he is. Come, Trot, show your paces! (*She flourishes her wand as if it were a whip. She points in different directions, and Dasher is obliged to follow her movements.*) Get up, there! Faster! Faster! There's speed for you! Hi, there! Get along, you rascal!

Tita. Stop him a moment.

Psyche. Whoa, Trot.

(*Dasher stops instantly, and stands panting.*)

Tita. It seems to me that he bends forward a little while he is running. Don't you think he would look better if he bent backward instead?

Psyche. He would look more spirited, certainly. A good suggestion. We'll bend him backward. Now then, Trot, over with you! (*She makes a pass with her wand, and Dasher bends backward as far as possible.*) There, doesn't he look fine! Get up, now! G'lang! (*Points out of the door. Dasher runs out, still bent backward. As she*

points in different directions, and continues to call to him, he is supposed to obey, running at the top of his speed.)

Tita. Now, don't you think you'd better call him back? He looks as if he were pretty well fagged out.

Psyche. Oh, he's good for a minute more! Go long, Trot! Excellent, excellent! He'll make a racer yet. Now, just one more spurt! There, that'll do for the present. (*Beckons with her wand. Enter Dasher, panting, and still bent backward. Psyche makes a pass, and he straightens up.*)

Dasher. Oh!—I'm—all—beat—out! And oh! my—neck, my neck!

Tita. You've done nobly, Trot. We'll put you on the track to-morrow.

Psyche (*stroking his hair*). Good old Trot! Want a lump of sugar? These creatures understand kindness, Tita. If they don't understand the words you speak to them, they can tell the difference in the tones of your voice. They will serve you a great deal better if you speak kindly to them, and give them a lump of sugar now and then.

Psyche. Yes, I always believed in kindness to animals. To be sure, they haven't our sensibilities, but still they are capable of suffering and enjoying to a certain degree.

Dasher. Oh, wonderful beings, whoever you are, I beseech you to have pity on me and let me go! I have never harmed you.

Tita. What strange sounds the creature makes! It really seems as if he were trying to talk.

Psyche. Oh, no; those sounds have no meaning.

Tita. I think they have, if we only understood them. Look at his eyes. Don't they seem as if he were trying to express something?

Dasher. What are they saying, I wonder? Oh, if I could only understand them! They must be two of the fairies I have read about. All my power, skill, and intelligence are nothing compared with theirs. I am utterly helpless in their hands. Dear fairies, if you will not release me, at least treat me kindly, and I will promise to serve you to the very best of my ability.

Psyche. What a funny chattering noise he makes! It is really quite amusing.

Tita. Quite a handsome animal, isn't he?

Psyche. Yes, he is now; but by and by a great ugly beard will grow on his chin, if we do not prevent it.

Tita. How can we prevent it?

Psyche. Easily. Men have learned many valuable things from creatures below them, and we may learn some things from men. Don't you know that they have a fashion nowadays of cutting off their horses' tails, and preventing the hair from growing again by searing the raw, bleeding flesh with a white-hot iron?

Tita. Is it possible? Another *humane* habit of theirs! I have often seen their short-tailed horses, but I had no idea that was the way they did it. And we can prevent Trot's beard from growing in the same way. Won't it be horribly cruel?

Psyche. What if it is? It will soon be over; and at any rate, it is no more than he deserves. He has done the same sort of thing, no doubt, to his horses, and he will have an opportunity of feeling the delightful sensation himself. Besides, as I said, the operation will last but a short time, and we can stroke his hair and give him some sugar afterwards.

Tita. Excellent! We'll do it at once.

Psyche. We must have an iron especially made to fit his chin.

Tita. Why not get Dr. Vivisect to do the work? He is an adept at that sort of thing.

Psyche. Ay, we'll go and find Dr. Vivisect. Whoa, Trot! Stand where you are till we return. (*Makes a pass with her wand.*)

(*Exeunt Fairies.*)

Dasher (*solus*). Wonderful, wonderful! I can't move any more than if I were made of solid stone. One would suppose that, with my body and muscles, I ought to be *their* master; but what can I do against such miraculous power as this? They seem to be as much above me as I am above my horses. Well, if I do the very best I can for them, they will surely be grateful to me; they will, at least, pity my helplessness and treat me kindly.

(*Enter Dr. Vivisect, Psyche, and Tita. The Doctor carries a case of dissecting instruments slung over his shoulder.*)

Dr. Vivisect. No doubt it will cause him some discomfort, as you say, but it will increase his beauty, and therefore his value. A little suffering on the part of the inferior animals is no consideration whatever, in comparison with our comfort, pleasure, or advantage.

Tita. But somehow or other it seems cowardly to take advantage of our superior power and intelligence. They are so utterly helpless in our hands, you know. Besides, he seems to be trying so hard

to please us that I think it would be shamefully ungrateful to him.

Dr. Vivisect. Oh, this is mere sentimentalism, my dear Tita. It is impossible to feel towards human beings as we feel towards fairies. They were made for us just as truly as the plants and minerals were. Ah, here's the specimen. Well, well, a fine young beast, a very fine young beast! By the way, don't you want to sell him?

Pysche. I don't know. We might, at a reasonable price. What do you say, Tita?

Tita. Yes, I'm willing to sell my share. To tell the truth, I don't quite like the idea of owning one of these creatures, they are so much like fairies in some respects. Do you know, I am inclined to believe the late theory that we are all descended from a common ancestry?

Pysche. Not I, if you please. I'd almost as soon believe that I descended from a gorilla. But we won't discuss evolution now. What will you give for him, Dr. Vivisect?

Dr. Vivisect.

> What will I give you? Wealth untold;
> Not pearls or rubies, silver or gold,
> But a guerdon richer, rarer still;
> A new sensation, a mighty thrill
> That, like a lightning flash, will dart
> Delight through nerves and brain and heart!

Pysche. Too cheap. You ought to see him run once! Come, Trot, get up!

Dr. Vivisect. I don't want him to run. I want him for an entirely different purpose. Will you sell him or not?

Psyche. What do you say, Tita?

Tita. Yes, let him go.

Psyche. Very well, he is yours.

Dr. Vivisect. You will receive your payment presently.

Tita. Meanwhile please tell us what you are going to do with him.

Dr. Vivisect. I want to make some experiments in vivisection, with a view to determining—

Tita. Oh, horrible! I wouldn't have sold my half of him if I had known that.

Dr. Vivisect. If you will tell me which your half is, I will not vivisect it. But let me ask you, my fair philozoist, whether flaying his chin and searing it afterwards with a hot iron is not a little worse even than vivisection?

Psyche. But we were not going to have him killed, you know.

Dr. Vivisect. Neither am I—that is, not necessarily. What I am going to do may kill him, and it may not. At any rate, it is designed to confer a vast benefit upon the fairy race. So it makes no difference whether he lives or dies. (*Opens his case of instruments.*)

Tita. You are not going to do it *now?*

Dr. Vivisect. Certainly. Now and here. What better place? That lounge will serve admirably.

Tita. Horrors! I shan't stay to see it.

Psyche. Nor I.

Dr. Vivisect.

> If you won't stay to get your pay,
> It's not *my* failure. Go your way.

(*Exeunt Psyche and Tita.*)

Silly sentimentalists! They little know what a treat they are missing. How their delicate sensibilities would tingle at the sight of that creature writhing under my knife! Even *my* calloused nerves will be titillated at the exciting spectacle. It occurs to me, however, that it might not be pleasant to them, after all. Now that I think of it, I remember it was not altogether agreeable to me at first. I believe I actually used to *pity* my subjects. But I've long since passed that unscientific stage. (*Turning to Dasher.*) Now, my fine fellow, just place yourself in position on that lounge. I'm impatient to begin carving you up.

(*Dasher does not stir, but stands staring at the instruments which the Doctor is handling.*)

It almost seems as if he understood what I'm saying. I believe these creatures have a language among themselves, and I'm going to experiment some day, with a view to interpreting it. I think I have already found out their word for "food." How he stares at my instruments! I wonder if he has any idea of what I am going to do. Come, get to your place.

(*Makes a pass towards the lounge. Dasher goes mechanically to it, and lays himself down. The Doctor unbuttons Dasher's waistcoat; then he takes a whetstone from his case, and sharpens his knife, keeping time to the following lines, uttered in a drowsy monotone.*)

> Lullaby, lullaby;
> Shut your eye, shut your eye;
> Sleep a while, and by and by
> I'll return—then you shall die.
> Quiet lie, quiet lie;
> Lullaby, lullaby.

(*While he is speaking he rises and slowly moves backward out of the door, still sharpening his knife. Dasher sits up on the lounge, rubbing his eyes.*)

Dasher. How long have I been asleep? What a horrible nightmare I have had! I thought a hideous magician was going to dissect me alive.

(*Enter Pete hurriedly.*)

Pete. Come, Jack, where are you? It's time for the hurdle race. They're all waiting for you.

Dasher. They can wait. Pete, I'm done with horse-racing. I have ridden more than one horse to death, but I shall never do it again. I have docked many a horse's tail, but if I ever dock another, I give you leave to dock my head. And one thing more, Pete, I will never use another overhead check-rein as long as I live. I've tried it myself, and I know how it feels. Come along with me, and I'll tell you a dream I've had that will make your hair stand on end.

(*Exeunt.*)

THE CRUELTY OF CARELESSNESS

BY FIDÉLE H. HOLLAND

IT is impossible to estimate the amount of suffering endured by members of the brute creation through the thoughtless carelessness of their owners. The meek, quiet demeanor of many poor dumb creatures, even under brutality and cruelty, is pitiable, and arouses the indignant sympathy of all kind and just men; but we hear and know little of the sufferings of our four-footed friends, which are caused by the carelessness and forgetfulness of kindly intentioned people, and very often of children, who do not understand what misery the ignorant neglect of their pets entails, and who ignorantly inflict an amount of suffering at which they would be shocked and distressed if they only knew it.

How many children, and grown people too, forget to feed the pretty canary or bullfinch that pipes its sweet song so cheerfully throughout its lifelong captivity! They neglect to place the sand it requires on the floor of the cage, which is its little world. They forget its daily bath. They even omit to give it fresh seed and water and the cuttlebone it loves, and they wonder that the little captive pines and dies. They would be horrified if you proposed to wring its pretty neck, but it is "done to death" by the cruelty of carelessness, and perishes as a victim of their own neglect.

The poor tired horse that stumbles along the road or street, with worn-out shoes or galling harness, often suffers through sheer carelessness and want of thought. Often in winter his warm blanket is forgotten, and he stands shivering in the bitter cold. In summer how often does he endure agonies of torture from flies, because his fly net has been forgotten! How often he goes thirsty, parched, longing for a drink, which no one thinks to give him! In vain he looks hard at every pump and fountain he passes and whinnies softly; no one heeds his entreaty; no one notices his patient endurance of his driver's forgetfulness.

Frequently dogs are tied up for hours, even days, with no water within their reach. In vain the poor beast howls and barks, whines and pleads for a drink; he is scolded, perhaps has a bone thrown to him, but alas! his empty dish escapes observation, or else the water is poured into a vessel which is foul for want of washing—a result of real carelessness. Sell the dog, give him away, or chloroform him mercifully, but for humanity's sake do not torture him with the madness of thirst.

How many go away during the summer months and leave a cat or cats to starve during their absence! Poor pussy! She loves the cosey home, the quiet corner, the daily supply of milk. She is fond of the family, too, in her vague feline way, but off they go to have a holiday, and she is left to starve. They are only careless, no doubt, but puss suffers just the same, while they forget.

While speaking of cats I wish to call attention to another thing. It is best to drown unrequired kittens during their early stage of blindness. Why keep them, to "lose" them in the street or to give to people who may abuse them? To cast a cat or kitten adrift in the streets is the height of cruelty, and adds to the multitude of wretched feline wanderers and disturbers of the night.

A mother who permits her child, however young, to drag about and maltreat a helpless kitten or puppy is guilty of cruel carelessness. It saves her trouble, perhaps, as it amuses her charge; but it teaches the child to be cruel, and prepares the way for many future acts of thoughtless unkindness to animals. The forgotten canary, the neglected rabbit, the thirsty dog, the unfed pony—all the poor, forgotten, neglected pets that were once made much of—will one day rise in judgment against the careless children and more careless parents.

BOYS AND BIRDS

IT is the honest opinion of many persons that boys are cruel by nature, and that, in springtime, an unholy longing fills their savage little souls to go forth into the fresh-leaved woods in search of birds and birds' nests merely to plunder and to kill. An English paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, declares, in fact, that robbing birds' nests "is emphatically the sport of boys," and it wishes them good luck. The writer, we infer, has been that kind of a boy himself; but, thank God! while boys will be boys they *will* not be all of a kind. They will be good, sometimes; they will be kind, often; they will care for animals and not wittingly do them harm, oftener still; and they'll be boys for a' that.

In "The Contributors' Club" of *The Atlantic Monthly* for February another writer urges that boys be given a fair chance to love nature. Let them learn "to find nests, to study and examine the eggs without touching them." According to that writer, "a genuine love of nature means such sympathy with all nature's children, animal and vegetable, that the lover learns to exercise a jealous care lest they suffer at his hands. With this proviso, let the boys go into the fields and woods; the more of them the better."

Differences of opinion are always confusing. We ask: How can one know the true state of affairs and understand what the boys actually think, without inquiring of the boys? The above opinions bear no stamp of having been written by others than by grown persons. The grown persons may have once been boys, but what is the necessity of going for information to persons who have once been boys, while there are plenty of boys around to answer for themselves? We confidently submit the following questions to our young people:

Are you willing, practically, to exterminate rare birds by taking their eggs?

Do you think there is more fun in stealing a nest and carrying it home to ornament your room than in finding a nest and watching its occupants go about their housekeeping, bring up their family, and be happy, busy, and important in their own place in nature, just as you are in your little world which seems to you so big and so delightful?

Do you think it honorable to rob a creature because it is not of your species, and is too small and defenceless possibly to escape when once it falls into your clutches?

Are a bunch of feathers, and two little, lifeless, wire claws, upholding a stuffed body, more interesting than a living bird?

Boys may go to the museums and find all the dead, stuffed, and dried things their hearts can desire; but what does a boy want of a museum on a spring morning? The boys of New York who love birds, and who, if they love anything, certainly love to be out of doors, have only to go to "The Ramble" in Central Park, to discover nineteen out of the twenty-one families of song birds in the United States. Never to our knowledge have the children of this city been told that. Mr. H. E. Parkhurst's recent book "The Birds' Calendar" is a revelation. It gives astonishing results of observation, which most of us should be ashamed not to have made for ourselves. Central Park is free to everyone; nor are opera glasses difficult instruments to obtain or to use. There is no month in the year that "The Birds' Calendar" is not seasonable. Our young people should learn to know the white-throated sparrow, or "peabody bird," which is due in the Park in April; the golden-crowned kinglet, the golden-winged woodpecker, the nut-hatch, the first spring warbler, called the pine creeper, the red-poll, the cross-bill, etc., etc. There seems no end to what one may learn in April, if only one has eyes to see, ears to hear, and mind to understand.

One thing more we will say before we close. In letters to our Letter-Box, any boy may answer as fully as he will the questions we have asked in regard to his relations with birds. We cannot, we will not, believe "All boys are cruel!" Every boy who will come forward and say he is a friend to the birds may do much good in influencing other boys to give up robbing birds' nests.

FOUR UNINVITED GUESTS

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

THE first one came to me in a spot I have always believed to be the real Fairyland. It was a deep dell near an old Virginia homestead, the ground apparently split asunder by some caprice of nature to give passage to a brawling stream that had its birthplace under an arch of rocks matted with ferns and trailing periwinkle. In summer—was it not always summer at Vaucluse?—we found it the greenest, freshest, coolest, most fascinating play-place in our neighborhood. Tall oaks and tulip poplars stretched their arms over it; dog-wood and wild bamboo and evergreen screened the approach to it, and on both sides the slopes were perennially covered with fairy-flax, blue violets, harebells, anemones, and narcissus, springing upon a carpet of last year's leaves. An agreeable feature of the ravine was that when children were safely launched at play there, it was impossible for mothers and aunts, and elders generally, to see what they were about, without going all the way down a steep and shady path. There was an idea in the family, for instance, that boys might go barefooted out of doors whenever they liked, but that girls must remember that they were little ladies, and keep on their high-laced morocco boots and white cotton stockings. When the girls reached the heart of that ravine, and saw themselves surrounded by delicious oozy places, where flags grew by reaches of clear stream with the sunlight glinting over the pebbly bottom, they generally forgot they were little ladies. Hour after hour passed when shoes and stockings remained upon a dry stone under a bunch of skunk-cabbage, and their owners, with kilted petticoats, waded and dabbled in water to their hearts' content. Truth to tell, there was not much scolding when these amphibious proceedings were re-

vealed. There was not much scolding about anything that concerned young people's outdoor pleasures, under the gentle dominion of the grandmother who ruled Vaucluse.

A little way down the stream from the spring that was the centre of all our revels, stood an old, moss-grown dairy; and twice, daily, along the path steeply descending to it tripped sure-footed Fanny, a trim mulatto, with a bucket of milk balanced upon her turbaned head. On the skirts of this functionary there was apt to be seen hanging a little person, styled by her irreverent brothers and cousins "the red-headed woodpecker," to whom the unlocking of the dairy padlock was always an event of interest. The door, opening, gave to view a dark, sweet-smelling interior with well-scrubbed shelves and table, and at one side an ancient trough sunk in the stone floor, into which, upon cushions of green velvet moss, the stone crocks of milk were set to cool in the crystal current, which had been diverted from its natural bed for this domestic use. To skim the cream, to lift its marrowy, wrinkled skin from the milk beneath, and transfer it to a pitcher, which might be afterwards recognized in the pleasant vicinity of peach preserves upon the tea-table; to mould butter into little dainty pats, and stamp it into an oak-leaf; to "set" milk for bonnyclabber that was to be eaten with nutmeg and sugar and cream by those who liked it—all these were amusements of unending resource to the little country girl.

At last the idea struck her to have a "real" dairy for her dolls. At her solicitation, permission was granted to apply to a neighboring carpenter to construct it in the form of the big one in which happy Fanny was supreme; and for two days after the little house—strangely resembling a bird-box—was set up on the border of the stream, its owner hardly gave time to her meals and her bed indoors. Her dolls, ranged in a stiff-legged, staring row under a tree near by, were not allowed to have their dresses changed during the whole period. A churn, bought in a toy-shop in Alexandria, refusing to do its work, she had recourse to a bottle in which cream was violently shaken, and at last, oh joy! real butter appeared, was made into a pat, and consigned to a real crock in a stream of real water running through a real toy dairy! Night closing upon these operations, the owner reluctantly abandoned the scene. When she fell asleep it was with the proud resolve to go down in the morning and bring that pat of butter up for her mamma's breakfast.

The household was hardly astir upon a balmy summer's morning when the important mistress of the little dairy stole out of the "long room" door, around the house, across the lawn yet pearly with matin dew, and down the hillside, her feet brushed by long trailers of blackberry vine and periwinkle still showing a star or two of lavender. Generally there would have been something to note or dawdle over in the grass or among the bushes; but now, firmly grasping a china dish from her doll's dinner-set, she sped on her downward way. Arrived at the spot, a glance showed her dairy turned completely over, with the aperture that served the purpose of a door beneath; and a closer examination revealed that it was tenanted by some furry, frightened creature which could not get out!

It was a squirrel—the Vaucluse woods were full of them—and on being discovered he set up a pitiful struggling, his brown eyes full of alarm.

"Now do be quiet, squirrel," said the mistress of the dairy. "I don't so much mind your going into my little house to look at it. But the question is, Where is my pat of butter?"

Where, indeed? The squirrel, who had a very fat and comfortable appearance, did not see fit to answer. His captor was sorely tempted to take him, house and all, and consign him to the cousin who "could tame anything."

"But how he would miss the ravine!" she meditated, looking around her at flowers and trees and babbling brook. "And those boys would want him to run in a wheel, or something. Now, sir, I mean to let you go; so don't bite me, while I try to get you out."

The squirrel, frantically aiding, was extracted through the little door, and without saying "Thank you" for his release, away he whisked up the trunk of a tulip poplar, and was lost in a mist of greenery.

The little girl, thus unceremoniously treated, looked everywhere for her pat of butter, but, strange to say, she could find it nowhere.

And that was my first uninvited guest!

(To be continued.)

TOM

BY ANNA CROSMAN

"TOM," I say, leaning far out of the window and gazing helplessly at him—"Tom, do you know you are a disgrace to the neighborhood?"

I wait a moment to see the effect of this speech, but beyond a disdainful wriggle of his left ear he makes no sign. He hears me, I know, but he has gotten lately such a don't-care-a-fig sort of air about him that he really sometimes appears disrespectful. He doesn't intend to be so; it's only his way; and being a gentleman of some distinction, he is entitled to his peculiarities. His present fall from his usual gentility to this distressing state of demoralization is due entirely to our changing our abode from a flat to a house. I never realized so fully the convenience of those "suites of communicating closets" until this experience with Tom. In the flat he was the very pink of neatness. His coat was always shining, his face clean, and there lingered about him an air of superiority, a sort of Brummel-like elegance, quite beautiful to behold. His buffet stood under the wash-tubs, and was cleaned and replenished each morning. He had all that could possibly make a cat happy, except, perhaps, that he had to take his airings on the window-sills. But, alas! he has become totally unlike his former self. It's the yard that has done it, I know. Now, mark the difference: a smudge on his face is quite a *common* affair; his coat has lost its sheen; his tail looks at times as though it might have been used for a lamp-chimney cleaner; and the saddest part of all is that he flatly refuses to spend his nights indoors, as his custom has always been before, but sails about the back fence, howling like the vagrant creatures that have never had such training as he. Indeed, his fall has been most mortifying, and instead of appreciating the disgrace of his deterioration, he seems to be actually proud of himself, and assumes an impudent swagger that I cannot describe. I stand in daily, *hourly* fear lest the Society which is

represented as an angel, with a sword in one hand while the other points upward, may hunt out my poor, misguided Tom, and carry him away; for he refuses to wear the collar I got him, quite an imposing looking one, that he ought to be proud of. If I were to *force* it upon him, I fear that the good-comradeship that has always existed between us would be over. I sometimes take comfort in thinking that he is too entirely disgraceful for the aforesaid angel to have anything to do with him, and there *is* comfort in that, though I remember carrying *three* far more wretched-looking creatures through the streets of New York to the Society, and *I* never stopped to consider their appearance.

As I recall this incident, I lean once more out of the window. Yes, Tom is still sitting there, winking at the sun, lazy good-for-nothing that he is. Oh! to be back again in those days when he didn't know what a yard was, or cats, or back fences, or smudges, or *anything!*

"Tom," I say again, and this time my voice has lost its melancholy tone—"Tom, if the Society sends after you I shall do nothing to save you—do you understand that?—*nothing*. You will have brought it all on yourself, and you will have to bear the consequences. I only hope, Tom, you will be a man—a cat, I mean—and not disgrace the family, any more than you have already, by acting like a coward. I *hate* a coward, and I do hope you are not one." Here he glances up at me, and I find my anger slipping away; after all, poor fellow, I suppose it is only natural. If it wasn't for his dirty face, I really do believe I could forgive him the rest; but that *is* a little too much for Christian endurance.

As I close the window I see him make a dash down the yard. The next moment there is a wild conglomeration of fur, claws, dust, and tails whirling around and around, till I hide my eyes in horror at the spectacle. When I uncover them again, I find Tom sitting alone and triumphant on my pet pansies, calmly surveying the battlefield where he has just finished his third affair of honor to-day.

I have nothing whatever to say; no one could force a remark out of me; even the destruction of my flowers only draws a sigh from me, nothing more. What, I wonder, has the future in store for that dreadful cat?

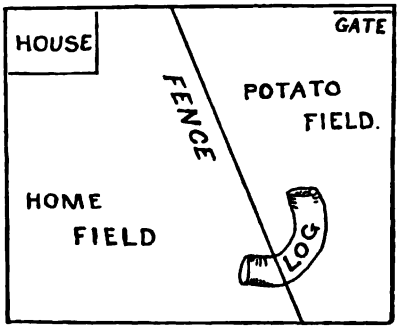
OUR LITTLE PIG

By John Saunders

N the old home, we once had a funny little pig. He was generally to be seen in the act of running away—just as shown here. Hardly ever do I remember seeing his face toward me. He also had the knack of getting away from all the other pigs.

The field next the house—the "home field," as we used to call it—was a kind of "commons" for the hogs, cattle, and fowls. The next was a potato field, and the little pig had taken it into his head to get into that one. How he got in, no one could tell, for the field was well fenced, and there was no opening through which he could enter. How then did he get in?

One day I watched. He wandered in a sort of unnoticeable way toward a crooked old log, across which the fence had been built. It was just this way:



Plan I

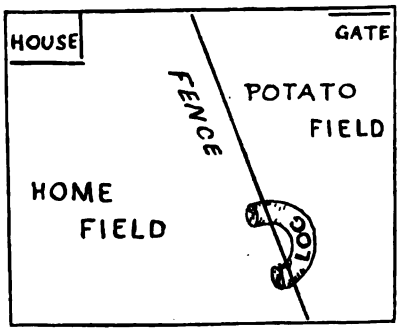
Suddenly, though closely watching, I lost sight of my little friend! But before I had recovered from my surprise, I was astonished to see him away in the potato field.

"Well, now, that is very strange!" I said. "How did he do it?"

I went to the old log, and lo, it was hollow! The whole trick became quite clear to me!

I went into the potato field to drive him out, intending to steer him toward the end of the log, so that he might get out the same way he got in. Here he had the best of me entirely. He either could not or would not see the log, and maintained such an air of ignorance on that point that I had to give up the task in despair, drive him out by the gate, and bring him home by a long, roundabout way.

The next day I made up my mind to play a trick on him, and I did. I went out very early and moved the log just a little, so that both ends should be in the home field. Thus:



Plan II

Then I stood at some distance off and watched. I never was more amused in my life. He separated himself from the other pigs, then he went toward the old log, and got in through it, and (as he evidently thought) got out into the potato field! I could understand this by the way he immediately began to sniff for the potatoes. But, finding none, he seemed somewhat puzzled.

Somehow, it dawned on him that he was still in the home field, and he concluded that he had not gone through the log. So he went through it once more, but only to find himself again in the home field!

This seemed to puzzle him more than ever. He looked round in astonishment! I could clearly see that expression on his face. For a moment he stopped, and was evidently thinking very hard. Once more he got through the log with the same result of finding himself in the home field!

This time, I am sure, if he could talk, he would have cried out "Spooks!"

He stood quite still for a few seconds, sniffing the air, and I could distinctly see the bristles on his back gradually rising up on end! Suddenly he uttered a peculiar kind of "bock," and ran with all his might toward the other pigs.

The little pig was never seen in that part of the home field again. Many a time we tried to drive him to the old log, but we could not get him to go.

I have been much amused by watching animals exercising a kind of reason, but I think this is the most remarkable instance I ever witnessed.

A TRUE STORY

BY LUCY BOND MORGAN

"WHAT shall I bring you back from town to-day?" asked a Mexican farmer indulgently, as he looked down at three pretty, upturned faces. There was a moment's pause, and then they all cried with one accord, "Oh, papa, get us a pony, a dear little pony, we want one so much!"

The father smiled, but did not promise to fulfil this ardent wish, so you may imagine with what impatience the three little girls awaited his return; the day had never seemed so long. At last he came back, bringing with him a darling little black pony, with a long, flowing mane and tail, and four little white-stockinged feet.

The children were delighted with him, and he seemed just as pleased with them.

The pony's name was San José, and in a few days he became the pet of the whole family. Wherever the children went, San José accompanied them, and when he wanted them to come out and play with him, he would go and knock with his hoofs on the door till they heard him.

One day they were all out in the woods, and Marie, Rosa, and Lucia, the three little girls, had strayed farther than usual in hopes of finding more beautiful flowers. Suddenly they heard a queer, rustling noise, and looking up they saw, with the greatest horror, a big rattlesnake only a few paces off. Poor little things, they were so terrified that they could not even scream, but stood, seemingly fascinated, looking at the terrible serpent.

In the meantime San José became aware that his little playmates had wandered away. He immediately went in search of them, and very soon came upon them, terror-stricken, a few seconds after the serpent's appearance. He seemed to understand the danger they were in, and this is what he did to save them.

He made a big jump, his four little feet went up in the air, and came down right on the serpent's body; then he ran away quickly so that the serpent had no chance of doing him harm. The intelligent little pony did this several times till his enemy was quite dead; then, to assure himself of the fact he went and quietly sniffed the dead serpent all over, and went on grazing as if nothing had happened. He is now the hero of the whole country.

A DOG'S INSTINCT

BY FIDÉLE H. HOLLAND

AT Moose Jaw, a small town far out on the Canadian prairie, there lives a large Newfoundland dog whose mode of support is peculiar. His master, a lonely settler, died, leaving his dog, then about two years old, homeless. For some time he wandered about, lodging where he could, but as winter drew near he sought more comfortable quarters, and took up his abode at the railway station. Now, why should one suppose that a prairie railway station would make a good home for a dog? To be sure, the men employed there were kind to him, and noticed and petted him, but one would imagine that the question of food at such a place would be puzzling. Yet the dog went miles and miles before he fixed on this place as his quarters; and not without reason, for the C. P. RR. train, as it passes Moose Jaw, has a dining car always attached, and from that the knowing dog gets his daily food. By every little coaxing art he wheedles the cook into remembering his needs, and sits before the window where that functionary may be seen preparing for meals. Many a scrap and bone finds its way to the knowing dog. If he is not noticed, he goes to the car door and scratches gently. He is a fine, handsome fellow, with a very intelligent face. Every one notices him, and the cook is not his only patron by any means. He welcomes the arrival of every passenger train with effusive tail-wagging and every sign of canine delight, but the freight and cattle trains have no interest for him; he scarcely troubles himself to walk in their direction.

Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box :

I am nine years old, and I am very fond of animals. We have two dogs, one kitten, and a bird. I just love your Society, for I cannot bear to see animals abused.

I would like to be a member very much. How do I do it? Will you please write and tell me?

Yours lovingly,

DOROTHY S.

[We gladly welcome all young people who are interested in the work of this Society. To become a member it is necessary to write a personal letter to the President of the Society, giving the names of one or two persons who are already members and with whom you are acquainted. Should you know no member personally, you may give the names of any of your friends who are known to some member. The membership fee is five dollars a year, payable in advance.—ED.]

Dear Letter-Box :

One of my numerous pets that I am going to tell you about is a little pony called Fred, whom we all love very much, as he is so kind and gentle. We have a little pony cart which we hitch Fred to, and in that way three of us, my two brothers and myself, ride about the country for miles around.

One day we were enjoying ourselves in this manner, when a runaway horse and wagon dashed past us. We held on to the side of the cart with all the strength we had left, which was not much, as the shock frightened us so that we were almost stiff. The first thing we knew, we were all out on the ground very much shaken up, and the cart had one of its wheels lying beside it; the wagon had taken it off in rushing past. During all this mishap, Fred had stood perfectly still and had done his best to keep the cart from going over.

I remain your true and enthusiastic reader,

PERCY R. PYNE, 3d.

NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box :

I want to tell you about a curious accident to a horse. Once we had a horse that met with a very strange accident. He was harnessed to a light carriage, ready to start from the stable, so the groom jumped into the carriage, and drove down to the coachman's house, which was a little way from the stable. When the groom reached there, instead of staying and holding the horse that he knew to be restless, he left him and went away. In a little while, some dogs in barking frightened the horse and he ran away, struck the wagon against a gate post, and so broke loose. He ran a short distance, and then tried to jump over a gate, but he caught on one of the iron spikes, and in struggling to free himself he tore open all his chest. When he was brought back to the stable, his mistress gave him whiskey and aromatic ammonia. The doctor came and said he did not think the horse could live. He put him into a sling for six weeks, and stitched up his chest. The horse afterwards got all right, though he had a hard time. It was ten weeks before he could be driven at all, but now he is as strong and well as ever.

Yours very truly,

ADÈLE S. COLGATE.

NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box :

I have a little fox-terrier two months old. He was given to me on January 21, 1895. His name is Tip. He is a lively little fellow, and wants to tear everything that comes in his way. When he gets older, I am going to teach him some tricks.

I had a "blackentan," whose name was Chief. He was given to me by my father. Chief was a delicate dog, and in October he was taken sick. I brought him to the doctor, who gave him some medicine, but that did not do him any good. In the latter part of October he died. I was very lonesome without him, so I got this dog instead to bear me company.

I take very much interest in writing to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

CHARLES LEICHT, JR.

NEW YORK, *February* 22, 1895.

Dear Letter-Box :

I have a Scotch terrier whom I call Dandy. He meets me in the morning when I go to the kitchen, and, to draw my attention, he will bark, and then go and get a bone and drop it in front of me, and keep pushing at it. If I do not notice him, he will take the bone and toss it up in front of me and bark. If I appear not to hear him, he will run to his dog-house and bring out his pan, and push it in front of me; and if I fail to notice that, he will take the pan and upset it, and hide and watch to see if I put it back. The moment my back is turned, he will take the pan again, and push it behind his house, and turn it over his food. Sometimes when I put his meat or a bone in the yard, the chickens get it; then Dandy chases the chickens until he rescues his dinner from them, but the rooster sometimes gets the best of Dandy, and takes the lead. Dandy is in fear of being pecked in the eyes.

It is fun to see Dandy with Polly; for, if he thinks that Polly has something good, he will watch his chance and put his paw into the cage, and Polly watches her chance to nip him on his nose; and then Dandy storms and barks, and Polly looks at him and says, "Poor Polly," which Dandy cannot understand. When he is left alone longer than he thinks he should be, he will go to the basement door and bark, to make me believe that some one is there. He seems to know that he can make me understand him, and I think that he is an intelligent dog, and deserves to be well-treated.

A. M. D.

STAPLETON, S. I., *February* 16, 1895.

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

PURPURA HAEMORRHAGICA

PURPURA HAEMORRHAGICA is an eruptive, non-contagious fever of the intermittent type, generally occurring as a sequel to another disease. It often follows the convalescence of such debilitating diseases as pneumonia, strangles, or spinal meningitis. After a long siege of pneumonia, a horse that is gradually recovering strength and appears to be doing well will become restless and manifest pain in one or more of his extremities. Upon close examination the skin will show signs of irritation and, possibly, some petechial spots ; or there may be no swellings as yet, and the skin may have a shiny appearance, with a sudden elevation of the temperature, followed by a chill and a general manifestation of pain.

The more particular symptoms of the disease are the petechial spots, which are spots of a dull mulberry, or purple hue, on the visible mucous membranes. There is often a hemorrhage from the mucous surfaces, the blood which is discharged being dark in color, and of a fetid odor. There is a sudden swelling of the nose, or of one or more of the extremities. Such swellings are very characteristic; the limbs become enlarged to twice or thrice their natural size, and, at about the stifle or elbow, the swelling will end as abruptly as if the leg were tied tightly about with a cord. In the swelling of the nose, the nostrils may be entirely closed so that tracheotomy is necessary to prevent suffocation. The swellings may also appear over the abdominal cavity. Any manipulation of the affected parts causes the animal the most excruciating pain, while his joints are so stiffened that it is almost impossible for him to move. Little elevations which pit on pressure, often appear over the surface of the swellings. These seldom break of their own accord, but, if lanced, a dark purple fluid will escape, which hardens almost immediately to the consistency of glue. The temperature of the animal will rise as high as 104 degrees F., 106 degrees F., or even higher ; but it will often fluctuate.

Another characteristic of purpura is, that the swellings may suddenly change from one limb to another, or from the legs to the head, and vice versâ, or they may entirely disappear. Their sudden disappearance indicates a fatal termination of the disease. If, on the contrary, the swellings should gradually go down while discharging a purple fluid, the horse is likely to recover.

The origin of purpura haemorrhagica may, in most cases, be traced to bad ventilation and bad drainage. In well-ventilated, well-drained stables, purpura is rarely known; but, if a horse which has had a severe illness be housed in a badly-drained, ill-lighted and defectively-ventilated stable, purpura will almost invariably attack him.

In rarer instances purpura has appeared as a primary disease, traceable to defective drainage, ill ventilation, or improper food. Cases are on record where the disorder has developed without external manifestation in the horse, the post-mortem examination revealing the condition of the animal's blood. It may be safely concluded that all the causes of purpura are of a septic nature. The animal may die from exhaustion, from pyæmia, glanders, or farcy, or from gangrene of the lungs, on the third, the fourth, or even the sixth week after an attack of purpura. In some cases, abscesses occur in various parts of the body, as in the glands, the lungs, the liver, or the kidneys. The glands are generally congested, friable, and enlarged. The liver, the spleen, and the kidneys are more or less altered, enlarged, and softened, and contain a large quantity of dark-colored fluid. The lungs are enlarged, dark, and more or less decomposed. The bronchiæ and the tracheæ are filled with dark-colored extravasations.

In regard to the treatment of purpura, a horse owner who discovers the slightest of the above symptoms should at once secure the services of a competent veterinarian.

WHILE attention is being continually drawn to the foot of the horse after it is shod, few references are made to the hoof of the shoeless colt. The latter is, by some peculiar oversight, left to take care of itself. While the nails and teeth of children and of persons of adult age are carefully attended to, the nail—or hoof—of the horse is supposed to require no preparation whatever in the early stages of its existence. Consequently the limbs of many young colts are ruined from neglect of proper supervision of the most important of all his aids to locomotion. Young colts are prone in their gambols in the field, especially if there exists a piece of hard, bare ground—pathway or cart-road—to chip off portions of the hoof. The consequence is that the bearing surface of the foot is uneven, a defect as much to be counteracted as in the horse regularly shod by the expert shoeing smith. Moreover, it is of a more serious nature in the immature colt than in the full-grown or aged horse, as in the case of the former permanent injury is the invariable result of inattention. If the bearing surface of the young animal's foot is uneven it surely results in weakness of the limb or visible deformity when he arrives at maturity. He may grow in, or out, at the toes ; either calf-kneed, bent-kneed, or knock-kneed, just as the bearing surface maintains its relation to the joints, ligaments, and tendons of the limb of which it is the case. If the heels are too high, the toes too short, or one of the walls of the hoof of excessive growth, the rasp or knife should be freely used. The proper treatment of the hoof of the regularly-shod horse doing daily work has of late years been much popularized, and with good effect. The nursery, or paddock, treatment of the foot has been seriously neglected. —*The Horseman.*

WHEN the time comes in the spring for changing the feed of horses from hay to grass, it is an excellent plan to make this change gradually. Let the animals out only half an hour the first day, an hour the second, and longer the third. It is a mistake to turn them out and let them get their fill of grass at one time.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE. Notes from Underledge. By William Potts. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, 75 cents.

We found it difficult to explain to ourselves the peculiar charm of these delightful essays until, near the close of the dainty volume, we lit upon this extract from Lowell: "I consider every poem I write (whether I publish it or not) as a letter to all those whom I personally hold dear. I feel that I have made a truer communication of myself so than in any other way; that is, that I have in this way written my friends a letter from the truer and better J. R. L., who resides within, and often at a great distance from, the external man, who has some good qualities, but whose procrastination is enough to swamp them all." The author of these essays seems to have written with Lowell's thought in his mind, and with Lowell's spirit in his heart. In a series of fifty-eight letters, he tells what he has seen and what he has been thinking about in the course of a year which he has spent at Underledge. Within that space of time, a wise man thinks of many things, and Mr. Potts has thought of many—of courtship and marriage, of the endless woman question, of the theory of government, of the strange drama of life, with its innumerable graces, including the difficult grace of a serene old age. Of these and many other things, he writes with the mellow wisdom of a large experience and a larger charity; but the charm of his essays—or letters, as we should prefer to call them—is chiefly, perhaps, to be found in his loving observation and sympathetic interpretation of the common things of country life. The change of seasons brings to him an ever-varying delight. The clear, crisp air of winter stimulates his intellectual and spiritual, as well as his physical, energies; a flood of sunlight pours joy into his veins, like unto the ichor of the gods; the hum of the bees and the ringing musical notes of the frogs bring unspeakable content to his soul; but what he seems chiefly to enjoy is the forthcoming of life in plant and flower and tree. Of all the seasons, he seems to find spring the most joyous. As he climbs the mountain side, he says: "We are greeted now and again by the fragrance of apple-blossoms, by the spicy breath of the cedars, exhaling their rich aroma at the solicitation of the warm sun, by the mint which we crush beneath our feet, by the mingled perfumes of tree and shrub and herb which surround us, and of the earth from which they spring, with its carpet of dried leaves." Our author is not insensible to the charm of animal life. He listens with attention to the notes of the many birds as they reach him through the branches; he watches the song-sparrow, the robin, the red-stark, the oriole, and the thrush, fluttering from tree to tree, and occasionally showing a bright wing sparkling in a slant sunbeam. "How I wish I knew them all (he cries) and the meaning of their joyous calls!" He does know many of them, and he doubtless knows much more than he tells, but if he should write a second series of "Notes from Underledge," as we sincerely trust he will, he may find among the living creatures of his home, a fresh field of observation and discourse, not less fertile than other parts of the domain which he has so pleasantly described in these letters to his friends.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY will issue this month "A Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America," by Frank M. Chapman, of the American Museum of Natural History. The volume will be fully illustrated, and it is designed to render the identification of birds, in either field or study, as simple a matter as possible.

HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 16th comes out vigorously against the inhuman practice of stabling dairy cows continuously for five or six months in the year, and thus depriving them of all needful exercise and fresh air. "Even if such animals escape tuberculosis and seem fat and healthy, and give a large quantity of milk, it can hardly be possible," argues the author, "that they are really as healthy and vigorous as they should be, or that their milk is of the best quality." For months at a time, cows are so stanchioned that they are hardly able to take a single step. This, on the face of it, is unhygienic. Tuberculous cows are killed by the State Veterinarian and the owners reimbursed from the State treasury. Would it not be far better, were the owners required to care for their cows in a way that would tend to ward off tuberculosis rather than to invite the disease? A cow particularly needs oxygen and some out-of-door exercise. Says the author: "The healthfulness of dairy cows is a matter of such vital importance to the entire public that the manner of caring for them might very properly be made the subject of official inquiry and legislative restriction." A thoughtful article by George Bird Grinnel upon the "Disappearance of Western Big Game," appears in the same number of *Harper's Weekly*. It seems that the great destruction of Western game has taken place almost entirely since 1871. The cause is hide-hunting. Buffalo were nearly exterminated in the few years between 1871 and 1875. When they became scarce in any locality, the hunters turned their attention to the elk, the deer, and even the antelope. On visiting the hunters' camps of the upper Missouri in 1875, the author saw "the dried hides of these species piled up in great stacks, many wagon loads together."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE for March 16th reprints from "Knowledge" a short article upon the "Bacteria of Phosphorescence," giving curious instances of animals which exhibit the phenomenon of spontaneous light. The most important articles of the magazine are "Erasmus and the Reformation," by J. C. Bailey, from "Temple Bar," and the conclusion of an article entitled "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," by General Sir Evelyn Wood, G. C. B., V. C., from "The Fortnightly Review," and "General Boulanger: an Object Lesson in French Politics," from "Blackwood's Magazine." Verses by R. F. Murray upon "The Caged Thrush" are as beautiful as they are touching.

"THE HOTEL FOR CATS AND DOGS," which is described by Walter C. Nichols in *Harper's Young People* of March 5th, and is illustrated from photographs placed above such captions as "The Cat and Dog Hotel Omnibus," "Some of the Apartments in the Hotel," "Where the Food is Cooked," will be recognized by our own young people as a story leading straight to the Shelter for Animals. How Uncle Jack helped Margie find her kitten, may prove a lesson of practical value to many a girl and boy that do not yet know the speediest way to recover a lost pet.

IN the March number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* some valuable advice upon "Dogs and their Keeping" is given by S. H. Ferris in an article which is superbly illus-

trated by no less than twenty-one photographs of illustrious dogs. What Mr. Ferris has to say as regards feeding is of first importance. Indeed, few, if any, pet dogs suffer from actual neglect. Upon most of them "a wealth of care and attention is bestowed, that, if of the right kind, would produce vastly beneficial results." Mr. Ferris advocates more exercise, and, most particularly, judicious feeding in keeping with the amount of exercise that dog-owners find it possible to allow their pets.

IT is indisputably the duty of old folks to bring up the young folks upon what is finest and best in literature, but share and share alike is no half-bad motto. The boys and girls who take *St. Nicholas* should be made clearly to understand that their elders might immensely enjoy hearing the magazine read aloud, and might in turn be perfectly willing to read it aloud to the children. In the March number we find another of Rudyard Kipling's extraordinary Jungle tales. The story of "The King's Ankus" is introduced by a "Song of the Little Hunter," which is true poetry with the melodious swing that a song should have. Mowgli, the wild boy, teaches a lesson that we advise civilized boys and girls to take to heart. Though a hunter, Mowgli never kills save for food. Because the ankus has brought death to the six men who fought for it, he flings it back to the white cobra. In the same number of the magazine the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne is delightfully sketched in Brander Matthews's happiest vein; Chapters IX. and X. of Elbridge S. Brooks's "Boy of the First Empire" are masterly; "Br'er Rabbit and his Folks," twelfth paper of the series by W. T. Hornaday on North American mammals, is probably all the better for the author's having dreaded "the coming of the order of *Rodentia*, or Gnawers, as an inexperienced lecturer dreads the hour of eight P.M." Certainly none of the series has shown the inexperienced writer, nor are any of the articles better teaching and reading than that which is entitled "Br'er Rabbit and his Folks."

THE RIDER AND DRIVER for March 16th publishes an object lesson of the discomforts and dangers of asphalt pavement. Its double-page drawing by Mr. C. Gray-Parker is worth a four-column article. One need only to stroll about the city after a light fall of sleet to appreciate the truth of Mr. Gray-Parker's clever cartoon.

FOR parents, teachers, and children, it would be difficult to find a magazine more energetically helpful in school work than *The American Teacher*. The March number has a special department entitled "Bird Day." It is headed by the names of fifteen well-known bird lovers, such as James Audubon, Thoreau, John Burroughs, Leander S. Keyser, and Olive Thorne Miller; then follow verses upon "Birds' Nests," by Laura F. Armitage, in which bluebirds, sparrows, woodpeckers, bobolinks, orioles, robins, a d a host of others, tell how and where they build their nests, and, thanks to the author, tell it so charmingly that one may almost hear their songs. A child must indeed be wantonly cruel who could study and then rob those little homes. In the department "Nature Lessons," the clever author of "Preston Papers" has an article upon the "Stars." It is a first lesson in astronomy, clear, simple, and engrossing to the mind of the child. A two-part article on "Birds," by the same author, was published in the December and the January numbers of *The American Teacher*, and teaches natural history in the only way that science should be taught. Nature study is preeminently a study of the phenomena of life; not first, last, and always, a mastery of the details and an insistence upon the immediate introduction of the phenomena of death.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THREE OF US, BARNEY, COSSACK, REX. By Mrs. Izora C. Chandler. Illustrated. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, $2.00.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HUMMING BIRDS. A Poem. By Luther Wesley Peck, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 50 cts.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND HILLSIDE. By William Potts. New York: Macmillan & Company. Price, 75 cts.

THE HORSE: ITS EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL ORGANIZATION. By A. Schwarz. Illustrated. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Price, $1.25.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

NO publication in this country so admirably combines exact scientific information with racy and refined literary matter, and the illustrations are always of a very superior character.—*Yorkshire* (England) *Weekly Post.*

ASIDE from its particular function as the organ of a reform society, this magazine contains numerous interesting sketches, stories, and anecdotes relating to the animal world. The matter is popular in style, and the pages are brightened here and there by illustrations. Lovers of our wild and domestic animals, young people especially, will find in it much that is readable and instructive.—*Review of Reviews.*

IF copies of this journal were read more extensively, the humane element of man's nature would be more fully developed.—*Grant County Witness*, Platteville, Wis.

IT is handsomely illustrated, and while it will interest young folks by its variety of useful information, it will also inculcate a love for the dumb brute creation, which will go far toward securing for the animals a greater protection against the many prevalent abuses now heaped upon them.—*The Pick and Gad*, Shullsburg, Wis.

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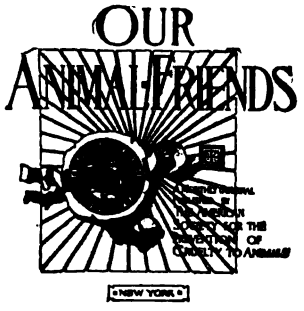

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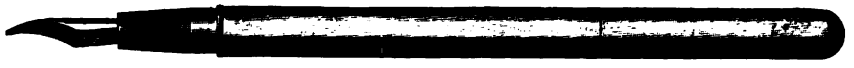

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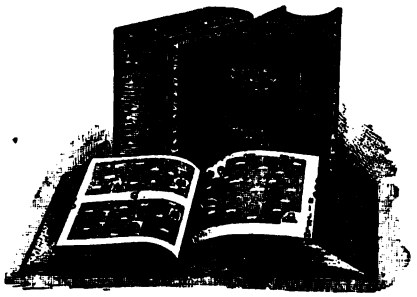

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OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V. 7.

Vol. XXII. NEW YORK, MAY, 1895. No. 9.

PROPERTY IN DOGS, CATS, AND OTHER PET ANIMALS

AN incident which has recently occurred in the State of Maryland has the unfortunate effect of removing the domestic cat of that State from the protection of its owner. The case was this: A citizen in Baltimore had a fine Maltese cat which he had bought and paid for, and which was kept as a pet of the family. It wore a blue ribbon round its neck and answered to its name. This animal was stolen from the owner by a neighbor, and the person who took it—it appears to be unlawful to call him a thief—was summoned to answer for his offence. The magistrate dismissed the charge on the ground that a cat is not property, and, consequently, that it is impossible in law for any one to steal a cat. The attorney-general, to whom the case was appealed, sustained the decision, and declared in a formal opinion that the cat is by nature a wild animal, that it is useless to man, and that the taking of it without the consent of its owner is not an indictable offence. We have no doubt whatever that the *decision* of the magistrate and the opinion of the attorney-general were sound in law; for, as the common law stands, the stealing of a cat or a dog is not an indictable offence for which the offender can be punished as a criminal: but we must strenuously maintain that the *reasons* given by the magistrate and also by the attorney-general are not sound in law; for, under the common law itself, and without any written statute whatever, a cat may be property, and a person who steals or injures it is liable, under the common law, to a civil action for damages.

Under the law of nature, wild animals belong to no man until he has actually captured them; but capture instantly invests him with a right of property in them. The civil law of Rome admirably stated the law of nature as follows: "Under the law of nations, beasts and birds which are wild by nature, including all animals which are born in the sea, in the air and on the earth, at the moment when they are captured by any one, forthwith begin to be his property; for that which belongs to no one is admitted by natural reason instantly to become the property of him who takes possession of it." Under the common law this principle is fully admitted except in the case of game, which is regulated by special statutes. So long as an animal which is wild by nature remains in the possession and under the control of its owner, his right of property in it remains, and, as Blackstone says: "It is as much a felony by common law to steal such of them as are fit for food as it is to steal tame animals; but not so if they are only kept for pleasure, curiosity, or whim, as dogs, bears, cats, apes, parrots, and singing birds; because their value is not intrinsic, but depending only on the caprice of the owner; though it is such an invasion of property as may amount to a civil injury and be redressed by a civil action."

THE GOOD LAW OF NEBRASKA

There is a good reason why the stealing of dogs, cats, or pet animals should not have been a felony under the common law; for, under the common law, the penalty of a felonious larceny was death, and it would be repugnant to all reason and humanity that a human being should be put to death for the offence of taking an animal which is kept only "for pleasure, curiosity, or whim." When the death penalty for larceny was abolished, the common law still continued to exclude the taking of such animals from the category of criminal offences; but in the absence of a special statute to the contrary, the invasion of property, even of that kind, may clearly "amount to a civil injury and be re-

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dressed by a civil action." We apprehend that this construction of the law would hold in the State of Maryland; and that, if the owner of the Maltese cat in the case to which we have referred, had sought redress in the civil court, he could have compelled the person by whom he had been injured to restore the animal, to pay all costs of the suit, and probably exemplary damages besides.

It is well to observe that the Maryland judgment in the case of cats will apply to dogs as well as to cats; and lovers of dogs in all States of the Union ought to see that their legislatures adopt some such statute as that which has been recently passed in the State of Nebraska. This statute declares all dogs in that State to be personal property, except when they are found running at large without a sufficient collar and tag, in which case they are to be declared a nuisance and destroyed by the proper authorities. Except in case of capture under this provision, by lawful authority, "any person wilfully destroying, or stealing, or taking with intent to steal, any dog belonging to any other person, shall be guilty of larceny." This is a good law. It is good for the owners of dogs. It is good for the dogs which it protects; and it is good for the maintenance of public and private morals. But until such a law shall be everywhere enacted, owners of animals ought to understand their right of redress in the civil courts for the unlawful taking of dogs, cats, birds, or any other animal, however wild by nature, which they may have taken into their possession and over which they exercise control.

TUBERCULOSIS AND THE CLOSE CONFINEMENT OF CATTLE

THE Westborough (Mass.) *Chronotype* recently published the following paragraph: "Is it not cruelty to animals to keep cows tied in the barn from fall to spring, without being let out to breathe the pure air of heaven? It is reported that such things are done right here in Westborough. No wonder tuberculosis prevails under that plan. Where is the society with the long name?" It is much to be feared that "such things are done" in many places besides Westborough. That the confinement of the animals for months together in the polluted atmosphere of a close stable does contribute to the rapid spread of tuberculosis, is beyond question; and if all thought of cruelty to the unfortunate animals were to be left out of consideration, the practice ought to be utterly suppressed and abolished on the ground that it must necessarily spread a fatal disease among thousands of human beings.

Tuberculosis is admitted to be an infectious disease, world-wide in its distribution, and probably affecting all classes of animals. Like glanders, it may be communicated from an animal of one species to an animal of the same or any other species. If there be but one tuberculous cow in a herd, and particularly in a close stable where the cattle are in contact with each other and drink from the same troughs or buckets, the prospect is that the whole herd will be infected. If the milk of tuberculous cows is sold in any community, the certainty is that human beings, and especially children, who use it will contract the disease. If the meat of tuberculous animals is eaten by other animals, infection may follow from that cause. Thus, one tuberculous cow may be a source of infection to thousands of human beings who have no knowledge of its existence. The danger is manifest, but it is more than a danger; tuberculosis is a plague from which the weekly tables of mortality prove that human beings are dying, not by the hundred or the thousand, but by the million, every year; and in the United States this plague is probably spread more widely by tuberculous cattle than by any other agency.

Now, the susceptibility of cattle, and indeed of all animals, to the infection of tuberculosis, depends largely upon their general health. A healthy person who takes sufficient daily exercise and lives much in the open air may be perfectly impervious to the poison of tuberculosis, unless he has some hereditary predisposition towards it; but if the constitution of the same person becomes impaired, and if his vitality is lowered by confinement in a close room, he may fall an easy prey to the infection of that terrible disease. In like manner, cattle which are perfectly healthy and which are kept in a healthy condition may be and remain insusceptible of the virus of tuberculosis; but if they are kept, month after month, in the close atmosphere of an ill-ventilated stable, their treatment is a direct invitation to the disease.

AN IDLE DEFENCE

In defence of the practice which we condemn, it is sometimes said that in Holland cows are kept all the year round in stables without any evil effect. That is possibly true; but the cow-stable in Holland is a very different thing from the close, un-

ventilated, and often filthy stable in which the cows are immured in this country. In Holland, the farmer keeps his stable as clean as his kitchen; he is much more careful of the ventilation of his stable than of his own bed-chamber; and then he watches for tuberculosis as the most insidious of his enemies, and an animal which is found to be infected is instantly killed.

We take no extreme view of this matter. The cow does not by nature require a great deal of exercise; and, like all ruminating animals, it does require long periods of rest. Its large lungs enable it to extract the necessary amount of oxygen from the atmosphere with far less activity than animals whose lungs are smaller, and consequently it suffers less from confinement than most other animals. If a horse and a cow are turned out of the stable after long confinement, their different behavior shows how differently confinement has affected them. The horse instantly begins to run and leap, so as to quicken the circulation of the blood, and take in through its comparatively small lungs a larger amount of oxygen than it has been able to receive while in confinement; the cow, on the contrary, walks slowly about, and usually seeks the sunshine. With its large lungs, it has been able even in the stable to obtain all the oxygen that it requires; and, provided that the air has been pure and sweet, it has suffered much less than the horse. But the sun bath is like new life to it; and, if the owners of milch cattle only knew it, the cheap sun bath and the stimulus of fresh, pure air, neither of which costs anything, are as good as food and better than medicine for their cattle.

A CYNICAL EXCUSE

It is cynically said by dairy farmers, that, "whether it is good hygiene or not to keep their cattle housed for months together in close stables, it is good business." They argue that when milch cows are out of the stable, they move about to some extent and take some exercise; that this, of course, uses up some of the nitrogenous elements of their food; and consequently, that some of these elements, which would otherwise go to the enrichment of their milk, are lost.

Now, even granting the truth of this contention, for to some small extent it is undoubtedly true, we must maintain that "bad hygiene" in the dairy is exceedingly "bad business" in the long run. It is as certain as anything can be, that bad hygiene shortens life, and to reduce the average productive life of cows by one year will far more than make up for any small increase of their milk product while they live. But, besides this, the confinement of cows in a close stable invites the plague of tuberculosis; and if one animal is infected, the whole herd is almost certain to be destroyed. Unless, then, the dairy farmer is willing to become a wholesale distributor of poison and death among his neighbors, and unless he is willing to see his property destroyed by his own lack of common sense, there are three things, at least, that he must do: he must see that the stables in which he keeps his cattle are kept clean and sweet, and perfectly ventilated; he must see that the cattle are well and carefully groomed every day, since good grooming is almost as useful as exercise; and on every day when the sun shines, he will turn his herd out to be refreshed by one of God's best, and brightest, and cheapest, and most necessary gifts.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW: ITS INTRODUCTION

THE English sparrow, which is more properly called the house sparrow, was first brought to this country in 1850, when the directors of the Brooklyn Institute imported sparrows into Brooklyn, N. Y. This first colony did not thrive, and in 1852 a second was imported. In the spring of 1853 the birds were let loose in the grounds of Greenwood Cemetery. They did well, and from this original stock are derived quite a number of sparrow colonies in other parts of the United States. In 1854 and 1858 sparrows were imported to Portland, Me.; in 1860 twelve birds were introduced into Madison Square, New York; in 1864 others were placed in Central Park, and in 1866 two hundred were let loose in Union Park. Between 1867 and 1881 the sparrow was imported from Europe directly to New Haven, Conn., Galveston, Tex., Charlestown, Mass., Cleveland, O., Philadelphia, Penn., Salt Lake City, Utah, Akron, O., Fort Howard, Wis., Sheboygan, Wis., and Iowa City, Ia. From these colonies the little brown bird has spread far and wide. Like the bee, it goes only where man has preceded it, and it loves the habitations of men more than the most fruitful wilderness. It was brought to this country for the express purpose of keeping down insect pests which are now almost forgotten. In the sixties it was

impossible to pass under the trees in the city of New York without being annoyed by the disagreeable caterpillar, called the measuring-worm, which infested every green thing, and which was constantly falling upon the passenger below. This and other insect pests have altogether disappeared wherever the sparrow has been introduced, and if the sparrow were to be removed—though that is perfectly impossible—no doubt the same disagreeable insects would reappear.

ITS RAPID INCREASE AND ALLEGED MISCONDUCT

At the present time, the house sparrow has been established and acclimated all along the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Wisconsin on the north, and from Utah on the west to Georgia on the south, not counting large settlements which have been made in Louisiana, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and at various minor points of the South and West. For a considerable time the sparrow was welcomed for his usefulness, and in twenty-three States of the Union he was protected by general or special laws; but it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and in certain parts of the country people are thinking that they have too much of the English sparrow. Hence, several States have excepted the sparrow from the protection which the law affords to other birds, and, more recently, several States have gone so far as to offer bounties for their destruction. Unfortunately, as we consider, the official ornithologists of the United States Department of Agriculture have set their faces against the sparrow, and we are constrained to say that they seem to us to have been controlled to a large extent by prejudice. That their investigations have been made with great diligence is evident; but in some cases, certainly, they seem to have allowed their prejudice rather than the facts to control their judgment. For example, in treating of the alleged injury done by the sparrows to buds, blossoms, and foliage, the department had reports from 584 observers. Of these, 265 alleged "positive damage of varying kind and degree," while 307 were "favorable to the sparrow," and 12 were "indeterminate." The inference of the department seems to be that this showing is exceedingly damaging to the sparrow; but one would like to know the "kind and degree" of damage which is reported by the 265; and we cannot admit that the 307 favorable reports, which say that the writers had observed no such damage from the sparrow, are to be considered as furnishing merely negative evidence. They seem to us to be reports of the most positive kind; for what more positive report could be given by any observer, than that he had observed no injury from the sparrow to buds, blossoms, or foliage? No doubt the intention of the ornithologists is entirely good, but the whole report which we have before us seems to be tinged with an unscientific one-sidedness which deprives it of the confidence that one would like to repose in a report from a department of the United States Government.

The great difficulty—and it is undoubtedly a *great* difficulty—is that the sparrow is one of the most prolific of living creatures. It rears from twenty to thirty young in the course of a year. If the average were twenty-four, and if all the sparrows which are produced were to survive, the report of the Agricultural Department shows that, at the end of ten years, the total number of birds from that single pair and its progeny would be 275,716,983,698! Of course, the actual increase of the sparrow is only a fraction of this amount, for its fecundity is counteracted in many ways. The sparrow has its natural enemies, such as cats, hawks, jays, and the like; it is subject to disease; it is always dependent upon the supply of food; it is exceedingly sensitive to thunderstorms, thousands sometimes perishing, especially when the storm is accompanied by high wind; and although the sparrow can endure any extreme of temperature that is known in the United States, it starves in large numbers when its supply of food is covered with the snows of winter.

THE SPARROW AND THE TREES

Making every allowance, however, it may be admitted that in some places there are too many sparrows. In cities, for example, it has been found necessary to protect the eaves and cornices of houses from their nests, and the trees are sometimes reduced to an unsightly condition by the multitude of sparrows which nest in their branches. The simple remedy in this case is to keep the streets of the city clean; for, if the streets are clean, the sparrow must either perish for want of food, or betake himself to some place where the supply of food is greater; and so long as the streets are not kept clean, the sparrow is one of the most useful of scavengers, diligently collecting and consuming substances which would otherwise decay and taint the atmosphere.

It is alleged that the sparrow does much damage to the buds, blossoms, and leaves of various trees and plants. There seems to be some truth in the allegation; but in the voluminous evidence which has been collected by the Department of Agriculture, we find no single instance in which any tree of any kind has been destroyed by the sparrow, as would surely be the case if their depredations were seriously injurious. In the case of fruit trees it is simply incredible that the sparrow should destroy any such amount of blossoms as to affect the crop. There is hardly a fruit tree which does not produce innumerable blossoms that can never be developed. In a city, of course, where fruit trees are few and sparrows are numerous, it is possible for some damage to be done; but in an orchard, where the blossoms must always outnumber the birds many thousand-fold, we think the damage must be inconsiderable.

The injury which the sparrow is said to do to trees in which it nests, by the filth which it deposits there, is likewise confined to cities. We admit it to be possible that when hundreds or even thousands of these little birds nest and roost together in one tree, the beauty of the foliage must be marred; but if the fear of the Agricultural Department, that in such a case the *life* of the tree is endangered, were well founded, one might surely expect such diligent investigators to be able to report at least *one* case in which the catastrophe has occurred. We find no such case in the report. Here again, as before, the remedy, where the evil exists, is simply to keep the streets clean. Where that is done, there will be no such number of sparrows to defile the trees. Where it is not done, a candid investigator, in thinking of the filth which they deposit in one place ought to make allowance for the filth which they remove from other places; and, in considering the possible and occasional injury, he ought to bear in mind the millions of filthy measuring-worms which the sparrows have removed, and which were much more dangerous than the sparrow to the life of the trees which they infested.

THE SPARROW AS A MARAUDER

Again, it is said that the sparrows are destructive to the seed sown by the farmer; but what of the millions of seeds of weeds that the sparrow consumes? Is it not possible, perhaps, that the little brown bird may save the farmer far more in preventing the growth of weeds than he wastes by the consumption of a few seeds in springtime? And then, what of the insects that he consumes when the crops are growing, and when he has nothing but insects and the seeds of weeds to live upon? We fully admit that the sparrow may increase to such numbers as to become a nuisance; but, taking him all in all, we are inclined to think that he is a very useful servant, and that he gives far more in service than he takes in his occasional maraudings.

THE SPARROW AND SONG-BIRDS

Perhaps the strongest argument against the sparrow is that he drives away the song-birds. In certain cases, that is possibly true. When the coming of song-birds is encouraged by the building of boxes for them to nest in, the sparrow is quite prone to oust the song-birds and to take possession of the boxes. If he finds a tree to be particularly convenient, he takes possession of that; and so it is unfortunately true that some of our native songsters are rarer than they used to be. Unfortunately, however, the sparrow is the least of the enemies of our song-birds. The bobolink has become rare in New England, but it is the mowing-machine and the early cutting of hay, not the sparrow, that has driven him away; and elsewhere it is to the small boy and the purveyor of the restaurant, who go out to kill anything and everything that has wings, that we owe the disappearance of our song-birds, much more than to the sparrow. In Europe song-birds and sparrows thrive together; and for one song-bird that is native to the United States, there are at least ten or twenty that are abundant in Europe. In the United States we have few song-birds, and they ought to be protected against all enemies, even the sparrow; but in Europe the larks and finches and nightingales find no difficulty in living in the neighborhood of the sparrow; and in this country, if we would take away the gun from the small boy, and put the purveyor of the restaurant in jail, it is probable that our song-birds would flourish quite well in spite of the sparrow.

THE SPARROW CANNOT BE EXTERMINATED

For one thing the friends of the sparrow are greatly indebted to the ornithologists of the Department of Agriculture, who have proved to demonstration the absolute futility at this date of attempting to extirpate the sparrow where he has

been naturalized. The State of Illinois offered a bounty for the destruction of sparrows which could not possibly have any appreciable effect on the number of birds, and which could have no other effect than that of training boys to the destruction of bird life. The ornithologists of the Department have shown that if the total number of sparrows in the State of Illinois were assumed to be 40,000,000, which is an exceedingly moderate computation, and if the most vigorous and systematic efforts were to be made for their extirpation, by an offer of bounties which must be increased year by year as the killing of the sparrows became more difficult, the natural increase would require a total of at least 120,516,849 birds to be killed, at a cost of from two millions and a quarter to eleven millions of dollars; and still, at the end of five years, there would remain a quarter of a million of birds, which would be sufficient in another five years to repopulate the State with sparrows almost as densely as at present. This is clearly a *reductio ad absurdum*. The sparrow cannot and will not be extirpated. All attempts to destroy it, where it is established as it is in the State of New York and the State of Illinois, will be simply futile. Their only effect would be to train small boys and vagabonds to live a lazy life by the destruction of sparrows.

HOW TO KEEP THE SPARROW IN CHECK

What, then, is the remedy when sparrows become so numerous as to be a nuisance? When that fact really occurs, no mere sentimentalism ought to prevent the destruction of an animal which has become a pest. The ornithologists of the Agricultural Department tell very plainly how they can be destroyed; but far better than any such methods of destruction would be the introduction and protection of other birds which are the sparrows' natural enemies. "Probably the most useful bird in this respect is the northern shrike, which visits most of our northern cities in winter, and feeds freely on the sparrows. At one time this shrike became so abundant on the common and public gardens in Boston that it threatened to destroy all the sparrows." The blue-jay is another enemy of the sparrow in many cities and towns of the Mississippi Valley. The crow-blackbird, or purple grackle, at one time increased rapidly at Cambridge; and at that time, very naturally, the sparrows did not increase at all. The sparrow-hawk and the screech-owl might be encouraged in the parks of cities, and they would remain there just as long as the sparrows might continue to be abundant. There is no effective way to fight nature but with nature's weapons. The sparrow fought the caterpillar successfully; and in his new habitat, where he finds an abundance of food, he has increased perhaps beyond measure. Then let nature keep the sparrow down, as nature keeps him down elsewhere; but to turn the boys of a great State or a great city loose at sparrow-killing would be to demoralize the boys, and turn many a hopeful lad into a life-long loafer.

"I WANT to make a complaint," said a diminutive humanitarian to the complaint clerk at Headquarters the other afternoon. Being assured that it would be investigated, she proceeded in a very earnest manner to state that while she was going to the store for milk, Johnny Shaw threw a lump of coal at her dog Mingo, "just because I wouldn't bring him an apple from the store. Mingo didn't do anything to Johnny," she said, "so he had no right to throw the coal, which might have broken Mingo's leg if it had struck him. I told Johnny that I was going to have him arrested, so you had better hurry up, or he will hide away." While the complaint was being taken down, there sat upon the steps of a house opposite Headquarters a rosy-cheeked boy about twelve years old. He did not seem at all alarmed at the prospect of being arrested. The little girl happened to glance out of the window. "There he is now," she exclaimed. "Go and catch him;" but before any one else could move, she ran out, and standing on the office steps called Johnny over. He accepted the invitation at once. Before he passed the threshold, she gave him due warning of the consequences of his offence. "I have told them all about it, and you are going to be arrested; so come right in and be taken up!" Johnny laughed and went inside. On being informed of the charge made against him by the girl, and her request that he should be arrested, the little complainant's eyes filled up with tears, and she sobbed out: "Oh, let him go this time! He didn't hit Mingo, only I thought he might." When the girl started to cry, Johnny commenced

to sob. After the pair had been quieted and soothed, each of them was presented with a copy of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS and sent home. They left, holding each other by the hand, as if afraid of being separated.

"IF I find you working your horse again in its present condition, I will arrest you," said an officer of the Society to Patrick McMahon at the time the latter was compelling a disabled horse to draw a heavy load of stone. McMahon appeared very grateful for the leniency extended and was profuse in expressions of pity for the poor horse. "You may depend, it shall not be harnessed again until entirely able to work," he said, as he led the horse away in the direction of his stable. Now, McMahon imagined he had pulled the wool over the officer's eyes, but he was mistaken. "I knew the fellow was lying," said the officer, "and had no intention of taking the horse to the stable, so I got on a car and rode a few blocks. Sure enough, when he thought the coast was clear, back went McMahon with the horse and hitched it again to the cart, and started off, saying to the bystanders: 'I fooled him that time.'" His ignorance was bliss for the time being, so he lighted his pipe, fixed himself comfortably on the seat, and jogged off, little expecting to be met by the officer, who was already waiting for him a short distance down the avenue. "Hello, McMahon; I thought you had gone home," exclaimed the officer, stepping out from behind a wagon; and McMahon almost tumbled from his seat in sheer astonishment. This time the wounded animal was stripped of its harness and placed in a livery stable near by, and the veterinary surgeon of the Society summoned. McMahon was subsequently tried at Special Sessions on a charge of cruelty and was fined twenty-five dollars. As he was being taken to prison in default of payment of the fine, he exclaimed that he would never again try to fool an officer of the Society.

THE other morning three cats were found at the bottom of an air shaft down which they had been thrown or had fallen, two were taken down from trees, and two were rescued from drowning in sewers; while three homeless dogs, that had been run over by trucks and injured past recovery, were humanely destroyed by the officers of the Society.

A CROWD of "hoodlums" of the East Side caught a homeless cat and proceeded to amuse themselves by torturing the helpless animal. After tormenting it for some time, they set a dog to worry it. The frightened cat ran up a telegraph pole and took refuge on the very top. Peter Dennin, driver of one of the Society's Shelter wagons, happened to pass at the time, and, after calling on a policeman for assistance to keep off the gang of roughs, Dennin climbed up the pole. Kitty seemed to know that he was a friend coming to her rescue, for when Dennin got within reaching distance, pussy jumped upon his shoulder and remained there until he descended to the ground and put her in the ambulance. Kitty was then taken to the Shelter for Animals and kindly cared for.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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TWO FEATHERED ELFS

By Stoddard Goodhue

OF all the birds that frequent our door-yards and city parks, the smallest, next to the hummer, are the kinglets. So small and so unobtrusive are they that they are little known to fame. The poet has not found them, and folk-lore does not so much as bear their name on its annals. Yet if you love the birds at all it is well worth your while to make the acquaintance of these tiny creatures. It will be rather a one-sided acquaintance, it is true, for the kinglet will scarcely deign to notice you; but he will entertain you none the less.

Some day in the early springtime, you will discover in tree-top or in lower shrubbery near your window, a feathered midget that darts among the branches with incessant flitting, jerky movements of head, wings, and body. This is the kinglet. That automaton-like, spasmodic motion can hardly be mistaken. It is an unending series of seemingly aimless calisthenics, as if the bird were made of untiring springs set to clock-work. But not one of those movements is really meaningless. Each moment the kinglet is snipping up an insect too small for you to see, but plainly visible to his microscopic eye. Listen, and you will hear the clicking of that tiny bill. It requires a good many such morsels to make a meal, even for so small a creature as the kinglet. Hence his unceasing industry.

Now he chances to flit close beside you. You observe that he is a very dainty little fellow, with olive-green mantle, and a black crown embellished with a central spot of red and a broad dash of brightest yellow. The last-named feature distinguishes him as the golden-crowned kinglet (*Regulus satrapa*, Licht.). Except for his head-dress, you could not know him from a near relative who differs from him in appearance by omitting the black and yellow from his poll, retaining only the spot of flame, and thereby gaining the name of ruby-crowned kinglet (*Regulus calendula*, Linn.). One almost wonders at the dash of color in the attire of such modest little birds. But the bright poll has its purpose, luring many an insect to destruction that otherwise would never come within range of the kinglet's vision. The gnat, which mistakes that bright spot for a honeyed flower, makes a sad error which he will probably never have opportunity either to repent of or to repeat.

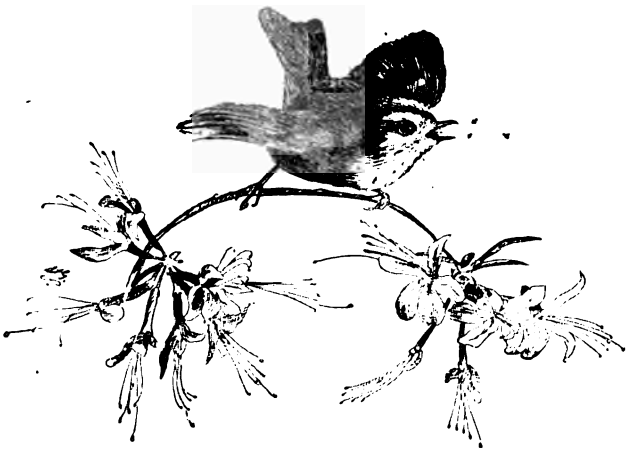
Tiny as the kinglet is, he yet develops an immense amount of energy in that nimble body. His birthplace and home is away up in the north woods, but he winters far to the south, making a semi-annual journey that would seem quite beyond the power of such feeble wings. Nor does he leave his summer home till the approach of winter warns him imperiously; and he returns as soon as the awakening season has revived his insect prey. He has sometimes been known to tarry in our middle latitude throughout the winter, but that is not his usual habit. During the spring he stops only for a brief visit before passing on to his summer home, and while with us, I regret to say that he seldom utters any other note than a feeble lisp or a mouse-like squeak. Sometimes the ruby-crown tarries till he feels the influence of the season, and is moved to sound his mating song. A wonderful song it is! When I first heard it I could not believe it came from the throat of so tiny a songster, so clear, loud, prolonged, and penetrating was it, and of such wonderful force and volume. Yet withal it is sweet, mellow, and musical in every note. If you are near at hand, you detect a feeble little lisping prelude, as if the singer were clearing his throat or testing the timbre of his voice; then follow the loud, rich, delightfully-modulated notes, reminding one just a trifle of the oriole's mellow fluting, and causing one to look involuntarily all about him to see if some far larger bird than the kinglet be not really the author of the song. When all doubt is dispelled, one's delight cannot but be mingled with wonder at so great a volume of sound from so tiny an instrument.

Unlike many birds, the kinglet, while singing, does not interrupt his regular business of securing food. Even while the melodious notes are rippling from his throat he is darting here and there as briskly as ever, in quest of insects. Meanwhile, the feathers of his crest are erect, and the lovely spot on his crown gleams with fatal attractiveness. The little fellow seems to sing merely for amusement or from excess of good feeling, as the farm-boy whistles at his work. I have often known him to interrupt himself in the midst of a note to swallow an insect. This seeming carelessness lends

additional piquancy to the performance, and gives one the impression that the kinglet might do something even more meritorious if he really tried. Whether the true mating song is really better, is a question I cannot answer, for I have never had the pleasure of hearing the little minstrel in his northern home; but surely one may suppose that the song gains in richness when each note comes to contain the vow of a lover. But it need gain nothing to be one of the finest of bird melodies.

Could the kinglet be kept in confinement, he would surely be a favorite among cage birds. But his is far too volatile a spirit to be thus confined, and it would be impossible to find food for him in an ordinary cage. So it is not worth your while to attempt to capture him. But let me advise you by all means to listen for his song. That will go down in your ornithological annals as a red-letter day on which you first hear the feathered midget's wondrous voice.

The earlier ornithologists classified the kinglets among the wrens. There is, however, comparatively little resemblance between these families of birds, except in size. The wrens are haunters of nooks and crannies near the ground, while the kinglets are strictly arboreal, never alighting on the ground, although often hunting in low bushes. Birds which the kinglets really much more closely resemble in manner are the wood warblers, gnat-catchers, titmice, and vireos. They are like the true fly-catchers in some of their habits—as when they dart off into the air, and hover for a few moments while snapping up the members of a swarm of insects—but their general appearance and manner are so different that there is little danger of confounding them with



GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET

RUBY-CROWNED KINGLET

that family. With the wood warblers they have a close affinity, and there are several of these birds with which they might be confounded at a little distance. There is only one, however, that so nearly resembles the kinglet in size, general color, and manner as to puzzle a close observer. It is the smallest of the group—the blue yellow-backed warbler, or, as it is now called, the *parula* warbler (*Compsothlypis Americana*, Linn.). The female of this species is but a trifle larger than the kinglet; her general color at a little distance seems quite similar, particularly to that of the ruby-crown; and her manner, in nimbleness and constant wing-flitting, is strikingly like that of the kinglet. If, however, one views her attentively through an opera-glass, he will find that her tail is more rounded than that of the other bird, that her back is of a more bluish cast, her breast yellow-tinted, and her wing-bars whiter and more distinct. The *parula* has no head marking, and this would, in itself, suffice to settle the matter, were it not that the ruby-crowned kinglet does not always expose his diadem to view. Indeed, it is quite his usual habit, except while singing, to hide the ruby beneath the other feathers of his crown. Then, too, young birds of this species are without the distinctive head-dress. So it will not do to rely upon this mark; but the other points of difference just mentioned will serve to distinguish the *parula*. The little squeaking call-note which the kinglet utters pretty constantly will also be of aid in clearing up any uncertainty as to the identity of a doubtful individual.

While prying into an insect colony in bud or

FEMALE PARULA WARBLER

blossom, the kinglet sometimes finds it convenient to hang head downward, in true titmouse style; but it would be a very poor observer indeed who could mistake him for that bird. The tit's short, stubby bill, his long tail, and his black crown and throat are sufficiently distinctive marks. To distinguish the gnat-catcher is somewhat more difficult. He is quite as tiny as the kinglet; but his body is more slender in proportion, his tail much longer and distinctly marked with white; and his general color is decidedly bluish. Moreover, the gnat-catcher does not often come about parks and orchards, being partial to the deeper woodlands. The vireos need puzzle no one but a novice. They are much larger than the kinglets, and more leisurely in manner, lacking that intense animation which characterizes those little bundles of concentrated energy.

On the whole, then, there is little danger of confounding the little kings with any of their associates, if one observe closely. After one knows them well, and is thoroughly familiar with their distinctively characteristic *ensemble* of rapidly varied posturings, he will never for a moment mistake them for any other than their charming little selves, even though they should be flitting in the highest tree-tops, where, as Wilson observes, they seem scarcely larger than bumble-bees.

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AT the request of the Italian Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Edmondo de Amicis will write a book on the protection of birds.—*The Critic.*

A BOY'S STORY

BY FRANCIS ORR

"YOU see, I wouldn't a-cared so much for none of it, if they hadn't been twins," said the freckled-face boy, whom I had overtaken just outside of the city, leading a limping horse, and who, at my invitation, had climbed into the carriage beside me.

"We live 'bout three miles out on a farm, an' raise things to sell in the city," he continued as we rode along. "Ned an' Nip were old Dobbin's colts. We've had old Dobbin ever since she was a colt. Had her 'fore I was born.

"No one 'round here ever had twin colts. Folks come miles jest to see 'em. Pretty as you please, an' jest alike, only Nip had a little white spot on his nose. Used to make one with chalk on Ned's nose, so they'd be *jest* alike. Allus treated 'em jest alike too. Never give one anythin' without the other got the same. Never took one any place without the other. Tended 'em myself.

"They knowed they was twins. Onct Ned got over in the corn-field, an' I was so used to having 'em do jest alike, I took down the bars an' let Nip in too. 'Most got licked for it. Would, if it hadn't 'a' been for grandmother.

"An' one time, Nip got his leg cut on a wire, an' had to have it tied up. Would you believe it, Ned kept pokin' his nose 'round, an' wouldn't be satisfied till I tied his leg up too. Every time I fixed the sore leg, I had to fix the well one, till I 'most forgot which had the sore leg.

"We had 'em till they was three year old. Never used 'em. Didn't need 'em with Dobbin an' Dick. We allowed to let Billings have Nip when he was three year old. Billings lives on a little farm 'bout three miles beyond us. He never had no horse. Too poor. He worked for us off an' on, an' pap allowed to give him Nip for pay.

"We broke the colts when they was three year old. Laws! you couldn't call it breakin'. Acted jest as if they was tickled to get in harness an' go somewhere. I drove 'em in the city with the truck one day, an' they acted 's if everything was made to please 'em. A couple of days after, pap got word from Mr. Knapp—he's a banker—sayin' he'd take one of the colts. You see, we had a lot of bad luck with our things the summer afore, an' grandmother bein' sick 'most all winter, we got behind, an' pap borrowed a hundred dollars from

Mr. Knapp, allowin' to pay it back when we sold our truck. Mr. Knapp never kept any horses himself, but his son was a-comin' home from school somewhere, an' he wanted the colt for him jest to drive aroun' with.

"Pap allus allowed to keep Ned, cause the other horses was a-gittin' old, but our bad luck, an' grandmother bein' sick, he couldn't afford it, so he let Mr. Knapp have him for the hundred dollars he'd borrowed. 'Twas 'bout a year' go. I wouldn't a' felt so bad if they'd been goin' together. But there was Ned, a-goin' in the city, with a fine carriage, an' harness, an' stable, all to himself, an' a man paid to wait on him, an' only had to pull young Knapp 'round the city. An' there was Nip, goin' down to Billings, with an old, tied-up harness, havin' to draw 'n old plough 'round all day, an' sleep in 'n old shed nights. Billings never touched a horse but ourn when he was workin' for us, an' didn't know a thing 'bout takin' care of one.

"It didn't seem right, nohow, after they'd been allus used alike. I got a-wishin' I'd two sick grandmothers, so pap would have to borrow twice as much, an' Mr. Knapp would take Nip too.

"We got word from Mr. Knapp that they was ready for Ned, so, when I was a-takin' in the truck, I tied him on to the back end of the wagon. Nip was bound to go too. Followed down the lane, an' then I had to put up the bars to keep him in. You could hear him a-whinnerin' when we was 'way out of sight, an' Ned kept a-lookin' back to see if he wasn't a-comin'. I took Ned right to Mr. Knapp's. The hired man was a-waitin'. The stable an' everythin' was all bran new. I hated to leave him there, but I knowed I could see him often when I was in the city, an' then I could go to the stable, an' see him if I wanted.

"When I got home pap had taken Nip down to Billings. Mother said she guessed it made him feel bad to see Nip a-huntin' round for Ned, an' runnin' down to the bars an' whinnerin', so he took him away. I was glad he did, 'cause I hated to do it myself after takin' Ned to such a fine place. Looked tough, I tell you.

"I didn't see Ned for 'most a week, till one day I heard him whinner when I was a-sellin' truck on the street. Young Knapp was a-drivin' him to a bran-new carriage. My, didn't he look fine!

"Then, one morning, when he'd been gone 'bout a month, I was in front of the house, gettin' the wagon ready, an' I heard a whinnerin', an' Ned come tearing in with nothin' on, tore round the horse an' wagon till I thought he'd upset everythin', rolled on the grass, poked his nose in grandmother's lap, an' commenced huntin' for Nip. We was jest as tickled as he was, but we knowed he'd got away somehow, an' had to go back. We didn't think he looked as good as when he went away.

"I tied him on behind the wagon when I started, but he didn't want to go. When we got near the city he began to pull back, an' when I got him to his stable he didn't want to go in at all. The man come jest as I got him in, an' went right up an' began lickin' him. Said he'd teach him not to run away again. It made me mad. Somehow, the stable was so close an' hot, I couldn't blame Ned for runnin' away.

"I couldn't ferget that lickin', but I didn't say nothin' home. After that I often seen Ned on the street, most the time tied in the hot sun, an' jest as often in front of a saloon. He looked worse an' worse, an' I knowed he wasn't bein' treated right. Some folks think if they can turn a horse's head, an' make him go where they want to, they know all 'bout usin' a horse—but they don't. Then the city don't agree with anythin' that's been raised in the country, not even folks or green truck. I took some beets in last week. Jest as long as they was on the country road they'd jump out the basket an' chase each other 'roun' an' act as if it was lots of fun. But jest as soon as we got in the city they knowed it, an' turned brown an' curled up their leaves, an' poked their heads down in the basket far as they could.

"Onct, last fall, young Knapp come drivin' out our way. He had some fellow with him, an' wasn't watchin' what he was doin', or he'd been a-drinkin'—anyhow, first thing they knowed, Ned cut into the lane an' landed 'em at the house. Grandmother was settin' on the porch, an' pap was by the pump. Ned didn't want to get out, an' such a lot of cursin' an' beatin' you never heard of. Said the brute was gettin' so mean you couldn't do anythin' with him. At las' pap took Ned by the head an' led him out to the lane, jest to save him more beatin'. Grandmother cried—she's old, you know—an' I could see pap felt bad, too, only he was a-hidin' it. They knowed Ned wasn't used right, by his looks.

"After I got my chores done that night I went

down to see Nip. You see, I'd never been anear him, 'cause I felt so bad 'bout him goin' to such a poor place. He knowed me when I called him, an' come trottin' up an' rubbed his nose 'gainst me, an' then went back to the pump. Billings had a big tub of water an' a bunch of rags washin' Nip off. Never saw a woman fuss with a baby like he fussed with Nip. Washed his mouth, an' looked to see if anythin' got in his teeth; washed his nose an' ears, an' round his eyes, then all over, an' rubbed him off, an' combed his mane an' tail. Nip jest liked it. Then Billings made him put his feet in the tub, an' he had 'n old brush an' scrubbed 'em. Must have been 'n hour fussin' with Nip. Said it was lots of comfort to work round a horse, an' he done that every night. When he got done Nip jest rolled an' kicked. Then he'd get up an' run at Billings, an' Billings would slap his hands, an' Nip would act scart an' run off.

"I went to the shed with Billings while he fixed Nip's bed. Didn't look very fine, but it was clean 'nough for a man to sleep on. He put down a lot of fresh straw, an' put hay in the manger, an emptied the water out the trough he made so Nip could have a drink in the night if he wanted it. Then he filled the trough again through a pipe from the pump. Done it every night. Daytimes Nip drunk out of the tub.

"Billings had it fixed so the shed was in the corner of a big lot, an' Nip could run in it. He said he never tied him or shut the door only in bad weather, so Nip could do as he pleased.

"When I went home Nip came down to the gate. I tried to coax him out, but he wouldn't come. I tell you, I thought of poor Ned a-goin' home—shut up in a hot stable in the city, an' no one to care for him like Nip had. I tell you, bein' rich don't make folks have sense.

"Grandmother allus worried 'bout Ned after that. You see, she felt it was her a-bein' sick made pap let him go, an' she kind a felt to blame. Every time I went to the city she'd ask if I'd seen Ned. Pap never said anything, but I could see he allus listened for what I said, an' I knowed he wished he hadn't a let Ned go. Sometimes I'd find him tied somewhere, an' I allus put some apples in my pocket for him. Sometimes he was where I could get him a drink.

"Then in winter I didn't go in so very often, but a couple of times I saw Ned standin' in snow up to his knees, an' nothin' over him, in front of a saloon. I hated to make grandmother feel bad, so I didn't tell her everythin'.

"Along the first of summer I didn't see Ned for quite a spell. Then I heard young Knapp was away from home, an' after I was through peddlin' one day, I went round to see if Ned was at his stable. Didn't see no one round there, so I opened the door an' went in. Hot! I could hardly breathe. Thought it was empty till Ned whinnered. Then I found another door, an' opened it so I could see. Then I found Ned. It jest made me cry. There he was, tied up so short he couldn't lay down, not a bit of anythin' in his manger, nor anywhere he could reach; the boards near him fresh chewed, an' Ned a-lookin' as if he couldn't stand it any longer.

"I untied him, an' went round to lead him out. Laws! I knowed his stable hadn't been cleaned for a week. He was so crazy for water he couldn't wait for me to fill the pail, but kept pokin' his nose 'n under the pump. I was afraid to let him have all he wanted, so I tied him where he couldn't reach it. Then I hunted 'round, an' found a sponge an' washed him off, an' fixed some bran in a pail for him to eat while I cleaned his stall.

"He whinnered for more 'most afore I got away from him, an' I fixed a little more, an' done the cleanin'. Then I give him 'nother drink an' put him back in the stable. I found some oats, but didn't know if he ought to have 'em. But I thought I'd let him have some hay anyhow. I went upstairs to shove some down. There laid the hired man, dead drunk. No wonder Ned wasn't cared for.

"I knowed I'd have to tell pap when I got home, 'cause I wasn't sure I'd done right 'bout feedin' Ned. Pap was jest mad. Said it was a downright shame to treat a horse like that, an' if he had it to do over 'gain he'd never let Ned go.

"Next mornin' I went in early. Went right to Ned. The man was gone, but he hadn't done anythin' afore he went. So I fixed Ned an' fed him as pap had told me, then went to peddle the things, allowin' to go back at noon. The man hadn't got round at noon, so I fed Ned 'gain. I didn't get through with the truck till 'bout three o'clock, an' then I run round to see Ned afore I started home. The man was a-hitchin' him up to take him out. I said I didn't think Ned ought to be drove while his feet was so sore, an' he said he allowed he knowed as much as I did 'bout a horse, an' he'd thank me

to keep away an' let him 'tend to his own business. Then I didn't see Ned till last Tuesday. You see, Miss Jenkins—she lives two miles the other side the city—had been a-visitin' our folks, an' pap said I could take Dick an' drive her home. We started early to get through the city afore it got so hot. 'Bout nine o'clock, jest as we got to the other side, I saw Ned tied in front of a saloon—tied up so short he could hardly move, an' right in the sun, not a bit of shade 'round. I got out an' patted him an' tied him looser. That was 'bout all I could do.

" Pap allowed I could spend the day at Jenkins's, so I didn't get back to where Ned was tied till 'bout seven 'clock. There he stood jest as I left him. Had stood all day in the hot sun, with never a thing to eat or drink. I could tell by the way I'd tied him. I jest stopped Dick to get out, an' some one begin talkin' loud at the saloon door, an' young Knapp come out. Some men helped him in his carriage, an' untied Ned, an' without tryin' to start him, he took the whip and begun lickin' Ned. That was more than a horse with any sense would stand; an' afore anyone knowed jest how it was, Ned was a-runnin' away.

" Pell-mell he went up the street, throwin' the carriage from one side to the other, everybody yellin' an gettin' out the way an' me yellin' too to make Dick keep Ned in sight. When Ned got to the river bridge, instead of goin' over it he shied off, an' went straight down the bank, upsettin' the carriage, an' a-draggin' it an' young Knapp in the river after him. Such a yellin' an' screamin' you never heard, an' everybody runnin' to the river. The river wasn't very deep there, but young Knapp was so drunk he'd a drowned if somebody hadn't pulled him out. Ned just stood there an' drank, till a boy with more sense than the whole crowd waded out up to his neck an' took the harness off, so Ned was free, an' led him ashore. Nobody would touch him, so the boy took him to Knapp's himself.

" NED JUST STOOD THERE AN' DRANK "

"Of course everybody knowed 'bout it, an' it was in all the papers. Said he was a 'vicious' horse an' not safe to drive. Grandmother heard of it too, and felt worse 'n ever. I knowed pap didn't have money to buy Ned back, as he'd like to, an' I knowed I didn't have any; but I got to thinkin' if I couldn't manage it somehow.

"You see, I'd a young cow that a milkman give me for some corn when it was jest a little calf. He didn't want to be bothered with it. I raised it myself. We didn't need it, 'cause we had another one, an' we don't sell anything but truck. She was jest fresh, and pap said I could sell her if I wanted to, an' have the money for clothes. She was a fine cow, but I wasn't goin' to sell her jest yet. Judge Dana, that has that big house by the river, had been a-tryin' to get a good cow for a new baby they have.

"I thought it all over, an' this mornin' I drove Nellie, that's the cow's name, into the city, an' took her right to Dana's. The Judge was home, an' come out to see her himself. She jest seemed to suit him, an' he said he'd take her if we could strike a bargain. I said I didn't want more'n she was worth, but I did want 'nough to buy Ned back. You see, I knowed Mr. Knapp wouldn't keep him after runnin' away, an' no one would buy him unless they got him dirt cheap.

"The Judge set down on the steps an' told me to tell him 'bout Ned, an' I did. Told him everythin'. All 'bout how they was twins an' allus together; an' how bad we felt when they was parted, and Nip went to a poor man, an' Ned to a rich one; an' how Nip got cared for, an' was well an' fat, an' how Ned got 'bused, an' was all run down.

"Then I told him 'bout grandmother, an' how she felt, an' how she blamed herself for Ned's trouble. An' I told him 'bout the runaway Tuesday. He'd read it in the papers, but none of it was right. When I got through, you'd a' thought Ned had a' been his horse. Felt jest as bad as I did. He sent for one of his hired men, an' told him to go right down to Mr. Knapp's an' see what he'd take for Ned. The man come back, an' said Mr. Knapp said he'd never let his son drive the brute again, an' if anybody was fool 'nough to give twenty-five dollars for him, he could have him. The Judge jest handed the money right out, an' told the man to go get Ned. Then he said if my cow was a good one, she ought to be worth 'bout forty dollars, an' if I was willin' he'd try her a couple weeks, an' then pay me jest what she's worth.

"That's how I come to be a-takin' Ned home. I didn't tell the folks what I was a-goin' to do, 'cause I couldn't tell jest how it would turn out. But I know jest how they'll act, an' what they'll say when they know 'bout it. Pap will say, kind a cross, 'Well, I guess you'll go cold this winter;' an' then he'll go out in the barn, an' when none of us is a-lookin' he'll go in an' pat Ned. Mother'll jest laugh an' say, 'Well, I jest knowed the boy would get Ned back somehow;' an' then she'll begin a cookin' something good for my supper. Grandmother—she's old, you know—she'll jest cry, an' then in the mornin' she'll begin a-knittin' some stockin's for me.

"Ned? Oh, he'll jest whinner an' roll round. He's a little lame now, you see, but he'll soon get over that. All he'll have to do will be to eat an' drink, an' run in the medder, an' be took care of till he's built up again. He'll miss Nip, of course, but Billings is a-goin' to work for us next week, an' bring Nip with him. Won't there be a fuss when they see each other! Haven't seen each other for 'bout a year. Then Billings don't live so far from us, an' when Ned gets well I'm goin' to ride him down nights to see Nip, an' sometimes I'm goin' to let Billings have him to work, for nothing, jest so he'll be with Nip.

"Hear him whinner! This is where our land begins, an' he knows he's a-gettin' home. Guess I'd better get out afore he makes a run for the lane an' upsets us. Much obliged for the ride. Any time you're out our way stop an' see us, an' I'll show you what Ned looks like when he's treated right. Good day."

SCENE: A Sunday School.

Johnnie: I say, Miss Jones, I know now why you didn't want me to rob birds' nests last spring.

Miss Jones (with an oriole in her hat): Why was it, Johnnie?

Johnnie (gazing with admiring eyes at the hat): 'Cause you wanted the birds to grow big enough to wear 'em.—*Kate Field's Washington.*

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in sunshine.

NEW WORLDS

WHATEVER one learns himself is his own discovery. It matters not if the whole civilized world has known of it before. He has discovered something for himself; had he lived earlier, he might have discovered it for mankind.

But children, you will say, never make discoveries. We know better. Only last summer a little girl of our acquaintance discovered the stars. She was four years old, and had played in the sunshine all her life. She went to bed at sunset. All that she knew of night was the darkness in her room, and you may be sure she never lay awake to puzzle over that. One evening she was restless. It was hot, and she could not sleep. The older members of the family were seated on the piazza of the cottage, looking towards the sea. There was no moon, and the great, wonderful stars shone unnoticed by people who, I am ashamed to confess, were grumbling at the heat, while relating their experiences of the day. Suddenly a little voice, at the window above their heads, exclaimed: "Oh! oh! oh!" in tones so ecstatic, and trembling so with excitement and surprise, that the older people held their breaths to listen. There was a moment's silence; then a little, white-gowned figure came down the staircase and through the hall to the piazza, calling:

"Where is my mamma? I want to tell my mamma what I've found in heaven. Oh, there they are again! What did God do to the sky? I want to tell my mamma."

Her mamma was very near, and had the child in her arms in an instant. The two went off to the end of the piazza, out of everybody's hearing, and studied their new worlds together. We couldn't find out what they said to each other, but they seemed very happy and very much interested.

The incident reminded some one else on the piazza of a story about his boy.

"I found Fred this morning," said the teller of the story, "insisting that little Molly should not carry a pail of water for Rex's bath. The dog was horribly muddy after a run with me through the fields, and old Matthews intended to wash him at the stable.

"'Fred, don't tease your sister. Why shouldn't she help carry water for Rex's bath?' I said.

"'I told Molly she might carry hot water, papa, but cold water is too heavy for her. I can't teach her the reason why.'

"'Papa,' sobbed Molly, 'isn't a pail of cold water just as light as a pail of hot water, when the pails are the same size? Isn't it, papa?'

"I turned to Fred. 'What do you mean, Freddy? Explain.'

"'I found out long ago, in the bathtub,' said Fred, earnestly, 'that hot water stays on top. When I let cold water run in, it sinks so that I feel it at the bottom of the tub, while the bath is hot on top. If that doesn't mean that cold water is heavier than hot, I'd like to know what it *does* mean.'"

We laughed heartily at the story, but we made up our minds to tell the young people who read OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS that boys and girls may make many a discovery. Why not choose this time of the year, when the old world is new in May beauty, to become acquainted with Nature? You may not understand even your own pet animals. You may not know the nature of your dog, or the names or habits of the common birds around you. Teasing and injuring animals, killing birds, or robbing birds' nests avail you nothing. Teach yourselves things worth knowing, and learn them in the right way. Gain the confidence of an animal to study its character. You may make discoveries that will be of scientific value. The path is open and it is new. Who knows but it may lead you to new worlds?

THE TALE OF A RUNAWAY BUNNY

As Told by Himself

BY KATHERINE M. ROOF

EVER since I can remember, we have lived through the winter in a wooden house with thin iron bars across the front, in a village called a menagerie. In the summer we live out-of-doors, under the ground, in little homes that we have dug out for ourselves with our sharp claws.

Above the ground, where my brothers and sisters and I play with our friends, there is a large green place with a fence around it. Beyond the fence, as far as I can see, are grass and trees; and sometimes, when there were no children outside to feed me, I have thought that the green things on the other side of the fence looked better than those inside.

When it is very hot we often stay in the house all day, and come out to eat and play in the cool evening. Our mother always says that early morning and evening are the proper times to eat and play. *Her* mother told *her* so. But grandmother, you know, was not an American bunny; she lived across the sea, in a different home from ours.

Over there a great many rabbits all lived together in a large village called a warren. It was on the banks of a river (for it is easier for rabbits to dig in the loose sand near water), and every house had a door opening into the house next to it, so that they could visit each other without going upstairs. Our mother often tells us stories that grandmother had told her about this home. It had no fence around it; they could go wherever they pleased; but they had to be very careful to keep out of the way of dogs and foxes and large birds called eagles, which would chase them, and had several times killed members of the family and other friends. As all these enemies were abroad in the day-time, the rabbits had always to eat at night. Every home in the warren had two or more doors, so that if one of these animals came in one door after them, they could run out of another.

I had always been very happy here in the park, but this summer we didn't move so soon as usual. It was hot in the menagerie, and the flying squirrels across the way kept up

such a constant chattering and quarrelling that they sometimes made me so cross I would really stamp with anger. One day I thought of running away to the cool green woods outside the fence, where my brothers and sisters couldn't tease me to play when I didn't want to, nor eat the greens that the little children intended for me. In spite of what grandmother had said, I wasn't afraid of dogs, for I had seen them through the fence, and they had never hurt me, only barked a little. So one night at supper-time our door was left open, and while the rest of the family were eating I slipped out. Once outside, I took the longest leaps my strong hind legs could make, and didn't stop till I came to the woods. There I sat up, pricked up my long ears, looked around and listened, but heard no one following me. After I had rested awhile and taken some supper, for I had come off without any, I went on again, a long distance this time, till I came to more woods. It was late now, and dark (except for the moon), and cold, though the day had been hot. I began to feel very lonely and rather homesick. Every rustle in the leaves frightened me. By and by I heard something scamper past me. I made a noise and it stopped; and there, in the moonlight, sitting up on its hind legs, was another bunny! Not like me, for its dress was grayish brown, and mine is white and brown in patches; then, too, she was smaller than I am, and her hind legs were longer, but her ears were not so long. (I am very proud of my ears.)

"Who are you?" I said; "and what is your name?"

"My family name," said the brown bunny, "is Hare. But I am generally called 'Molly Cotton-tail.'"

"And will you please tell me," I said, "the way to your village, where I can find a warm bed."

Molly stared at me for a minute, and then fairly squealed with amusement, and I saw that she had four upper teeth in front, instead of two, as I have.

"The way to the village!" she said. "Why, you would be killed by a boy or a dog before you had taken two leaps."

"I mean your house or your warren," I said, "where you sleep under the ground."

"I don't know what you mean by a *warren*," said Molly; "and I don't sleep under the ground. I shouldn't like it at all, though I do know some hares that sleep in old woodchuck holes, if that is what you mean. I sleep in my little form in the field over there."

"And what is your *form?*" I asked, for I had never heard the word before.

"Oh, it is just a little hollow bed I have made by lying in the long grass. I can't give you mine, for I have always slept there and couldn't rest anywhere else. But some hares have several, so if a dog knows where one is, they can go to another when they hear him coming. Perhaps you can find one; if not, you can easily make one."

"How?" I asked.

"Oh, just scratch a little hollow place in the ground and lay some dry leaves and grass over it."

"Wouldn't that be very cold?" I said, shivering.

"Why, do you mind cold?" said Molly, laughing again. "I have slept under the snow, but I have some friends who will change around from one form to another just to get out of a draught. I think that's silly."

"Well, in this kind of weather," I said, "my brothers and sisters and I *always* sleep under the ground or in our wooden house."

"A cage!" said Molly Cotton-tail. "And with your brothers and sisters! Why, I haven't seen mine since I was a month old. It must be dreadful not to be alone."

"It isn't," I said; "I wish I was back home this minute." And I just whined with loneliness.

"Well, you must be a funny kind of a hare," said Molly. "I wouldn't change my form for your wooden cage, not for a whole field of carrots." And she ran off.

I thought the best thing I could do was to run home, too, which I did as fast as I could leap. I found the door of the menagerie shut, and I sat there shivering till the keeper came in the morning.

"Hullo!" he said; "how did little bunny get out, I wonder?" But he picked me up by my ears and carried me home, and I have never run away since that day.

FOUR UNINVITED GUESTS*

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

THE second was brought to me in the crown of a schoolboy's hat, from a greenhouse in Maryland. It was a tiny, dejected humming-bird; and I was seized with an immediate desire to domesticate it. He had flown into the conservatory at Findowrey, where I was visiting, and, unable to resist the luscious sweetness of heliotropes that bloomed thick and rose to a great height against an interior wall, was there captured by his pursuer.

My first proceeding was to put him beneath a glass cheese-cover (with one edge lifted and propped to give him air), among twigs and grass, and the flowers of heliotrope that had cost him his liberty. Thus he remained all night, and in the morning, with pangs of self-reproach, I lifted the glass, resolved to let him go whither he would. He flew—but up into the room, not out at the open window, becoming so cheerful in his explorations of the ceiling that, like Pharaoh, my heart hardened and I would not let him go.

So we made for him a bower of all the boughs and flowery branches that the lawn and garden could afford—forsythia, spirea, weigelia lined the sunny window assigned for his occupancy, and upon the sill below we set a pink sea-shell filled with sugared water, to serve as a fountain for his birdship. Titania herself would not have been displeased with the pretty haunt when we had done with it. A search for the intended tenant found him tired of play, clinging to a picture-cord, whence he had to be dislodged by a long hair broom, of the pope's head variety, in which his tiny claws became entangled as he resisted its approach. When once we had him in his bower we left him, going out and shutting the room door, to let him feel that he was not watched in his installation.

Some hours later, to our delight, we saw the little creature flying about from bough to flower, and at last lighting upon the rim of his drinking cup. This was a critical moment. Would he or would he not partake of food prepared for him by our hands? For a day or two he showed no signs of doing so, and what he lived upon we knew not. When he

* Begun in the April number.

had become tame enough to allow me to handle him, I dipped his beak into the shell, and saw him swallow. Directly the long, needle-like tongue returned to the nectar, and the same day he was found sitting on the edge of his shell, as clearly tipsy as a naughty humming-bird could be. What work I had to get his feathers clean, for when taken out he was only a little sticky ball with a beak and claws. After that he was put upon short rations, and taught moderation in his diet and drink.

For a week or two Sergeant Buzfuz flitted about that room in entire contentment. When a bonnet was laid on the bed he had a delightful little trick of flying down to pounce upon the pink artificial roses, attacking them viciously when he found they did not yield sweets. This was so often repeated I began to suspect him of "showing off" for company. Once he flew to the top of a high, old-fashioned mirror wardrobe, and slipped behind it; and when the wardrobe was moved with much difficulty from the wall, the Sergeant was discovered so wrapped in a cobweb that he could not fly. When he espied on the pincushion two brilliant-winged, green-bodied dragon-flies, larger than himself, which had been bought in Paris as ornaments for the hair, he gave every indication of fear or disgust, "humping himself," as we said, and remaining motionless till the offending objects were removed. Taken into the drawing-room, he darted happily about, descending unexpectedly to sit upon the piano rack, whence he was not to be dislodged by a joyous waltz. He learned to sit upon my finger, to take sugared water from my lips, to descend upon my head and tangle his claws in the short curls in front, but to no one else would he extend these tokens of complaisance. When the time came for us to journey northward Sergeant Buzfuz accompanied me, in a bonbon box lined with silk and wool, and furnished with loose twigs and flowers for his solace in hours of darkness. Upon this expedition he behaved with such dignity and composure that I several times peeped into his box in alarm, fearing that he had given up the ghost. There sat the green atom, his beak upright, plainly disgusted, but resolute to bear all rather than flutter about and make things uncomfortable for the rest of his little world.

The brief remainder of his life was passed in another country-house, before the winter came, to arouse my anxiety about exposing him to the change of temperature he felt sensibly. There he became the pet and plaything of the family. All conversation, when he was in the room, centred upon him and his whizzing flights, his pretty vagaries, his evident attachment to his mistress. When visitors had done admiring him and expressing surprise at his domestication, they vainly tried to attract the attention of the household to themselves, and no doubt went away resolving to call again when there should be no humming-bird upon the horizon of that family.

One day an autumn rain set in. The glass of the window in which Sergeant Buzfuz perched at night was thoroughly chilled. When I went in the morning to look for him he was lying stark and cold upon his back. We took him up in warm hands and literally breathed the breath of life into him again, but I have always thought that that experience undermined his constitution. Soon afterwards he disappeared, and could be found in none of his accustomed haunts. The suggestion that he was eaten by the kitchen cat long held the mind of some of his lamenting survivors; but I believe that my little bright-winged spirit flew through an open window and died, somewhere in the grounds, of cold and homesickness.

THE CASSOWARY

By J. Oliver Nugent

AMONG the most recent additions to the menagerie at Central Park are two specimens of the cassowary, which are believed to be the first ever brought alive to this country. The cassowaries are strictly confined to the dense forest or scrubs of New Guinea, Austra-lia, and Ceram. Those at the park are from New Guinea. The male bird, which is the older of the two, stands about three feet in height. The feathers which cover the throat and the sides of the neck and body are of a brilliant black, streaked with brown, and resemble long hair. The sides are of a bluish-gray color, and there is a spot of bright blue just under the helmet on the top of this bird's head. The helmet or casque is of a dark gray, and covers a very light, spongy, bone tissue with an external layer no thicker than fine paper, but nevertheless very firm. It is of indispensable service to the cassowary in traversing the scrubs, when the head must be carried low, and the vines and branches of trees, striking the helmet, slide over it on to the back.

There are two separate wattles of a purplish color on the fore part of the neck, from which two very thin lines of bare skin of a bright blue color run down to the breast. On the back of the neck is an oval-shaped bald spot which is much wrinkled, and of a pinkish color, with a line of blue on each side running from the bald spot to the base of the neck.

The legs are gray in color, short, but quite stout. Of the three-toed feet, the inner toe is short, but armed with an extraordinarily long and sharp claw, which serves as a formidable weapon.

The wings are rudimentary, consisting of four stiff cylindrical shafts without barbs.

The female resembles the male in most respects; the most noticeable difference is in the wattles. In the female these are joined into one at the base and are of a pure white color, and the blue stripes mentioned as belonging to the male are absent. Perhaps on account of immaturity, she is of a rusty brown.

The natives of New Guinea make effective spear-heads of the long claws of this bird.

The food of the cassowary is diversified, hardly anything seems to come amiss to it—bananas, sweet potatoes (which it takes in large pieces), grass, reptiles, spiders, earthworms, caterpillars, dough, and even raw meat and small pebbles. It is not improbable that they catch small birds. I saw the specimen at the Park make a hungry attack on a sparrow, which barely escaped, no doubt very much astonished, for these feathered gamins presume to hop about the lions and tigers in their cages, and even to hobnob with hawks and eagles.

Cassowaries can be easily tamed, but make rather formidable pets; if teased or disappointed, they readily show fight, bristling up and kicking out sideways with a force sufficient to knock a strong man down. On more than one occasion a wounded bird has caused a naturalist to take to a tree.

The cassowaries are excellent swimmers. Their note, most usually emitted by the male, is a series of loud, harsh croakings, quickly repeated, and may be heard at a distance of three miles. These birds, which are now almost extinct, are very costly, and it is said that three hundred dollars were paid for those at the Park.

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN

BY SAIDEE ADÈLE COBB

AFTER reading the letters which make the "Letter Box" so interesting, what conclusion can we come to except that our little ones are kind and humane to the dumb brutes which do so much for us, and in so many cases are rewarded with so little gratitude or appreciation? They seem to be imbued with that spirit of mercy which, the Bible assures us, shall surely have its reward. And yet, one case of a child's unconscious cruelty came under my notice not a week ago, though, I dare say, there are thousands in the United States, if one should look for them.

Attached to an unusually large child's wagon, which was loaded with huge stones, was a dog of diminutive length and stature, and, to judge by his short breathing and almost unavailing tugging and pulling at the load behind him, of diminutive strength also. His tongue hung out of his open mouth; his poor little thin legs bent beneath him as he walked. How the child, in whose hand the little creature was, had managed to lift the stones that composed the load into the wagon, was a question. He did not appear to be over six years old, and the small hands which held the string that he called his "yeins" were like a baby's. But these same little brown hands, soft as they looked, could be cruel. With one of them he hauled and pulled at the string, which, by the way, was fastened around the dog's neck; the other held a willow switch, with which he vigorously belabored his improvised horse. Occasionally the little animal would pause to take breath; but his merciless driver would permit no delay. Whack! came the whip down, and poor little "doggie" must struggle on. Finally, however, it was all over. The small legs gave entirely out, and the tortured animal fell, looking up into his little master's face, with piteous, entreating eyes, but making no sound. The mute appeal was too much for me. I stepped over to the little fellow, pulled him down upon a stone beside me, and pointed out to him the error of his ways. The result was that the wagon-load of stones was overturned, doggie was picked up and cuddled under one arm, the other hand dragging the wagon, empty. The little man's face was covered with tears, his heart was filled with contrition, and, before we parted company I had his promise never to be "bad to doggie again."

Thus I found how easy it is to teach children. They are thoughtless; they are not old enough to know that what is fun for them is death to their victims. Teach them early the sin of hurting or harming any of God's creatures, lest the inherited cruelty grow and develop, and make the little ones, when they shall have reached man's estate, inferior to the beasts themselves.

FONDNESS for dogs has been a marked characteristic of many famous men. Of the great romancer, Dumas, it is told that he once had a dog as hospitable as was his master, and that the dog once invited twelve other dogs to Monte Christo, Dumas's palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas's factotum-in-chief wanted to drive off the whole pack.

"Michel," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to fill. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! That is an unlucky number."

"Monsieur, if you will permit me, there is nothing left for me to do; I must chase them all away," said the servant.

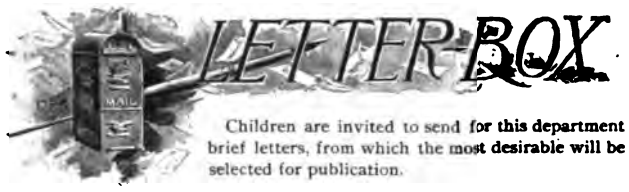
"Never, Michel, never," replied the great writer. "Go at once and find me a fourteenth dog."—*Harper's Young People.*

UNCLE JACK returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table.

Enter his little niece, Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack: "What's the matter, Allie?"

Alice (weeping): "You drinked up my 'quarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywogs!"—*Exchange.*


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send for this department
brief letters, from which the most desirable will be
selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box :

My father is tremendously interested in having a Shelter for Animals at Brooklyn. We live in Brooklyn, and we want to be just as particular as New York about our stray cats and dogs.

Two days ago father offered to take me with him to see the New York Shelter. I went for the fun of going with father, but I came away more enthusiastic than any fellow you ever saw. Even father laughed at me. To make the day complete, we bought one of the unredeemed dogs. I thought you would be pleased to hear that he has a home where everybody loves him. He is very intelligent and affectionate. He sometimes forgets he's big, and he tries to get into mother's lap to be petted. Mother wouldn't hurt his feelings by pushing him away ; she simply turns his attention to other things. When she was sixteen years old, a friend of the family hurt her feelings by saying that she was too big to sit in her mother's lap. That taught her better than to hurt any one else's feelings in the same way.

With kind regards, I remain,

Very truly yours, S. T.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear Letter-Box :

The April number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS came just as Will and I were starting for school yesterday morning. Of course we hadn't time to look at it, but in the evening mother generally reads aloud to us for an hour, and when a new number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS has come we ask to hear it before anything else.

Tom and I are composing this letter together. Tom wrote the first paragraph, and I (Will) am writing this one. We've settled on two paragraphs apiece and a wind-up together, instead of two separate letters. We always do things together. We want you to hear from us as quickly as possible, so that you may print in your May number that we don't rob birds' nests. Mother has read us the article on "Boys and Birds," and this letter is our answer to the questions in the article. It's Tom's turn to write now.

I feel just as Will does about birds, and we aren't milksops either. Father and mother have always been good to animals. We have lots of pets, and we've studied a great deal about birds without hurting or frightening any that we know of. We're going to get Mr. Parkhurst's book, "The Birds' Calendar," right off.

Mother advises Tom and me to take OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to school to-morrow and show it to the fellows at recess. We intend to do so.

With best wishes for the greatest success to the Society, we remain, Very truly yours,

THOMAS G. W.
WILLIAM P. W.

Dear Letter-Box :

Two weeks ago I was given a black kitten. The kitten was a vixen at first, and hated my dog, but after a while they began to like each other, and sometimes they curled up near each other. One day the kitten was asleep, and Jack, my dog, poked it with his nose. The kitten was up in an instant and began spitting and scratching. I came in in the middle of the fight and separated them. I cannot write any more, for I must go to bed.

Yours lovingly,

ADOLF F. RODEWALD.

NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., *March* 29, 1895.

Dear Letter-Box :

One day, early in February, Lizabeth, my maid, was told to bring in from the window-sill of the store-room a box that had been placed there, containing plum-pudding. She came back and said : "Oh, Mrs. S., a dove has built her nest in the box and has two eggs under her ! She is the one I have fed so often."

All through the blizzard Lizabeth kept the mother dove covered with cotton, and gave her warm bread and milk, hard-boiled eggs, etc. We had little hope that the bird could survive the bitter cold, but she soon hatched out her two eggs. One little bird died at once. Lizabeth, however, has cared so tenderly for the mother and the other wee dove that both are well. The "baby," as Lizabeth calls it, is now quite large, and is covered with feathers. It is delighted when Lizabeth pets it. S.

Dear Letter-Box :

At my school, the Froebel Institute, Lansdowne, we have a little dog who was sent to my teacher by a lady. The lady was going abroad and did not want to take him with her.

We have a Band of Mercy which meets on the last Thursday in every month. There are thirty-eight members. We do all we can to help dumb animals by being kind to them.

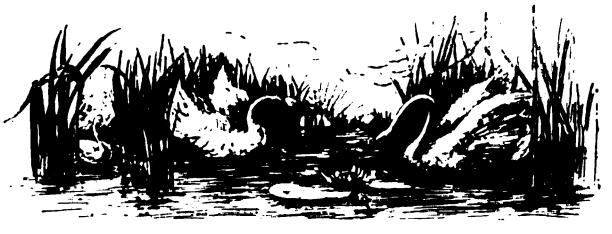
The little dog I spoke of is a Skye terrier and is very small. His name is Bibbins. My teacher says that the first night he was with her he would not sleep in the bathroom, but scratched at her door, and she let him in and he slept with her all night.

We have a dog, but he is so old and blind that he is not much use. He is a watch-dog, and his name is Crampe.

We also have a cat. She is gray and white, and a great thief. I can only say that we protect animals as well as we can.

I am Your affectionate reader,

FRANCES KENT.



The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

THE GENERAL CARE OF HORSES' FEET

CIVILIZATION and the domestication of the horse render it necessary for him to wear a metallic band around the sole and wall of the hoof to prevent its chipping and wearing away. In cities, where we find none but artificial roads of Belgian block, of asphalt, or of cobblestones, shoeing, and correct shoeing, is an absolute necessity to maintain the foot of the horse in proper condition.

It is safe to say that ninety per cent. of the blacksmiths know as little of the anatomy of the horse's foot as ordinary carpenters. They are therefore unfit to "dress a foot" or to prepare and fit a shoe. In order that we may be clearly understood, we must ask the reader to follow us through a brief anatomical description of the foot.

The foot of the horse consists of soft tissues enclosed in a hard, horny substance called the hoof, which is divided into the wall, the sole, and an elastic tissue called the frog. The frog is triangular in shape, and has the double function of preventing the jarring of the soft tissues and of controlling, or rather producing, the expansion and contraction of the heels. For convenience of study, we will imagine a complete foot split in two from before backwards and from above downwards.

Starting from the centre of the horny box and proceeding outward we find: 1st, the third phalanx or coffin bone; 2d, the navicular bone and the lower extremity of the second phalanx, together with the four ligaments that bind that articulation, forming the articulation of the foot; 3d, the complementary apparatus of the pedal bone; 4th, the matrix of the hoof.

To these parts must be added the blood-vessels and nerves, which are very numerous. The lateral cartilages are two cartilages which protrude from the lateral extremities of the pedal bone and act as a support or as props for the bone. They are united behind and below by the planter cushion, a fibrous, elastic mass on which the navicular bone rests through the medium of the perforans tendon. The planter cushion is a kind of wedge that is inserted between the cartilages and between the perforans tendon and the lower part of the horny box. Numerous blood-vessels and nerves complete this tissue, which is homogeneous, and contains some adipose or fat cells.

The keratogenous membrane or flesh of the foot envelops the extremity of the digit, and is of partly soft and partly horny tissue. It is covered throughout by the hoof, as a foot is covered by a shoe. The coronary band is the matrix of the wall, and is lodged in a groove at the upper border of the horny case. The extremities bend downward at the heel of the foot and run together to form the sole. The laminæ are plates of dense, soft, elastic tissue covering the anterior and lateral sides of the soft tissues of the foot. The velvety tissue is the covering of the sole of the foot. The hoof is composed of a series of minute tubes each of which has a distinct wall, with one or more layers. These tubes contain a moisture which is necessary to the horn, and are connected by a glutinous substance called the intertubular tissue. Studied as a whole, the entire foot represents a box. Set squarely on the ground, it is seen to be much inclined toward the toe (at an angle of forty-five degrees), but this inclination gradually decreases around the quarter, where the foot should be nearly perpendicular, bulging out slightly at the sole.

One of the gravest errors of the farrier is to apply hot shoes to see where they burn the hoof, and then to cut off the burned portion. The hot shoe dries up the moisture of the foot. By the expansion of the solid tissues the little hollow tubes of the horn become closed, and if the hoof be continually deprived of its moisture the box is finally broken and the horse is ruined. Another great fault of the farrier is not to have the surface of the shoe perfectly flat, and bevelled from above the centre of the shoe inwards, so that it will not rest on the sole but on the wall of the hoof. When the surface is not perfectly level, every step the animal takes acts directly as a blow, that bruises the part of the foot upon which it falls, and that often causes serious disease. Again, the farrier will leave the heel of the shoe bearing directly on the heel of the foot, which produces corns. Again, he may make the heels of the shoes too wide apart and cause contraction of the heels of the feet. He often dresses the foot so that it does not rest perfectly straight on the ground, thereby taking the pressure off the line of gravitation, and causing splints, ring-bones, side-bones, spavin, curbs, or "interfering." Farriers sometimes dress the toe away too much, which causes contraction of the foot and navicular disease. By taking the weight off the tendons and throwing the articulation forward, a condition arises which is known as "knuckling." In fact, barring accidents and special diseases, we feel safe in saying that all lameness can be traced to the evil effects of bad shoeing. A *law* ought to be enacted *compelling all blacksmiths to pass an examination* in the *anatomy* of the *horse's foot.*

The following rules should be faithfully observed:

Never allow a blacksmith to apply a hot shoe to your horse's foot.

Always see that the foot is dressed so that when it is on the ground it is perfectly straight all around, with the front wall at an angle of forty-five degrees.

See that the surface of the shoe lies perfectly flat on the anvil and is bevelled on its inner border. The shoe should be about an eighth of an inch larger than the foot. The nails of the shoe should never come through more than three-quarters of an inch from the border.

At least twice a week the horse's feet should be soaked in water that is the temperature of the body, or about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

Always keep the stable clean, and cleanse the feet thoroughly every morning, using tepid water. Extremely hot or extremely cold water should never be applied to the legs of a horse.

THE HORSE: ITS EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL ORGANIZATION. An Illustrated Representation and Brief Description. By A. Schwarz. Revised and Edited by George Fleming, C.B., LL.D., F.R.C.V.S. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Price, $1.25.

Persons who desire to be intelligently humane to an animal which is constantly in use ought, as far as possible, to become acquainted with its anatomical and physiological structure. With Mr. Schwarz's ingenious manual in hand, any one who wishes may become thoroughly acquainted with the external and internal organization of the horse. Twenty pages of letterpress are devoted to a description of the parts of the animal, and then follows the picture, or, rather, pictures, which we shall now endeavor to describe.

At first sight, one sees only the picture of a handsome horse, with numbers at different points indicating the parts of the animal, of which a list is given in the table of references. After a careful study of this picture the student will be able to recognize and describe every visible part of the horse in correct language. Turning over the leaf, he finds the bony structure of the animal presented and numbered in the same way, and by studying this picture he will speedily be able to mention and describe every bone of the horse's skeleton. Opposite to this is the same horse, only the skeleton is now concealed by the tissues, so as to show the circulation of the blood—figures and references as before. Turning this over, we find a representation of the horse's muscles, and then comes the most curious figure of all, for here there is presented all the rest of the internal economy of the horse. Conspicuous at first sight is the heart, and, on moving two light flaps, one is enabled to see the internal organism of the heart as well as the external. Then, in like manner, he may see the internal and external working of the lungs, kidneys, stomach, and intestines. The whole illustration is ingenious, and, with this cheap and useful manual at command, no one can henceforth excuse himself if he does not know how a horse is made.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY, OR, ORPHEUS AT THE ZOO, AND OTHER PAPERS. By C. J. Cornish. With illustrations from photographs, by Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S., and from Japanese drawings. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price, $3.50.

It is impossible to describe this magnificent volume. It contains studies of animal life in captivity at the Zoo and elsewhere, with the addition of many incidental essays on kindred subjects. Every page of the volume is as delightful as it is instructive, and its facts are as curious as fiction. Nothing could be more curious than the experiments by which "Orpheus" ascertained that the animals confined at the Zoo were extremely sensitive to music. When a violin was played in their presence, they never failed to be affected by the concord of sweet sounds, while discords were invariably followed by signs of disturbance or even of terror. It was proved that the Indian stories of the effect of music upon snakes are perfectly true. At the sound of the violin even the lizard raised its head, and its forked tongue played incessantly around its lips. Some of the black snakes behaved in much the same way. The pythons showed their interest only by a quickened respiration, while the boa was at once attracted, and extended its head with a tremulous motion. The cobra more than justified the Indian stories. At the first note it raised its head; presently it raised its whole body in the traditional attitude on its tail, and spread its hood, slowly oscillating from one side to the other, as the violin played waltz time. At the tremolo it puffed its body out. The rattlesnake listened intently, but was less sensitive than the cobra until a rapid and merry tune was played, when its hood expanded to the utmost dimensions. Polar bears which were lying asleep aroused themselves, approached the musician, walking backwards and forwards, and uttering some half-formed sound, until, on a fresh burst of music, they stood up, spread their arms wide, and pushed their muzzles between the bars. The grizzlies assumed an air of comical and critical attention. The wolves seemed to be frightened; the Indian wolf showed signs of abject fear, trembling violently, and retreating to the back of the cage. The wild sheep of the Himalayas came forward to listen, their ears pointed forward to catch the sounds. The wild boar was the most appreciative of all the animal admirers of music. The apes were frightened. Most of the other quadrumana listened with apparent curiosity, but a big baboon assumed a comical look of disgust and surprise.

We have referred to only one of the chapters of Mr. Cornish's book. We can assure our readers that all the others are equally entertaining.

THE special double number for April of *The Animals' Friend*, London, England, contains letters from prominent persons in support of the Cruel Sports Bill. Bishop Mitchinson, the Deans of Ely and Durham, the Head-masters of Rugby and Haileybury, all protest against the sporting tendencies of the age. The Dean of Durham writes: "It seems incredible, but is, I believe, quite true that in some parts of England estates have been bought solely in order to turn them into game preserves, and we know, only too well, the disastrous value of Scottish deer forests. You see, I take a gloomy view of amusements indulged in at the expense of both the animals worried or killed and of the community. We are calling out that the people are to be restored to the soil, and every year seems to make this more unlikely." The Head-master of Haileybury says: "I have no first-hand knowledge of the hunting of carted tame deer, . . . neither have I seen rabbit-coursing, but if half the things are true which are reported of it, it is one of the most abominable pursuits imaginable. . . . Shooting of pigeons from traps I have seen, and cannot imagine how it can be defended."

IN the Easter number of *Harper's Young People*, issued April 9, we find an article most appropriate to the season, entitled "Raising and Keeping of Pets—Chickens and the Chicken-Coop," by E. Chase. A simple model of a poultry house heads the page. Any boy or girl can understand the author's description of how such a house is made, how the floors should be raised three or four inches from the ground, how the nests should be placed on a floor, with a shelf above,

which is just high enough to allow the hen to get in and out comfortably, but which overhangs the nest, so that she can have a feeling of secrecy while brooding. The author, of course, insists upon sun, air, and cleanliness, and he advises that the interior of the house be whitewashed every two or three months.

"THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COCK FIGHTING," by Ernest Ingersoll, in the April number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, is a sketch of that ancient sport in its different phases of brutality. The full-page drawing represents cock-fighting in India. C. T. Drew has an article, entitled "Indian Tribesmen of the Himalayas," which treats of the Brahmin and his habits, of the wonders of jugglery, of apes, and of snakes. Then follows a most interesting account by Frank H. Chapman of "Taxidermy as an Art," in which the author claims that "to stuff an animal is a trade which any one with an average amount of mechanical skill can master; to mount an animal is an art requiring inborn talent." The illustrations to Mr. Chapman's article are excellent. One page is given over to drawings of the successive stages of mounting a chimpanzee. We agree with the author that the mounted Labrador ducks, at the American Museum of Natural History, are the finest examples of the taxidermist's art. The ducks are placed in surroundings that are startlingly natural. They form the most beautiful bird group in the Museum.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION of April 11 is an Easter number, with an especially designed cover that encloses the usual variety of bright articles and stories. Of the Easter stories, the best, we think, is "A Corner in Eggs," by Mary L. B. Branch. "Dorothy's Easter" is prettily told by Martha Fairbanks Blanchard. "Little Redcoats," by Mary Sawyer, is an account of "the education of a lively family of squirrels." The author is most happy in her descriptions of the mother squirrel, whom she calls an "arboreal Mrs. Gummidge." Before the family—near whose house and in whose cherry-tree Mrs. Gummidge lodged—became acquainted with her, the little creature was a most melancholy squirrel. "Her coat was draggled, her tail drooped, she seemed to shiver as she shrank closer into her red fur when the May breezes played around her." As soon, however, as her children were grown old enough to be companionable, she showed herself a proud and happy mother.

IN the April number of *St. Nicholas* is an article by Louise E. Hogan upon "Butterfly Pets," charmingly illustrated by Meredith Nugent. The four butterflies were not captured with a view to depriving them of outdoor life in their natural element of sunshine, but when it was too cold for them in the fields, their days and their happiness were prolonged six weeks in the home of the kind-hearted little boy who chose them for pets, and who valued a living Archippus more than any number of dead ones. "Wild Mice, Rats, and Gophers" form the subject of Mr. Hornaday's thirteenth paper of the series "Quadrupeds of North America." The illustrations by J. Carter Beard and Meredith Nugent show the long-legged jumping mouse, the kangaroo rat, the red pocket-gopher, the muskrat, and many more besides. We find each new article of the series as attractive as its predecessors. Chapter XI. of "Three Freshmen—Ruth, Fran, and Nathalie," by Jessie M. Anderson, tells how Ruth influenced Fran to join an Audubon Society. There is a good lesson in this chapter, and a clear account of how a birds' protection society may be organized among schoolgirls and college girls.

"INSECT HOUSES" is the title of an article by Charles M. Younge, in the *Young People's Magazine* for April. "No insects," says the author, "excel the ant and the bee as house-builders, mechanical engineers, or architects;" but the leaf-rolling weevils, the tineids, and the clothes-moths are as wonderful in their way. All boys and girls will be interested in Mr. Younge's description of these extraordinarily ingenious homes.

OUR VOICELESS is the title of a new monthly journal, which is the official organ of the Iowa Humane Society. Vol. I., No. 1, for April, publishes the Society's first Annual Report, an account of the Annual Meeting, notices of Societies in other States and abroad, and articles of interest to every one who is engaged in humane work. Although the Iowa Humane Society was originally organized in 1884, President Gatchell's address is his first formal Annual Report. Reorganized in 1892, the Society took a firmer hold upon the hearts of the people, and is now working with the energetic coöperation of the citizens of Des Moines. "The first number of *Our Voiceless*," modestly say the editors, "is not our ideal of what the official representative of the Iowa Humane Society is to be—neither in matter nor in mechanical excellence. It is rather a reaching out of the hand for such support and recognition by the humane people of this great midland country as will justify the expenditure and remunerate the skill and labor necessary for the production of a first-class illustrated monthly." The first number of *Our Voiceless* justifies the hopes of its editors, and we wish the journal all possible success.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IS well printed and illustrated, ably written, and original in matter, addressing the higher tastes, without, however, being above the intelligence of children.—*Sunday-School Times*, Philadelphia.

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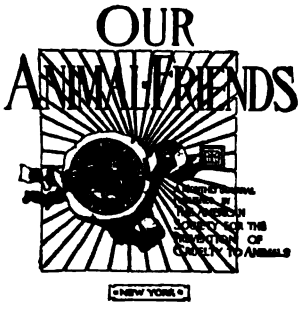

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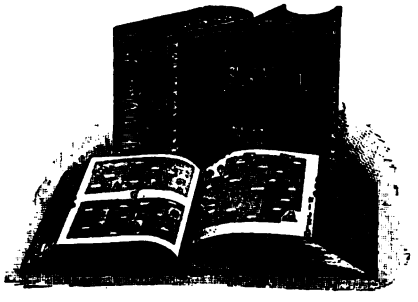

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The notable features of the volume just completed were the large space given to the exposition of the work and progress of American painters, and the generous allowance of instructive, as well as entertaining semi-scientific papers which give substance as well as beauty to this magazine.

The remarkable reproductions of living flowers which have distinguished this magazine in the past are continued in the April number of ***The Monthly Illustrator,*** within the pages of a bright little article by a new writer on outdoor themes, Helen Ingersoll. These are pictures of living irises, whose botany and culture not only, but also their folk-lore and romance, are considered under the title "Lilies of France," since they are supposed to be the *fleurs-de-lis* of Orleans.

HARRY C. JONES
Editor and Publisher
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JOHN P. HAINES
PRESIDENT

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V. 7.

Vol. XXII NEW YORK, JUNE, 1895 No. 10

THE SHELTER FOR ANIMALS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WHAT HAS BEEN PROVED BY A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE

IT is just about a year since the legislature of the State of New York passed a law under which The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals was made the legal protector of lost, strayed, and homeless animals in this city. The old pound ordinance was abolished, and the Society was authorized to fulfil the functions of the former pound-master. This act was passed both for the protection of the animals themselves and for the protection of the rights of their owners. It was rightly supposed that in the capture of stray animals they would, when taken, be kindly treated; that their owners, if they had any, would have every opportunity to redeem them; and that, whenever it should be necessary, the helpless creatures would be painlessly destroyed. It was hoped that the citizens would be freed from the danger and annoyance of homeless dogs and cats, with which certain parts of the city were infested; and it was also hoped that the abolition of the muzzle ordinance would demonstrate the needlessness of subjecting inoffensive animals to a species of torture during the period which a popular superstition still continues to call the "dog days."

These hopes and expectations have been justified. The agents of the Society have found it wholly unnecessary to resort to any cruelty in the performance of their duties; the animals, when conveyed to the Shelter, are comfortably lodged, well fed, and kindly treated; many valuable animals have been redeemed by their owners; for many others kind owners have been found; when it is impossible otherwise to dispose of them, they are destroyed without pain, and, indeed, without so much as the fear of pain. Many thousands of cats and dogs have thus been cared for, and whole districts have been relieved of noisome pests. The summer of 1894, during which dogs in the city of New York were permitted to go freely without muzzles, was the only summer of the past thirty years in which there was no "mad dog scare," not even so much as a rumor of hydrophobia having passed into circulation. Last, but not least, the license system, as it is carried out by the Society, has proved to be a valuable security to the owners of dogs, and the liberal reward which the Society offers for the detection of any person who may steal a dog bearing a license tag has proved to be an effectual preventive of larcenies of that kind. Cats, also, when they wear a collar, as required by the law, with the name and residence of its owner stamped thereon, can easily be recovered if they are captured while straying from their homes.

The successful administration of the law would have been much more difficult than it has proved to be, if the citizens of New York had not given their confidence and support to the Society. The work has been both onerous and difficult, sometimes delicate; but the earnest endeavor of the Society to act in the interest of the animals, and also of their owners, has been so fairly and fully appreciated that the burden of difficulty has been reduced to a minimum, and the officers of the Society have been both cheered and encouraged by the consciousness of popular confidence and approval.

EXTENSION OF THE LAWS TO BROOKLYN—A BROOKLYN SHELTER

During the present session of the legislature of the State, the successful administration of the law in this city has been signally recognized by an amendment to the law under which the work of the Society has been extended to the city of Brooklyn. This act was passed on the recom-

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mendation and at the request of the mayor and other citizens of Brooklyn, who had observed the advantages which had attended the operation of the law in New York. Accordingly, the execution of the same law has been begun in Brooklyn; but, with one exception, the Society's work there is entirely separate from the work in New York. As the Society already has a Brooklyn office, so it has now established a shelter for strayed and homeless animals in that city. The Brooklyn corps of agents and officers is entirely distinct from that of the city of New York. In only one particular is there any direct relation between the two departments, and that is altogether in the interest of the owners of dogs. A Brooklyn license will henceforth be good for New York, and *vice versa*, so that a dog licensed in Brooklyn may be brought to New York, or a New York dog may be taken to Brooklyn, and allowed to run at large, not only without fear of capture, but also with all the protection the Society can give against thieves.

We have reason to believe that the law extending the work of the Society in caring for lost, strayed, and homeless animals to the city of Brooklyn is generally approved by the citizens, and we trust that their approbation may be as fully justified as that of the citizens of New York. There, as here, there are difficulties to be encountered in the establishment of a new system and in the organization of a new corps of agents and officers; but in our Brooklyn work we shall have the great advantage of the experience which has been gained in this city. The officers of the Society will do their best; and, with the same encouragement that they have had in New York, they hope to accomplish all that can rightly or reasonably be expected of them.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS AT GENEVA ON THE PROTECTION OF SMALL BIRDS

WE have received the Annual Report of the Society for the Protection of Animals at Geneva, Switzerland, including a brief account of the International Congress for the Protection of Animals which was held at Berne on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of August, 1894. Among the delegates to the Congress were many who had come from distant lands, and their deliberations, though exceedingly laborious, were of great interest. The two principal subjects of discussion were vivisection, and the protection of birds from wanton destruction.

On the latter subject there was great unanimity, and many eloquent appeals were made in favor of the preservation of small birds, and particularly of the swallow. It was observed that if the needless destruction of birds were not checked, it would have serious consequences for the agricultural interest, since the pitiless massacre of millions of the winged servants of mankind is attended with economic consequences which are certain to make themselves felt. The small birds are nature's own appointed instruments to check the undue increase of innumerable insects and parasites which infest the fields, the vines, the trees, and the gardens of all countries, so that the farmer, the gardener, the vine-dresser, and the orchard-keeper have no more valuable servants than the small birds which are wantonly destroyed, mostly to gratify the vanity of a capricious fashion. On this subject there was no dissension in the Congress, the delegates being not only unanimous, but enthusiastic, in their support of any and all measures that might be necessary for the protection of birds.

NO ARGUMENT ON VIVISECTION

There was less unanimity, we regret to say, in the discussion of vivisection. On that subject there was a wide difference of opinion. Some of the delegates frankly maintained the necessity of vivisection, and justified it on the ground of the beneficial services which it has rendered to mankind. Other delegates as strenuously maintained that no animal ought to be subjected to vivisection, and, after a lively debate by distinguished speakers on both sides, the subject was dropped with no decision on the merits of the question. In the course of discussion, however, the delegates of Geneva, supported by the delegations from Neuchâtel and Fribourg, offered a motion that the Congress should approve the system of Geneva, including these four particulars:

First, that anæsthetics should be used in every case of vivisection in which their use is possible, and that the animal should always be killed after the operation, unless it is indispensable to keep it alive for the purpose of observation.

Second, that all vivisections by students should be prohibited.

Third, that only instruments of the best quality should be used.

Fourth, that no operation should be needlessly repeated.

LETTER OF MR. HAINES

These exceedingly moderate and reasonable propositions were in accordance with the views expressed by the President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in a letter addressed to the President of the Geneva Society shortly before the meeting of the Congress. In that letter it was earnestly urged that, while extreme views should be avoided, the Congress should pronounce with energy against all avoidable cruelties to animals which are subjected to vivisection. Mr. Haines said:

"I consider it the duty of all who are devoted to the protection of animals to denounce in unequivocal terms a multitude of atrocities for which there is no excuse.

"It is an inexcusable atrocity to subject any animal to pain which can be prevented by a conscientious use of anæsthetics.

"It is an inexcusable atrocity to perform painful operations upon animals merely for the purposes of demonstration to classes of medical students. The results of such experiments are well known. To repeat them is an unnecessary and gratuitous cruelty.

"It is an inexcusable atrocity to permit medical students and mere laymen to repeat painful physiological experiments which have already been performed, and needlessly performed, many thousands of times.

"I might greatly enlarge this list, but I would submit to the Congress this important point, that, by confining our objections to such wanton and gratuitous cruelties as these, we may hope to secure the support of right-minded members of the medical profession. The moderation of our own Society in this particular has conciliated many medical men; and if the medical faculty itself could be won to share our feelings in this matter, we should gain an influence for the protection of our dumb clients which is to be had in no other way."

It is much to be regretted that the proposals of the Geneva Society were not adopted by the Congress; and their failure is only another evidence that the propagation of true humanity to the dumb creatures of God is above all a matter of education. It is a strange fact that even an international congress for the protection of animals should hesitate to adopt a resolution deprecating *needless* infliction of cruelty in vivisection or anything else. Yet the discussion was valuable, since it ended with the adoption of a resolution offered by Miss Deighton in the following words: "Resolved, that the 11th International Congress for the Protection of Animals recommend to all protective societies to turn their attention to the question of vivisection."

If all societies for the protection of animals shall comply with this recommendation, it will surely not be long before they come to the conclusion that the infliction of *needless* suffering upon dumb animals, even when it is done in the name of science, ought to be not only discountenanced, but prohibited.

BREEDING HORSES FOR SPEED ALONE

OUR sensible contemporary, *The Rider and Driver*, continues its war against the foolish practice of breeding horses for mere speed. It rightly urges that "racing associations were organized primarily for the purpose of improving the breed of horses; not to improve the breed of racing horses as such." It maintains that breeders of horses make a great mistake when they aim at mere speed; because, while they may occasionally be successful in producing a horse of extraordinary fleetness, the great majority will fall short of the required standard, and will be as worthless for ordinary purposes as they are for racing.

In the interest of humanity, we heartily support these views, for the existence of a finely-bred but worthless horse is sure to be a pitiable existence; and we are glad to learn from *The Horseman* that the public is showing a good deal of indifference to trials of mere speed. Says *The Horseman*, "Time was when an attempt by a celebrated performer to break a record would attract an enormous crowd; but that day has passed; speed has become too universal in its distribution. When Robert J. paced at Galesburgh a mile in 2.02¾, the performance was greeted with an ominous silence, whereas, a few years ago, one within a second and a quarter of the record would have been hailed with the most uproarious delight. The public is sick, tired, and disgusted with the tin-cup record."

"The real root and cause of the change of sentiment," continues *The Horseman*, "is that the people love competition; they like, beyond all else in racing, to see *good horses* strive one against another." Horses that are all legs are not good horses. A good horse is good for everything, not

only for one thing. A horse that is good for only one thing, though that one thing should be to pace a mile in 2.02¼, is not a good horse. It is a pity that people should be at such pains to breed horses that are not good; but what we care about is that they are breeding horses, not one in one hundred of which will ever "break a record," while the great majority of them are foredoomed to miserable lives.

FOLLIES OF FEEDING AND LODGING DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

There are follies in feeding as well as follies in breeding. It is said that blindness in horses is more prevalent in America than in other countries, and the New York *World* says that blindness prevails more extensively among horses in Ohio than in any other section of the country. The cause of this remarkable fact is said to be overfeeding. Ohio horses are kept notoriously fat, and, as they are extensively exported from that State, it is said to be a common practice to fatten them with Indian corn in close stables before they are put upon the market. The digestive functions are injured by this treatment, and it is said that "blindness can be traced to a sympathetic relation between a disorder of the digestive organs and the brain." Overfeeding is a frequent cause of blind staggers and other diseases, as well as blindness, but we are inclined to think that blindness is more frequently caused by dark and ill-ventilated stables than by overfeeding. Except in extremely cold weather, horses and most other animals would be better off in open sheds than in the close stables in which they are usually kept.

It is a pity that people seem unable to remember that domestic animals should be kept as nearly as possible in their natural condition. A curious illustration of this fact has recently been observed in England. In American agricultural stations it has been found that turkeys bred in natural conditions, on clean and wholesome ground, untainted by themselves or other birds, were perfectly hardy. In England it has been found exceedingly difficult to rear the turkey successfully; but it has been proved by experiment that when they are left at liberty to run about at pleasure and allowed to roost in the trees, they rear their young successfully. In short, the less care taken of them, the more healthy the birds are. A writer in *The Field* gives it as a result of his observations and experiments, that "turkeys kept in a farmyard, near a house, are always more or less subject to disease, and the young are exceedingly delicate; but that, reared on fresh ground at a distance from the household, and allowed a free range, they are as healthy and hardy as any birds possibly can be." The meaning of this is simply that the turkey thrives best when it is allowed to live a life which is most natural to it; and, in this particular, the turkey does not differ in the least from other domestic animals.

A correspondent of an English journal writes from Weybridge to the editor as follows: "On January 9th I shot a bittern here close to the Thames." To this communication, the editor replies; "What a pity!" We share the editor's pity, but it rises in us to something like indignation. It is not only a pity, it is a shame, that human beings should be such pitiless fools as to take pride in killing a beautiful creature like the bittern, which injures no one when living, and which is of service to no one when dead. It is just such pitiless fools who are gradually exterminating these beautiful birds all along the Atlantic coast of our own country.

MICHAEL SCANLON, a coachman, in driving through Fifth Avenue when intoxicated, threw the horses, to the great danger of the occupant of the carriage. For this he was discharged. On returning to the stable he abused the proprietor as well as the stablemen, and grossly insulted Mr. S., a gentleman who boards his horse there. On being ordered to leave the premises, Scanlon swore he would get square. Later in the day he asked one of the employees, "In what stall does S. keep his horse?" The man replied, "I think in the last box stall on the next floor." He was mistaken, however, as the stall referred to was occupied by "Great Eastern," a famous trotting horse belonging to another boarder named S. Levy, while the horse owned by Mr. S. was lodged in the adjoining stall. Scanlon left the stable, but returned in the evening about half past eight, and, without being observed, ascended to the floor where the box stalls are.

The stable foreman, while making his rounds, visited "Great Eastern," and to his surprise found Scanlon in the stall. "What are you doing here?" he exclaimed. "You mind your own business," was Scanlon's insolent reply, and on being ordered away, he refused to go. He was finally forced down the stairs, and on examination the horse was found to have been stabbed several times in both fore legs. Every circumstance in the case pointed to Scanlon as the offender. The case was reported to the Society, and an officer was detailed to arrest Scanlon at once; but the order was more easily given than executed, for the man had left the city immediately after leaving the stable. He was finally discovered, arrested, arraigned, and held in $1,000 bail for trial at General Sessions; and on an indictment by the grand jury he was tried, convicted, and sentenced on Friday, April 26th, to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for six months.

Assistant District Attorney Townsend, in summing up for the prosecution, pleaded most earnestly for justice for his dumb client, and alluded to the Society and its work in eloquent language. Recorder Goff, in his charge to the trial jury, characterized the crime as most brutal. "To stab an inoffensive dumb animal," said the Recorder when sentencing the prisoner, "is cowardly in the extreme. From the commencement of the trial to the end, I had no doubt of your guilt."

The case was skilfully worked up by the Society's officers, and required much time and labor. The horse is so badly injured as to unfit it from being used as heretofore.

❁ ❁ ❁

COMPLAINTS having been received at the Society's Headquarters that many pet cats in the upper part of the city had been killed in a mysterious manner, officers watched the neighborhood night and day for several weeks without discovering the cause of the trouble. Finally, about two o'clock one morning, while Police Officer William T. Smith was patrolling his beat on East Sixty-fifth Street, a cat suddenly darted from out an area way, followed by two bull-dogs, which were urged on by a man named Edward Golden. Before the officer could interfere, the dogs had seized and killed the cat. Golden was profuse in his exclamations of sorrow at the untimely death of the cat, denied owning the dogs, and solemnly declared he was doing his best to save the cat's life. The officer believed him, and permitted him to depart, the dogs following him. About an hour later, however, while approaching the lower end of his beat, Smith again heard the growling of dogs, followed by what appeared to be the screaming of a child, issuing from the cellar of a vacant house. Proceeding cautiously towards the scene of the disturbance, he found Golden and several men surrounding the two bull-dogs, both of which were engaged in mangling a cat. "The sight almost sickened me," said the officer, "but the human brutes were actually enjoying it." Golden was dumbfounded when seized by the policeman, but had the effrontery to deny any participation in the cruel scene. He was subsequently tried and convicted by the Court of Special Sessions and fined. Since his arrest and conviction, the mysterious destruction of cats has ceased in the upper part of the city.

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FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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ELECTRIC FISHES

By L. J. Vance

THE subject of "Musical Fishes" in a recent number of Our Animal Friends directs attention to certain species of fishes which are endowed with still more wonderful organs, the function of which is the generation of electrical discharges.

The subject of electric fishes is doubly interesting just at this time, which is known as the age of electricity. Man now makes use of electricity in a hundred different ways—in traction on land and water, in telegraphy and telephony, in agriculture, in machinery of many kinds, in manufacturing, in metallurgy, in medicine and surgery, in bleaching, in heating and cooking, in warfare on land and sea, and in numerous other kinds of service.

There is no evidence or good reason for believing that the electricity generated by the organs of these fishes is of a different nature from that produced by appliances now in daily use. On the contrary, expert electricians assure us that the two phenomena are the same in kind. Even more wonderful is the statement of Dr. McKendrick, who has studied the subject very thoroughly, when he says:

"The organs (of electric fishes) for the production of electricity on an economical basis far surpass anything yet contrived by man. . . . Probably, also, their mechanism involves laws of electrical action at present unknown to the physicist, and they may serve as guides to the invention of better appliances for the production of electricity than any now in use."

It should be stated here that electric fishes are not rare, nor have they been known to people only within the past hundred years. These fishes have been known from early time. It is said that the ancient Hindoos and Arabs ascribed evil powers to these powerful fishes, and certain it is that the Egyptians and other African peoples knew of electric fish, since the *Malapterurus*, or thunder fish, is a native of the Nile, Niger, Senegal, and other African rivers.

Again, to show that electric fishes are not rare, we simply state the fact that there are swimming in the waters to-day about fifty species. Only five or six species have been at all carefully studied. These fishes differ widely; they belong to different families and even to different orders. Their structures resemble those of the species to which they severally belong, the variation being chiefly in the possession of organs for producing electric discharges. Some of the best known species may be named, as follows: The *Torpedo* (a member of the skate family), found in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; the *Malapterurus*, found, as we have said, in the Nile, Niger, and Senegal rivers—indeed, the Nile is rich in electric fishes; the well-known "electric rays," found in the Mediterranean Sea, Indian and Atlantic oceans; then, the *Gymnotus*, an eel found in the lagoons in the region of the Orinoco, South America. Thus we see that some inhabit fresh waters and others the ocean.

Baron Humboldt's account of the exciting scene which he witnessed in the lagoons of South America has often been quoted, but it is believed to be highly colored. According to Humboldt, the Indians had a custom of driving horses into waters inhabited by electric eels, which, after expending their strength and electricity on the animals, were easily harpooned and captured. "The struggle," he writes, "was a great sight. The Indians, armed with harpoons and long, slender reeds, closely surrounded the pool, and by their wild cries and long reeds prevented the horses from returning to the bank." A most brutal sport, and one, we hope, that is exaggerated by the narrator.

A vivid account of what an electric eel looks like appeared about two years ago in the London *Spectator*. The writer says: "Its appearance is lurid, sombre, and repulsive. Its belly glows like red-hot iron, as if fresh from a lake of living fire. Its back is dark and shining, as if tinged by inky *Cocytus*. Around its lips and jaws are glowing spots like bubbles of hot metal. The colors meet in a line along the side, and the creature, when drawn from the water, looks as though formed of two welded portions of iron, the one hot, the other cold, just plunged in a blacksmith's cistern. Small eyes, blue and bleared, are set in the top of a blunt, ferocious head, from which the strong, muscular body tapers gradually to a point at the tail. Such, at least, is the appearance of the two electric eels at the Zoo."

The largest of these two eels in Regent's Park

was about four and a half feet in length, with a thick, deep body. It weighed, perhaps, from sixteen to eighteen pounds. The writer of the *Spectator* article wanted to feel the force of the shock, and the biggest eel was raised to the surface by a net. His experience can be told best in his own words. "When grasped," he says, "in the middle of the back, there was just time to realize that it (the eel) had none of the 'lubricity' of the common eel. The first shock passed up the arm with a 'flicker' identical with that which a zigzag flash of lightning leaves upon the eye, as it seemed, with equal speed. A second and third felt like a blow upon the 'funny bone,' and the hand and arm were involuntarily thrown back with a jerk which flung the water backwards on the pavement and on the keeper." A second and even a third trial were no more successful than the first one. The shocks were too strong to be resisted, and the eel had to be dropped like a hot cake.

Some of our readers may be curious to know something about the physical formation of the special organs in fishes which produce electrical force. The subject has been studied from different points of view, and much valuable information has been obtained. The German scientists, Fritsch and E. du Bois-Reymond, have investigated the structure of the organs, and have made many interesting and curious experiments in order to ascertain the mode of action of these organs, etc. In England Drs. Burdon-Sanderson, Gotch, Williamson, and Todd have examined electric rays and electric eels with different purposes in view, such as the power and duration of the shocks, the nature both of the organs and of the discharge. Thus, quite a mass of information concerning electric fishes has been gathered, and yet no one can say how the creatures have been endowed with such organs and powers.

At the risk of being tedious and technical, the following important facts may be briefly stated. It has been found that the electric organs of these fishes are not separate tissues distinct from the others, but simply a modification of elementary tissues. They are regulated by the nervous system, are under the control of the creature, and are apparently without insulation.

There are two types of electrical organs; one is related in structure to muscle, as in the torpedo and the ray; the other is more of the character of a secreting gland, as in the *Malapterurus* or thunder fish.

There seem to be three parts to these living electric batteries: (1) electric centre in the brain or spinal cord; (2) the nerves going to the electric organ; and (3) the electric organ itself. It is said, however, that electricity is generated in the electric organ, and can be produced only when set in action by nervous impulse transmitted from the electric centres by the electric nerves.

Now, the electric organs of the thunder fish of the Nile are not muscular in their origin. They form a layer beneath the skin, covering the body except the head and fins. This peculiar tissue Professor Fritsch regards as an altered condition of the skin glands. It is honeycomb-like in structure, and consists of an enormous number of club-shaped cells. Fritsch calculates that a full-grown thunder fish is supplied with 2,000,000 of these cells.

Each of the electric cells has a separate nerve, and the nerves spring from one nerve filament, which originates in a single big nerve cell. There are two of these big cells, side by side—one for each side of the body.

As we have said, the electric discharge is under the control of the fish. It can vary the strength of the shock; but just how that is done is not known. The strength of the "shock" is different in different fishes. The most powerful discharges are those given by the *Gymnotus;* next come those of the thunder fish; while those of the *Torpedo* and ray are the weakest. In the *Gymnotus* the current runs from the tail to the head; in the *Torpedo* it passes from the belly to the back; in the thunder fish from the head to the tail.

The expert electrician is surprised when he learns that the batteries of electric fishes are not insulated. He cannot quite understand how the fish is protected from its own currents which pass with the greatest intensity through the brain and spinal cord. How is it that the creatures themselves are not affected in the least? They do not show any muscular movement or contraction after a powerful discharge with which Du Bois-Reymond stiffened frogs, and killed or rendered unconscious such fishes as pike, chub, and tench.

Finally, the discharge of the electric organs is not a continuous flow of electricity, but it is made up of a great number of discharges in wonderfully rapid succession. Thus the electric discharge of the *Torpedo* is at the rate of two hundred times in the second, but, as the nerves become exhausted, the number falls to one or two a second.

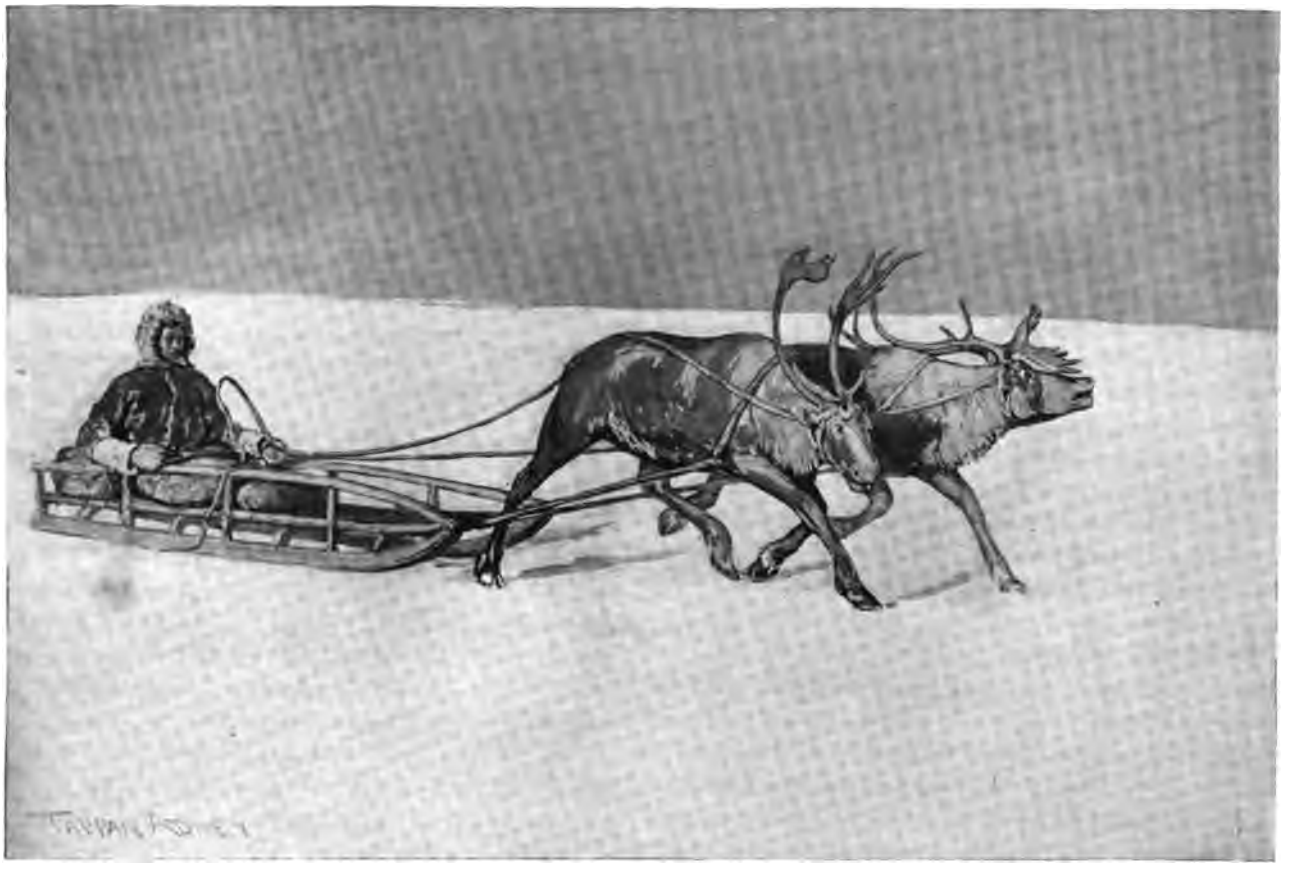
OUR REINDEER EXPERIMENT

BY TAPPAN ADNEY

WHEN the United States Revenue Marine Steamer "Bear" left Port Townsend on the 25th of May, 1891, she was bound on an errand of more peculiar interest than that usually offered by her annual cruise to Behring Sea. The project which Captain Healy was to assist in carrying out, in addition to his duties as sole representative of the United States Government on that far northern coast, was not only for the immediate relief of humanity (for there would have been nothing unusual in that), but one which might prove the means for the development of a barren tract of country equal in area to the New England and the Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. This tract of 400,000 square miles, useless for cultivation, is the Alaska which we purchased from Russia; but it must be remembered that its wealth, except for certain gold deposits, and some timber in the southern part, lies along the coast. The possibilities of the barren interior, however, a moss and grass covered tundra, were certainly never suspected then, nor are they fully known now, by a large number of tolerably well-informed people. It is to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and the societies and gentlemen whom he interested in the subject, that credit must be given for the very first step in this direction. Dr. Jackson long foresaw that the civilization of the Esquimaux of Alaska must begin in a more material way than many Christians are apt to think. It was the physical welfare of those people that needed the first attention of philanthropists. The Indians of Southern Alaska (which is the "Alaska" of the tourist) had already, in a measure, been attended to. But Northern Alaska, the great northwest end of the continent, four thousand miles to the northward of us, and stretching so far west toward Asia that San Francisco itself stands on a meridian only half way between the Aleutian Islands and Eastport, Maine—this Alaska was sparsely peopled by Esquimaux. It was seldom visited except by whalers and sealers, and even now but once a year is any representative of the government seen there, and mails are received and despatched but once a year. This Esquimaux population, living on the coast, subsisted on fish, seal, walrus, and whales. Whenever there was a scarcity of these creatures, the winter following would be one of great hardship. In the fierce struggle for existence the race barely survived, and the population of Alaska has been steadily decreasing. At last the whales were driven away by the whalers, and sought comparative safety in the Arctic Ocean. The seals were driven off by the sealers, while inroads were made upon the once abundant walrus. The salmon canneries in Southern Alaska commenced the extermination of the fish. Thus cut off from their natural food supply, whole villages were swept away by starvation, as photographs of their bleaching bones and deserted huts testify. Dr. Jackson, as Superintendent of Education in Alaska, foresaw the end that was surely approaching, and, fired with an intense enthusiasm, he interested certain religious societies, which established mission schools at scattered points on the Alaskan coast; but he saw that, sooner or later, unless something better could be done, the Esquimaux must become mere pensioners upon the government, a policy that, in the case of our Indians, has done more than anything else to retard the effort to make them industrious and worthy citizens. It was a happy moment, indeed, when a plan suggested itself that would solve the problem of the Esquimaux's daily meal, and might prove as profitable to citizens of the United States as the destruction of whales and seals. It was none other than to introduce upon the barren tundra the domesticated reindeer of Lapland, a country which, but for the reindeer, would be uninhabitable by man. He would train the Esquimaux to the care of herds which would furnish them with food and clothes and means of transportation. There were many obstacles to be expected, some real and some imaginary. Congress refused to give the needed help; then (as may be remembered) an appeal was made through the public press to the people of the United States, and with two thousand and odd dollars thus raised, the first steps were taken to carry out the plan. Nothing could have been, but for the assistance of the Secretary of the Treasury, who

placed at the disposal of Dr. Jackson the service of the revenue steamer "Bear." And when the final reckoning is made, it may be found that credit for the success of the undertaking will be due hardly more to Dr. Jackson himself than to the hearty coöperation of the several Secretaries of the Treasury, and of Captain Healy, the commander of the "Bear."

It was thought that it would be necessary to go to Lapland for the deer. In Siberia, only across the strait from Alaska, were Esquimaux possessing large herds of reindeer. But it was understood that the superstitious Koriaks would not sell live reindeer, deeming it bad luck; and having hitherto supplied the Alaskan Esquimaux with deer skins for clothing, they might also consider it bad policy to part with them. Again, it was asked, Would the reindeer bear ship transportation? Would there be sufficient food for them? And would the Esquimaux themselves take kindly to the innovation? Finally, even if all these questions were settled satisfactorily, could the native dogs be kept from molesting the deer? In view of these uncertainties, it was deemed wise, in the words of Dr. Jackson, "to make haste slowly." To-day every question has been answered. The "Bear," after many days of bargaining, and only after the deer men had gone through a curious ceremony of plucking hair from the deer and throwing it to the winds, secured sixteen deer, which were turned loose on one of the Aleutian Islands after a successful transportation of a thousand miles in severe gales. The following year these were found by the "Bear" to be in good condition, with two fawns added to their number. And as to food, it was found that in the interior of Alaska there was a great abundance of grass, and especially of the moss which the deer particularly affect.



A station—named the Teller Reindeer Station, in honor of the Hon. Henry M. Teller, the ex-Secretary of the Interior, who has taken a leading part in all that has been done—was then established near Port Clarence, forty miles south of Behring Strait, and three thousand one hundred

and eighty-five miles northwest of San Francisco. Congress having now stepped in with an appropriation, and further appropriations being made afterward, deer were purchased each year and placed at the station, together with several Siberian herders, who were to take charge of the herds and instruct the young Esquimaux in the care of deer. Once again it became necessary to call upon private individuals for money, on account of the insufficiency of the Congressional allowance; the government seeming to think that it is better to spend millions of dollars for the support of paupers than to spend a few thousands to make them self-supporting.

It was evident at the start that the Reindeer Station should be in charge of some one familiar with the habits and accustomed to the care of deer, and that he should be an intelligent white man. Accordingly advertisements were inserted in Scandinavian papers, and several hundred replies were received, all agreeing that it would be necessary to procure native Laplanders, together with the trained dogs. A Scandinavian, Mr. William A. Kjelmann, has been made superintendent of the station, and has gone to Lapland to procure a few Lapps and their families to act as herdsmen.

It was natural to look to Lapland for trained herdsmen rather than Siberia, because it is in Lapland that the management of reindeer is understood in perfection. Much information was secured by Dr. Jackson concerning the deer in Lapland, which it might be worth while to repeat here, except that we already have at hand a report from our new station concerning the deer introduced into Alaska. Although it is dated two years ago, Mr. Miner W. Bruce (who was really the first superintendent), had already made some interesting and important observations. In the fall of 1893, there were three hundred and forty-six reindeer in the herd, nearly one-third being fawns.

Naturally, Mr. Bruce did not delay the training of a dozen deer to draw sledges, adopting the method in vogue among the Siberians. A Siberian reindeer harness is a simple affair. A strap of seal hide is passed over the deer's shoulders, somewhat after the manner of a horse's breast strap, except, instead of having a trace on each side, one end of the strap is passed across the breast between the animals's legs, and is fastened to a single tug on the right-hand side. When two deer thus harnessed are driven side by side, as is the usual custom, it will be seen that one deer is directly in front of the sled, while the other is off to one side. No bit is used. Two straps are passed around the head, one in front and one behind the horns, and are connected by a short strap. To the right-hand side of this headstall a single line is attached, having at the other end a loop which the driver secures about the wrists in such a way that in case of an upset, about all he can do is to hold on to the lines and be dragged until the team is winded.

The deer are guided simply by throwing the line to the right or left as desired. The sled is the same as the Esquimaux dog sleds. It is eight or ten feet long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot high. The runners are of wood shod with whalebone, and there is a railing built around to hold the passenger or baggage in place. Frequently in Siberia the platform of the sled is built upon arched reindeer horn. The whole is tied together, not a nail being used.

Sometimes a team of dogs would attack a deer team, but in that case the driver needed only to run to the deer's heads to give them confidence, when they would turn upon their assailants, striking savagely with their sharp fore hoofs. Sometimes the result of an attack would be a mad chase in which the dog teams were winded after several miles. But certainly the dogs were not so troublesome to the deer as to sheep in the United States, which is the more surprising as there were upwards

of three hundred prowling, snarling, yelping, hungry wolf-dogs near the herd.

The gait of the reindeer is smooth, and (as the writer knows of his own experience with its near relative, the woodland caribou) the animal makes better time than it seems. It thrusts its nose out level with its back, and trots square, over-reaching with its long hind legs. It rarely breaks into a gallop, and then chiefly when suddenly alarmed. It can travel as fast as a horse or faster, in spite of its small size, being not larger than a small Jersey heifer.

Milking has been tried at the station, but not with great success, and only after throwing the animal down and sitting on her neck. Even then it was deemed necessary by the Siberians to adopt the natural method, which they did with seemingly great satisfaction. Even in Lapland it is said that the deer when milked is always thrown, the man holding her down while his wife milks. The milk is very rich, like cream, but only about a pint is given at a milking.

The Esquimaux have taken extraordinary interest in the new herd. Natives have come three or four hundred miles expressly to see the deer. It is intended that capable young Esquimaux shall serve an apprenticeship of two years and then be put in charge each of a herd of his own and sent to his own village, where he can, in turn, instruct others. But it may be necessary to keep the herd together longer than that, for four or five hundred deer are needed to support a family. Reindeer require much watching, as they wander long distances for food, unless it is plentiful, and even, like the caribou in Newfoundland, perform regular migrations twice a year. The herd must, therefore, be watched by day and by night. A deer in Alaska will haul from fifty to seventy-five pounds besides a man, which is said to be all they should be required to draw. The number of miles they ought to be driven at a stretch is doubtless overestimated, and has not yet been determined under Alaskan conditions. The great advantage deer possess over dogs for travelling is that it is impossible to make a journey with dogs of more than a certain number of hundreds of miles, owing to the impossibility of hauling sufficient food for the team. But a deer feeds wherever it goes. It is only necessary to stop, say about four times a day, and tether the animals by a rope; and as it is impossible in winter to drive a stake into that frozen ground, the deermen select a small hummock, which they chop with the hatchet so as to leave a sort of upright head, over which they slip a loop on the end of the sixty-foot tether.

In our reindeer experiment we have reached the end of the beginning, and the practical results have begun already to appear. If the appropriations of Congress are continued, the whole of barren Alaska will be stocked, beyond the possibility of doubt, with millions of deer, not only giving employment and support to thousands of natives, but being the future source from which we shall obtain the skins for gloves, etc., and (in view of the extinction and rarity of other furs) for carriage and sleigh robes.

In Lapland the deer, taxed at $1.00 per head, yield the government a revenue of $400,000.

But there will be yet another benefit. At present, communication with the outside world is possible but once a year, and in winter not even the native villages can communicate with each other; so that a village or a ship's crew would perish before relief could be sent for. With reindeer, travelling so much faster than dogs, a regular, say a monthly, post route could be maintained with Northern Alaska. The great whaling fleet which winters in the Arctic at the mouth of the Mackenzie River could then communicate with their owners and friends, instead of waiting for a whole year to report either their success or their safety.

The advantages of the introduction of reindeer have already been earnestly and well set forth by Dr. Jackson, but not largely through popular channels, so that there are still many people who have the vaguest sort of idea of a work that has now passed the experimental stage, and promises to be one of the most hopeful works of philanthropy that have been lately undertaken by anyone.

In conclusion, it may be worth while to tell how the Siberian punishes his reindeer. He never beats or strikes it when refractory, but simply throws it to the ground (which he does by bearing his weight upon its back and pulling its legs from under), then gives it a good shaking, as much as to say, "You will, will you?" and then lets it up.

SWALLOW TALES

By Emil Seytter, Ph.D.

OFTEN, when a boy, I have wondered why the swallow stands so high in the estimation of all nations. That it should have been invested with so sacred and mystical a character, was to my childish mind quite inexplicable. Years have gone by since then, but the wonder has remained. Thus much, however, I have ascertained, that in the world of feeling and fancy the swallow has held a place in the heart and imagination of man from time immemorial. According to a Chaldean account of the Deluge, Noah sent a swallow from the Ark, besides the dove and the raven.

In the pagan myths of the ancient Teutonic tribes the red-throated house swallow was sacred to Thor, the red-bearded God of Thunder, whose name we still preserve in our Thursday—*i.e.*, *Thor's day*. Perhaps that is the origin of a belief which is current in Swabia and Tyrol, that if a red-throated swallow fly beneath a cow's body that cow will give red milk; and the same misfortune befalls the animal if its owner kills a swallow. In Swabia the swallow is called "Herrgottsvogel," or "Our Lord's Bird," while in Meran (Tyrol) it is called "Marienvogel," or "Our Lady's Bird." The martin is consecrated to St. Martinus, the great missionary of the early Church in Gaul.

In the upper valley of the River Inn the people will tell you in good earnest that the swallows have helped God to build the firmament, and also that they will never build on houses where people are quarrelsome. In the Oetztal the current belief is that a village where the swallows build their nests is prosperous, but that when they abandon it the blessings go with them. At Telfs, a Tyrolese village near the Pustertal, the peasants declare that the sky is cleft with lightning as often as a swallow is killed. On the lower Inn it is believed that if a swallow leaves a house during the summer somebody in it is going to die.

Similar ideas are prevalent in Westphalia. At Lüdenscheidt the swallows avoid a house which is to be afflicted by the death of one of its inmates; and at Valbert, the house on which they will no longer build their nests on their return from their annual migration is sure to burn down during the ensuing season.

But the sweetest legend is that which connects this bird with the atoning death of our Saviour. According to Scandinavian tradition, the swallow received its name because it hovered round the cross on which Christ was suspended, plaintively crying: "Svalo! Svalo!" (Console! Console!) Another little bird, the cross-bill, tried in vain to draw the nails out of the accursed tree and to lift the crown of thorns from the Saviour's bleeding brow, but only wounded itself in the attempt, so that its plumage was all bespattered with the precious drops. In the French department of Charente-Inférieure there is a legend that it was a swallow that took the crown of thorns from the bleeding head of Christ.

The nest in which so sacred a bird lives must needs contain something wonderful, and we find indeed that the mediæval mind was full of tales of wonder about the "swallow-stone." It is to this stone that Longfellow alludes when he tells us in his "Evangeline" about—

> ". . . That wondrous stone which the swallow
> Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledgelings."

According to the ancients, the swallow-stone was an infallible cure for epilepsy, whilst in the Lechrain, in Bavaria, it still brings good luck, and in Tyrol it heals sore eyes.

On the Lech, likewise, the superstition lingers that if swallows' eggs are boiled hard and replaced in the nest the old birds go in quest of a certain wondrous herb, called the swallowwort, which restores the eggs to their former condition. This herb, carried in the purse, provides always abundance of money.

To kill a swallow or destroy its nest is considered a grievous sin throughout the whole of France, except at Arles, where swallows are killed wholesale for food. Elsewhere it is believed that if a swallow's nest has been destroyed the cattle on the farm will limp during the ensuing year.

In some secluded districts of Belgium the swallow is still called "Zielvogel" (*Seelenvogel*), or "Soul-bird," for it is believed to be the embodiment of the soul of a departed person.

The ditty of the swallow has at all times been the theme of popular fancy, of myth and poetry, and the gentle or passionately excited twitter of the bird has furnished the world with quite an extensive song-book.

When the swallow leaves her home in fall for warmer climes, the children of Saintonge (France) ask it:

"Prithee, pretty swallow,
Whither dost thou go
When 'tis winter? Tell me, do!"

Whereupon the swallow replies:

"To Athens I fly,
To Anthony!
Tell me why you ask me so."

A similar ditty exists in the beautiful city of Arles, in Provence:

CHILDREN: "Swallow, pretty swallow,
Whither dost in winter flee?"

SWALLOW: "To Athens,
To Stephens!
Tell me why thou askest me."

Among the nations of Teutonic origin the swallow, as a thorough house-bird, takes great interest in the affairs of the home she inhabits, and if on her return she finds that people have been wasteful, she scolds and chides. In Bavaria she says:

"When I said adieu, when I said good-by,
Casks and baskets were full of store;
Now that I return, now that I return,
Find I nothing more!"

Which ditty the Austrian swallows vary as follows:

"When I went last year, when I went last year,
Shops and barns were full to the top;
Now that I return, now that I return,
All is squandered and spent and wasted and eaten up!"

The same idea is current in Southern Germany:

"When I go away, when I go away,
All is full, basket and tun;
When I come again, when I come again,
All is gone!"

Even in France they sing:

"When we fly away, when we fly away,
Plenteous stores we leave behind;
When we come again, when we come again,
Nothing anywhere to find!
Spendthrifts are ye, most unkind."

On the Hartz the swallow is thought to pay close attention as to the personal attire and general conduct of the housewife, and the following droll conversation is believed to have been held between the church swallow and the house swallow at Ilseburg:

CH. S.: "What a beautiful picture that woman is
When she goes to church!"

H. S.: "If you saw her when I see her,
When at midday she stands in her kitchen,
She really looks like the devil in hell."

The return of the swallow in various countries is quite a festive event. In ancient Greece the day was called the "Chelidonisma," or swallow festival, and was publicly celebrated. It usually fell on the first of March. The beautiful feasts of ancient Greece have long vanished in the night of ages; but now and then, here and there, we still meet with small remnants of olden splendor, like faint, sweet echoes of a grand song dying slowly away on the night winds. Thus in Macedonia the boys make a wooden image of a swallow, encircle it with a wreath, and nail it on a long pole. This emblem of the sweet harbinger of spring is carried round on the first of March, and the boys sing:

"The swallow has come across the dark sea!"

Descending the fir-clad hill slopes of the great Alexander's realm, and sailing across the bright blue Mediterranean to the island of Thermia, the ancient Kythnos, we find a similar custom, only the wooden image of the bird is replaced by a cross. The children go about singing and begging. Never has there been a more curious medley or a more incongruous accumulation of ancient word-lore, the meaning of which is lost, than in the song they sing:

"We have gone round the city,
The city—the metropolis!
March—my brave March,
And dread April, too!
Cast figs in the handkerchief
And grapes in the basket.
Hail, Adam! Hail, Chastity!
Hail, honored Cross!
O joy of the Apostles and wisdom of God!
To-day, and to-morrow, and all the week,
As the cross is adorned with flowers,
May the swallows be adorned!
Away fleas and rats!
Away to the hills and mountains!
May your cocoons be many,
And tight, and powerful,
And heavy with silk!"

In Westphalia the peasant goes out with his whole household as far as the farm fence to meet the returning birds, which are greeted by the children as follows:

"Oh, the swallows!—see them, see them!
Oh, the swallows have returned at last!"

In the island of Rhodes the children sing:

"She comes, she comes, who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours and seasons fair!—
The swallow hither comes to rest
Her sable wings and snowy breast!"

In England the fifth of April is called Swallow Day; but in England, as in France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, there is a true proverb that "One swallow does not make a summer."

In France the saying goes:

"At Assumption-tide
The swallows bring the seasons bright.
At Nativity day
Summer and swallows are both gone away."

And in Lower Austria:

"At St. Mary's birthday
The swallows fly away.
At the feast of Annunciation
The swallows return to their old station."

Or, again:

"The swallows, flying homeward, bring
To the pastures joy and spring."

In the dreary "Landes" of Gascony the peasant says:

"When the swallow flies away
Let the plough have its full sway."

The swallow is noted for its elegant and swift flight. Poets have taken it as an emblem of hope:

"True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings."
—*Shakespeare, King Richard III.*

And a recently departed bard sings of—

"Short swallow-flights of song; that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away."
—*In Memoriam*, XLVIII.

The popular mind, more practical than poetical, has made the swallow's flight do service as a weather glass. When they fly low and rase the surface of the water, rain is pending. So in France:

"When the swallows near the surface fly,
Then the end of dust is nigh."

Their flying high up in the air portends fair weather:

"When the swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the weather would be fair."

Years have rolled by since I listened with silent wonder to the swallows' twitter under the roof of the old cottage. I have wandered far and wide, yet wherever I have been, whether on Scotland's rocky shores or on Alpine glaciers, 'mid the wonders and glories of the Generalife or on Hudson's verdant banks, I have never been able to forget—

"What the swallow sang, what the swallow sang,
She who spring and autumn brings:
How I wonder oft whether through my home,
As once, it rings."

BIG BUGS

SIZE has nothing whatever to do with greatness. Indeed, whether we are little or big, young or old, it is an excellent thing for us to feel small once in a while.

Perhaps our boys and girls do not realize how much is accomplished by the tiniest of creatures that work, each in its own way, as diligently as they can. However small they may be, those are the "big bugs." You have all heard of the busy bee, and you all know who it was that said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." But have you gone to the ant and considered her ways? How much do you actually know about the busy bee?

In *The Literary Digest* for April, we read that two summers ago the Rev. Alexander S. Wilson watched some bees at work on a rich field of white clover. "On chilly days, when there were few insects about, the bees," says Mr. Wilson, "did not visit systematically, but entered only a few flowers on each head of clover. On sunny days, however, when many insects were at work, the bees behaved quite differently, seldom leaving a clover-head until they had exhausted every one of its numerous florets." In studying the organization of flowers, Mr. Wilson has come to the conclusion that "they yield honey to the diligent, the intelligent, the systematic worker; none to the careless, the capricious, or the idle."

Our boys and girls may go into any garden, on a summer's day, and watch the insects at work. The bees will be busy fertilizing the flowers by carrying the pollen from one to another. Fix your attention upon a single spray of some flowering plant, and you will notice that some bees enter the lowest flowers first, and carry the pollen up to the flowers next above. Such bees are the best workers. By that method they always get pollen from the young flowers and give it to the older ones. The wisest bees, too, generally keep to one kind of flower. Mr. H. O. Forbes, a naturalist, saw a bee visit thirty flowers of the dead nettle, in succession, and pass over other honey-filled blossoms that were close by. It was best for the nettle that the work should be done that way. But when you see such work, young people, are you not ashamed of habits of idleness, of disorder? There are careless and stupid bees that waste their time in poor work; but you would not care to be compared to a stupid insect, would you? On the other hand, you must feel mortified that you do not do your duty as intelligently as a clever bug. You must feel small beside him. To be morally small is a serious matter. An insect has no brain, but only a series of nervous ganglia connected by threads. Yet bees and ants, in particular, work in concert with their kind, converse among themselves, possess memory, feel love, hatred, and compassion, fight in defence of their homes, lay up stores of honey or grain, and know how to play as well as to work. It takes a person of brains to appreciate the greatness of those little lives, does it not? Then make good use of your brains, dear young people, and feel as humble and small as you please, but grow to be big—big-hearted, big-souled, and broad-minded. That is what we hope for you.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE INDIANS

A True Frontier Story

By Annie A. Preston

"INDIANS! Indians!" cried ten-years-old Jack Russell, rushing into the new frontier log-house. "Indians, mamma, coming up from the river!"

"Oh, dear! I am all of a quake with terror," sighed Mrs. Russell, who was engaged in unpacking the few precious household treasures which had been carted all the way from New England, as there were no railroads in those days. "I wish I had never consented to come here to live."

"Don't be alarmed," said a hardy neighbor, putting his head through an opening where a door was to be; "it is only a lot of Indians from the Reservation up the river, coming to beg or borrow, and to sell their baskets and beadwork."

"Are they tame Indians?" asked Jack in a twitter of curiosity.

"That depends upon the way they are treated; so look out about your pranks, young fellow." Then, noting a look of alarm in Mrs. Russell's soft, motherly eyes, he added reassuringly:

"They are much like spoiled children; in dealing with them one must use judgment."

By that time the unwelcome red-skinned visitors were in the room, walking about in their grave way, lifting the covers of boxes, peeping into baskets, and taking the corks from vials in a little case of home remedies and sniffing at the contents.

Jack, seeing this, slipped a bottle of spirits of ammonia into view, pulled out the cut-glass stopper, and smilingly motioned for a boy of about his own age to smell of this also.

The young Indian accepted the invitation with alacrity, but no sooner did the pungent vapor tingle his nostrils than he fell backward upon the floor with a howl. Consternation seized the whole party, and they rushed from the house, the last one to leave being an old woman, who caught up the youngster and lugged him off under her arm.

"Hi!" shouted Jack with glee, as the last one disappeared over the bluff in the direction of the river. "What do you think of that? If any one wants any Indians disposed of, let him send for me."

"But that may not be the last of it," said his father, who came hurrying in from the field where he and his older sons were preparing the land for an early crop. "They may harbor a spite against you for that trick."

"That is so," said neighbor Hull, adjusting the wooden door-hinge he had been shaping with his pocket-knife, for he too had come from New England. "You are always on the safe side when you are kind. That was a harmless joke enough, but you can't tell how they will take it."

"Where are they?" cried Jack's twin sister, rushing in. "Where are the Indians? I want to see them again."

"What, have you seen them?" asked Jack in surprise.

"Oh, yes, and I think they are nice. They all came about me when I was in the meadow petting the lame pony. They looked at my dress and my apron, and were so pleased at the red handkerchief I had tied around my neck that I gave it to them. I told them to go to the house, and pointed this way, and when they started I ran after father as fast as I could go. It didn't take him so long to cross the ploughed field as it did me, so he got here first. Where are they, father?"

"I only saw the last of their black heads going over the bluff," said Mr. Russell; and Jack answered pompously, with his hands in his pockets and his curly head thrown back:

"All successfully disposed of by Jack Russell's patent indestructible Indian exterminator. Shall I send you a bottle? Only half a dollar."

"Oh, Jack, how could you? I wanted to see them again."

"Oh, you will see enough of them, never fear," said neighbor Hull. "They come and go as silently and mysteriously as cloud shadows."

"And when next they see you, they will carry you off, because they are angry at me," said Jack; "for everyone says we look just alike."

"I am not afraid of them," replied Eliza. "No harm ever comes to any one when he does as he would be done by. I promised grandma to remember that."

"But it doesn't count with Indians," said Jack. "What do they know about the Golden Rule?"

"The lame pony is gone," said one of the boys when he came in at nightfall. "The Indians must have taken it."

"What could they want with a lame pony?" replied Mr. Russell. "But if they have taken it, they are welcome to it, if it will only keep them away."

"I am afraid they will abuse it," said Eliza, half crying, "and I loved that pony better than any of the others."

"Indians never abuse animals," said Mr. Hull. "If they have taken that pony, it is because they think he can be cured. I wouldn't make any trouble about it. Indians are singular people. If you follow this little girl's example and treat them by the Golden Rule, you may find that they have some good qualities."

"I don't wish to treat them at all. If they will let us alone we will let them alone, pony and all," replied Mr. Russell.

The backward spring advanced with a rush, and the work on the farm rushed also at such a rate that Jack was pressed into service, while his sister went daily to the little log schoolhouse on the other side of the river. It was a hot season, and so dry that in the late summer the river at the foot of the meadow near the Russells' log house had dwindled to a mere thread. It was Jack's habit to go with his sister as far as the stream every morning when she started for school, and to meet her there at night. On one of these occasions he said:

"If there are many more days without rain you will be able to pass over dry-shod."

"I go dry-shod now," retorted the little girl, running across the footbridge of a single log without once touching the log that had been put above it for a hand-rail.

"You must be first cousin to the squirrels," said Jack. "The next thing I shall know, you will be crossing on the hand-rail."

"I will come back that way to-night," she called from the farther bank. "Good-by; come to meet me, and see if I don't."

She ran off down the narrow zigzag foot-path that ran between the tall forest trees, looking here and there in moist, shady spots for the few wild flowers that had withstood the fierce heat of the sun by hiding their pretty petalled faces amid the coarse wood grass. Jack watched her out of sight with a rueful face. "It's awful lonesome to have her gone," he said aloud. "I wish the Indians would come and scare her so she wouldn't go to school. I wish they would come, anyway, just for fun; but I shouldn't want them to catch me very far from the house. Ugh! What was that? A gun! They are coming!" and he quickened his run. "There it is again! It is thunder. Sis ought not to have started."

The same opinion was expressed by the tender mother, and at intervals through the day by the whole family; for all the clans of the clouds seemed to have gathered, and they poured down rain in a flood, while the wind roared and the thunder crashed almost without cessation until mid-afternoon.

"Some one should go for Eliza," said the thoughtful mother. But her husband, who was repairing damages in garden and poultry house, answered:

"She will stay with the teacher, and be there ready for to-morrow, if it should continue to rain, as it seems likely to do."

"I will go down to the foot-bridge, anyway," said Jack, and away he bounded. As he reached the brow of the bluff and started to descend, the river, and the narrow strip of green meadow, and every thing about seemed to whirl and dance fantastically before his eyes, and he shouted aloud: "The Indians! They are here!" But before he could check the impetus of his descent, he was in the very midst of their camp.

Where they came from, or when they came, or why they were there, the surprised lad did not know; but there they were, with a funny little pointed tent set up just under the shoulder of the bluff. Two or three ponies were quietly grazing on Jack's father's grass, and that very same small boy whom Jack had entertained in so remarkable a manner at their first meeting, alighted on his back with the agility of a monkey, and clung as if he intended to remain.

This, instead of throwing impulsive Jack into a panic, as might have been expected, restored his equanimity, aroused all his boyish love of fun, and with it a natural desire to gain an advantage. So he shouted, in his usual merry voice:

"Certainly; delighted to be of assistance. How far and how long would you like me to carry you?" And with a hop, skip, and a jump, he unloosed the grip of the little Indian, who tumbled to the ground with his accustomed howl.

"Wonder if I could run away," thought Jack; and he cast his blue eye about with a quick gleam that was as quickly detected by the black, alert eyes of a young brave, who caught him by his curly auburn hair with one hand, swiftly circled his head with the other, and gave a sudden pull that made Jack yell with pain and fright and anger. He put up his hand to see if his scalp was still in place, at which the Indians shrugged their shoulders and chuckled with delight.

"It isn't pleasant, but it is no more than I deserve, I suppose," said Jack. "Had I followed Eliza's plan of doing as I would be done by, I wouldn't be in this fix. I wish she were here. I had forgotten that I came to meet her. Oh, the river! the river! Poor Sis cannot get home if she wants to. What will she do?"

The question was not ill-timed, but if the Indians understood any of Jack's talk they made no sign. They kept up a conversation among themselves, and they, too, now regarded with interest the swollen stream, where the log foot-bridge, over which the little girl had run so airily in the morning, was entirely submerged by the rapid water that billowed over it, angry and black.

Just then from the forest path there came skipping a little white-gowned figure. Jack held his breath. The Indians saw her too. What would they do?

She paused to look at the wild flowers that were now holding up their heads independently of any support, and then coming forward, got her first view of the stream. Looking across, as if to see if any one were waiting for her, the Indians came within her line of vision. That she saw them was evident; but quite undismayed, she ran up on the log that had been put up for a hand-rail, and crossed it as steadily as if the sun had been shining, the birds singing, the waters only a silver thread, and the meadow peaceful and quiet as usual.

The Indians regarded her with silent astonishment and admiration, but as she sprang in safety to the bank, Jack could restrain himself no longer. He shouted:

"You said you would, and you did, and you could have done no better had you been holding on by the Golden Rule you are so fond of."

Eliza did not reply. She had spied the ponies, and was running towards one that had come the length of his tether, and was looking at her and whinnying.

"It is my Trixie!" she cried. "He knows me. Just see him rub his nose on my face. Look, Jack! He isn't lame any more, and how fat he is! Thank you, neighbor Indians, for bringing him back home. Now I can ride him to school. When the river is high, he can carry me around by the bridge, and when it is low he can ford it. I am so glad he is well again!"

Then the leader among the Indians found his tongue and grunted, "White man no cure lame pony; not know how. Too much hurry! Too much lash!"

Then he pointed to Eliza's scarlet handkerchief on the neck of his squaw, and then to the pony's cured foot, and nodded and grunted his satisfaction.

"Oh, please put me upon his back," said Eliza. "Thank you. Now you must all come home with me, and my mamma will give you supper, and you will like us, and we shall like you when we get acquainted."

The Indians looked at one another questioningly, but soon their curiosity to know what Mr. Russell would say about the pony overcame any doubts as to their reception, and they followed on, led by Jack, who was on his best behavior, having found by experience that Indians could be just as funny as white people, although in a somewhat different way.

Nothing could have been kinder than their reception by the family, who all smiled, bowed, shook hands, admired the pony, and brought out the best things to eat that the house afforded; and when the Indians had finished their meal, they were all very well acquainted, and they remained the best of mutually helpful friends ever afterwards.

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MAKE for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*John Ruskin.*

BY LEIGH RICHMOND MINER

O LADY COW, with your sweet, sweet breath,
And eyes so soft and kind,
I wonder where in the pasture land
Such creamy milk you find!

Maybe the daisies are the milk,
The buttercups the cream,
And the butter is the marigolds
That grow along the stream.

I've guessed your secret, Lady Cow?
Don't look so very sad;
I wouldn't tell a word of it,
I couldn't be so bad!

FOUR UNINVITED GUESTS*

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

MY third uninvited guest was a beautiful little fluffy brown owl that we found hanging, head downward, one morning at the Sea Urchins, our place at Bar Harbor, with his poor little claws tangled in our tennis net. As we disentangled and restored him to his normal attitude, I think I never saw a creature's face express such a sense of wounded dignity. Evidently his swift nocturnal flight had been arrested by the unsuspected netting, and there he had remained in helpless misery until a boy in tennis flannels and "sneakers" came upon the prize.

The boy took him into what was known as the "den," an octagonal brown room, shingled a third of the way up, the rest of the walls covered with oars and paddles, guns and rods, creels and landing nets, bats and boxing gloves, Canadian lacrosse implements, golf sticks, Irish thorn shillaleghs (bought on the ship at Queenstown), shoes with soles platted by the Basque peasants, alp-stocks from the Pyrenees, *berets* worn by the Béarn peasants, fishermen's caps and sashes from Cadenabbia, Scotch bonnets with bunches of dried heather plucked upon Scotch moors. Quite enough, we thought, to entertain a new-comer in that crowded little room, where guns were cleaned and fishing-rods mended, and fish weighed—a rather untidy little place, where every now and then the housemaid made in the chimney a bonfire of oiled rags and general refuse that threatened to set the premises ablaze.

"Do let us tame him and keep him in the den!" was the clamor of the den's proprietors. But no boy was found clever enough to suggest what the owl should eat. The prisoner remained in the covered basket where they had put him, while the food question was debated.

The boys, faithfully experimenting, tried their sullen visitor with all the food ingenuity could suggest. But he would eat little, if anything, and a more distressing captive was never seen. Hour after hour in the daytime he sat motionless, sphinx-like, forbidding. What he did after dark, nobody who had spent the long day abroad in Mount Desert air could ever keep awake long enough to discover. The favorite theory, that he was feeling bad since the night he had spent upside down, and had never recovered his equilibrium, consoled the lads, who felt that their hospitality and devotion might have received some passing token of recognition. But, under the circumstances, nothing remained but to let our captive go; and, accordingly, one evening at twilight he was taken to a birch-tree in the thick of the little wood above the tennis court, and there deposited upon a branch.

"Good-by, old owl," said the boy who set him free. "I hope you will tell your wife and family that we treated you as well as we knew how."

Sailing homeward from Southampton last September, after two days of beautiful weather and during a night that had begun with dancing by the passengers on deck under starlit skies, our ship ran into a fierce cyclone. For some hours the vessel rose and fell upon mighty billows that combed the decks and broke a blade from her propeller; but by daybreak we had passed again into pleasant weather. During the turmoil of the tempest the rigging and decks were observed by the sailors to be invaded by little land birds, some of which continued to haunt us for a day or two longer, and then fell away, who knows whither?

With the fresh air and sunshine that came in at an open port-hole the morning after the great blow, there arrived one of those tiny, storm-beaten wayfarers to claim my interest and cares. He was of the wren family, a pretty, diamond-eyed fellow, but evidently empty of food and far gone with exhaustion after his flight of six hundred miles or so from Land's End in Cornwall, whence probably he had set forth on his adventurous journey. He was placed in an empty fruit basket secured from the steward, lined with cotton wool and covered with white paper riddled with air-holes, through one of which his sharp beak stuck out inquiringly. Later in the day, when I went up to my chair on deck, the bird went too, and lay for an hour in the hollow of my hand, while we tried every means to make him take nourishment. A remembrance of Sergeant Buzfuz induced me to dip his beak over and over again into sugared water, and when we saw a feeble attempt at swallowing, we knew that he had at least received some nourishment into that starved interior. For a time he rallied, made some attempts to stir his wings, looked about with interest at the ring of faces, which followed, as voyagers' faces will, the every motion of a waif sent to them from land. As in the case of my former visitors, the chief difficulty lay in knowing what he would eat. It is safe to say that the little Cornishman was offered his choice among the varieties of the ship's well-supplied larder. But he looked on them all with equal suspicion, as if he had learned wisdom from the local proverb of his native land: "Cornwall pasties are made of such queer materials, the devil himself will not enter the county for fear of being put in a pie."

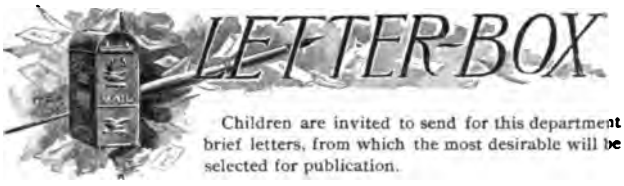
"Poor, little, restless emigrant, why didst thou roam?" was asked of him. "Did not that beautiful region of mighty cliffs and slopes, where the myrtle and the palm grow, the land of King Arthur, the spot where fabled Lyonesse rose from the sea to sink again, offer scope enough for thy journeying?" But the birdie only lay content in the palm of a friendly hand, pleased, so we fancied, to be touched now and then by a pitying finger.

On the third day of his stay on board, while he was lying in this position, I saw some change in our pet. The deck-steward, bustling by with his toasted rusks and German sandwiches for luncheon, brusquely said: "He is dying now." And so it was. The bird's eye had begun to glaze; his head soon fell limply to one side. I thrust him hastily into the hand of some one near by, and turned aside my eyes.

It was a sparkling day. All about us the ocean lay serene. The ship rode on over great rolling billows, laced with the shattered foam created by her screw. Up and down the deck the passengers tramped cheerily, their spirits rising as they approached their home. Leaning over the rail, two of us—sentimentalists, no doubt—sadly dropped the dead bird into the water and saw him go under the green comb of a wave, then drift astern the ship.

This was my fourth uninvited guest.

* Begun in the April number.


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box :

I received my May number to-day, and looking it over I made up my mind to write to "The Letter-Box." I have a dear little pony named "Dandy." He thinks there is no better fun than to follow me around. I have six cats, and I am sure I can say that is the smallest number I have ever had. We have an old dog whose name is "Rat." I am fourteen, and he is at least two years older.

I wouldn't venture to tell you the names of my cats; I fear you would find them longer than my letter, for one cat has seven names.

I am sure that almost every boy or girl who is a subscriber to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS must have read "Black Beauty." If they have a pony, I advise them to read the book.

This is my first year with you, and I assure you, I enjoy every number of the magazine to the fullest extent.

With best wishes,

I am yours sincerely,

LINDA MAE S——.

SEAFORD, DELAWARE.

Dear Letter-Box :

I got a lovely Maltese kitten from the Shelter yesterday. She is the cunningest thing that ever lived. I call her Pet, because I haven't any other. She has a very loud purr—almost as loud as a sewing machine, I think. When I come into the room where she is, she begins to purr, and then she jumps at me and runs straight up my body as if I were a tree, and sits on my shoulder. I'm not as tall as an outdoor tree; but I'm the size of mamma's rubber tree in the dining-room, anyway.

Everybody in the house has given Pet a present. Papa gave her a blue leather collar with her name on it in little silver nails. Mamma gave a basket for her to sleep in. Mary—she's the baby's nurse—gave a cushion to put into the basket. The waitress gave a saucer for milk. The cook gave some cookies. Baby brother gave a spool, and big brother—who's grown up and has a moustache—gave a strong cord to tie to the spool, and a little rubber ball, extra.

I'm too tired to write any more to-day. Good-by from

Your loving friend,

MAY M——.

Dear Letter-Box :

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I live in the country. I have a great many pets, for I love animals. I love my pony Polo best of all. I rode him nearly every day last year; he is very gentle and lets me do anything with him. I have a dear little pug dog named Vic. When I go to the city I leave Vic with some little friends of mine that he loves better than he does me. I have lots of rabbits and guinea pigs, too. I have never written to you before, so I hope you will print my letter.

Wishing you a long life,

From your little friend,

LENA H——.

HOLLAND HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box :

I am a little girl not quite seven years old, and I cannot write for myself, so I have asked grandmamma to do it for me. She has read so many pretty and interesting stories to me from OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, that I want you to know something about some of my own lovely animal friends, and I hope you will be glad to hear about them, too.

When we lived in Munich, papa bought four beautiful St. Bernard dogs, and we brought them home to America with us. They are called Siegfried, Hilda, Barre, and Meta, and dear old Barre is my particular friend and pet. One of my uncles has two fascinating little fox-terriers, named Prince and Judge, that are great chums with my big dogs, and they never quarrel. One day, last November, when the roads were very rough and frozen, mamma and one of my uncles went for a drive down to the farm. Poor little Prince was running along beside the wagon, when a great big dog ran out of a farm-yard and attacked him. He was so frightened that he ran under the wagon for protection. The wheel went over one of his hind legs and broke it in two places. Mamma and my uncle took him up, and drove back home as fast as they could, thinking he would have to be killed, but my papa said no. He shaved the hair off Prince's poor little leg, and set the leg all nicely in a plaster-cast, which the dear little doggie wore for seven long weeks. When papa cut off the bandages he found the leg all right, and you cannot tell how happy it made me. The poor little fellow did not walk very well at first, for his leg seemed weak; but now he can run just as well as ever. He is devoted to papa, and seems very grateful to him. All the time that Prince was lame, old Barre was just devoted to him; it was too funny to see such a big dog and such a tiny one always together.

The other little terrier, Judge, went down to the train with one of the stableboys, a few days after his brother Prince had broken his leg, and had all the toes cut off of one of his poor little feet by the car wheels. Papa bound his foot up, and now Judge can run and jump as well as ever, and does not even limp one bit.

I have not told you half I would like to; but grandmamma says my letter is too long, so I will stop. I hope you will excuse my saying so much, and believe me always your little friend,

MARGERY BAKER SMITH.

BALLSTON SPA, *May 13th*, 1895.

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

LAMENESS IN THE HORSE

Its General Signs and the Difficulty of its Detection

COMMON as lameness is in the horse, there are few persons who can diagnose it correctly. It behooves the veterinary surgeon to make a most careful examination of the animal before treating it for lameness. Naturally, the first point to be considered is in which limb the horse is lame; for, unless he is markedly lame in a particular limb, the most careful examiner will mistake the seat of the trouble. A horse may appear lame in one hip, or hind leg, when he is in reality lame in a shoulder or fore leg. For example, a horse trotted from the observer may seem to elevate and lower one hip unevenly, but when he is turned around and trotted back again, the unevenness of his gait appears due to trouble in his shoulder. Lameness of such nature is commonly termed "cross-lameness."

Another difficulty is to detect lameness when it is situated in both hind legs or in both fore legs. A horse so afflicted betrays little by his gait. "Gyps" take advantage of that fact to dispose of horses which are lame in one foot. They produce lameness in the fellow foot by driving a piece of iron under the shoe, or by paring away the toe almost to the quick, and then fitting a shoe to press on the tender part. This is technically called "beaming."

When a horse is lame in both fore feet he probably will not drop in his gait, but will take a much shorter step than is natural, putting his feet down carefully and picking them up quickly, like a cat walking on hot bricks. When the lameness is in both hind legs they will be stiff, with little or no flexion of the hocks.

Care should be taken not to confound some peculiarity of a horse's action with actual lameness. A colt led on a short rein, or with his head pulled to one side, will drop in his gait; he may drop somewhat when he is first bitted, particularly if the rein be too tight. This latter condition is known as "bridle-lameness," and will disappear if the animal is given free use of his head.

Some forms of lameness disappear upon slight exercise and are apparent only in the stable, hence a horse should always be examined as he stands in the stable. A horse that points at rest should be condemned. "Pointing" is the manifestation of a soreness, which, later, will give rise to more serious complications. In some cases the lameness is more marked when the animal is standing still. He will elevate or "point" the afflicted foot, with the pastern straight up and down, or he may even swing the foot. That always indicates foot lameness. On the other hand, he may be driven out from the stable seemingly sound, and may suddenly go lame; or he may start out lame, and when he warms up under exercise the halt in his gait will entirely disappear. Again, some horses will show their lameness only when they are turned around suddenly or sharply. When trying a horse it is a good rule never to take him away until he has stood at rest fully three hours; for the warranty expires the moment the horse leaves the stable. Always be suspicious of a horse which points in the stable, which steps short when walking, or when he is *turned carefully* by the attendant in trotting. When a young horse, led on the halter, drops in his gait, have the attendant give him a freer head, and see for yourself that he goes sound.

In shoulder lameness the pointing is characteristic. The knee and the knuckle will be flexed, and the foot, projected behind its fellow, will rest on its toe, the shoulder hanging limp. When the lameness is in a hind limb the animal will flex the hock knuckle at the pastern, or stand with the foot off the ground. A horse with acute pain in both front feet will extend them both and carry the hind feet well under the belly, as in founder. If the pain be in the hind feet he will carry the fore feet well under the chest, giving the appearance of falling on his nose.

In diagnosing lameness, remove the shoe and examine the foot thoroughly. If there be no elevation of temperature, press around the sole of the foot with pincers, and should you fail to get any response, then manipulate the limb with great care, and determine whether or not there is malformation. If you find any localized heat, manipulate each and every articulation, and the animal will flinch when you disturb the seat of pain.

"ONE of the simplest and yet the surest way of finding out what is wrong with a horse's gait is to watch the prints of his footsteps, comparing the position of the hind foot with that of the front," says an experienced horse-shoer in the *Horse Review*. "To do this well, drive out to a convenient point of good road, and, having had a strip, say twenty or thirty feet long, swept clear of all marks, drive over it at a walk. Get out of the wagon and walk back over the road, noting the position of the footmarks. If the hind feet step clear over the front, your horse is too long gaited behind in comparison with his action in front. He may want a slightly slower action behind and an increased stride in front. If the hind feet do not come up to the front feet, he is too short behind. Having swept away the marks of the walk, drive over the road at a smart trot or pace, as the case may be, and note the difference."

WHEN very young chicks are caught out in a shower, the drenching itself is not half as harmful to them as is the wet ground. The hens then hover their broods in puddles. That practice so chills the chicks that they quickly droop and die. There should always be some shelter in which poultry could take refuge in an emergency.

A CLEAN, comfortable house is appreciated by the hen, who reciprocates with an increased supply of eggs.

THE CAT. A GUIDE TO THE CLASSIFICATION AND VARIETIES OF CATS, AND A SHORT TREATISE UPON THEIR CARE, DISEASES, AND TREATMENT. By Rush Shippen Huidekoper, M.D., Veterinarian (Alfort), etc. Author of "The Age of the Domesticated Animals," "Contraction of the Horse's Foot," "Identification of Animals," etc. With over thirty illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Company, 1895. Price, $1.00.

We have here a handy book on the domestic cat, which has long been needed by owners and lovers of that animal, but which has never before been supplied. Dr. Huidekoper thoroughly understands his subject, and he has the rare merit of explaining it with such simplicity that an unscientific person can thoroughly comprehend it. Before we proceed to the contents of the book, we may observe that, unlike many writers on veterinary subjects, Dr. Huidekoper's English style is very nearly perfect.

A description of the contents of this book will assure readers how perfectly it meets the want it is intended to supply. Dr. Huidekoper shows the zoölogical position of the cat family, and the place of the domestic cat in the class to which it belongs. He gives an excellent outline of its anatomical structure, showing the causes of the animal's celerity of movement and the reason why it is "capable of taking advantage of all the luxuries of food," while it is likewise "able to resist the demands of a long famine." Dr. Huidekoper traces the origin of the domestic cat to the wild cat of Western Europe and to the Egyptian cat, which undoubtedly was also a wild cat. At present, cats are divided into two principal classes, the long-haired—including the Angora and the Persian cats—and the short-haired, which are distinguished from each other chiefly by the color of the eyes and the color and marking of the fur. Persons who observed these varieties at the late cat show in this city will be glad to have a brief and clear distinction of the peculiarities which are most admired and which are chiefly to be cultivated in breeding.

Dr. Huidekoper next proceeds to the care of the cat, in a chapter which all owners of cats ought carefully to read. They will find that the chief thing in caring for this household pet is to give it every opportunity of cleanliness. Its food requires comparatively little attention in country places, but in cities it must be well looked after, for carelessness in feeding is the cause of most of the maladies with which the city cat is affected. Dr. Huidekoper gives full directions on this subject, which ought to be invariably and carefully followed.

The best care, however, will not protect the cat from disease. The smallness of its lungs makes it particularly liable to the diseases of the respiratory system, and injudicious feeding is apt to induce painful, and even fatal, diseases of the digestive system. Besides these, there are constitutional ailments to which the cat is peculiarly liable, such as distemper, eczema, etc. It is also subject to nervous troubles, which are exhibited in convulsions and epilepsy. The parasitic diseases with which it is occasionally afflicted are numerous; and, besides these, the eyes, the teeth, and the claws are subject to peculiar maladies. On reading the list of the ills that cats are heir to, one wonders that so few cats seem to be affected with them; but when disease comes, nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than the treatment which is here prescribed by one of the most accomplished veterinary surgeons in this or any other country.

We heartily commend this book to all our readers who are interested in the cat. It is brief, handy, simple, and completely covers the ground which the author intends it to occupy. We should be glad if the publishers would make this the first of a series of similar books on all domestic animals. Such a series would be of the greatest utility. The difficulty would be to find writers who would be able to treat their several subjects in the lucid and simple manner of Dr. Huidekoper.

SNAP SHOTS WITH AN OLD MAID'S KODAK. By the author of "Preston Papers," etc. New York: Snap Shot Publisher. Price, $1.00.

The author of "Snap Shots" discusses in a series of amusing letters the merits and demerits of public school teaching. In one excellent letter, she acknowledges with satisfaction that in many country schools nature is studied in a way that holds the attention of the children and, better still, which fosters the sentiment of humanity in their hearts. In one of these schools a conversation took place in which, at the outset, robbing birds' nests was condemned, and the children were asked to give instances of humanity that would be worthy of imitation. The answers were satisfactory. One of the little folks had "seen a man get out and walk up hill because his horse was tired;" another "knew a little girl who took special care of a little chicken in cold weather;" and a third had seen a woman warm the milk for a little calf because "it did not like cold victuals." The old maid who took the snap shot at this class very properly says, "There's law, and gospel too, in such teaching."

THE May number of *The Cosmopolitan* has an article of unusual interest and value by W. Z. Hutchinson, and entitled, "The Pleasant Occupation of Tending Bees. Being a Complete Account of the Honey Bee, His Home, His Migrations, His Habits of Life, His Business Methods, His Storehouses, His Food, and Communal Life." Over bee-keeping, "the poetry of agriculture," Mr. Hutchinson waxes eloquent. Delightful in themselves, his descriptions of that fascinating occupation are yet enhanced by the dozen or more exquisite drawings which show the queen bee, the worker bee, and the drone, magnified to four times their natural size; a group of queen-cells that are three-quarters natural size; a comb in process of construction; a comb from the nest of a colony that has just cast a swarm; a typical farm apiary; and a Vermont apiary in winter. Of the sting of the bee the author says: "It is not the single spear that it appears to the naked eye, but consists of three prongs, each beautifully grooved into the others, thus forming a sort of tube through which flows the poison from the sac to which the sting is attached." When it enters the flesh the sting is almost invariably torn from the bee, and the insect eventually dies from its loss. "Hence it can be said that a bee defends its home with its life. It is also well to remember that a bee seldom

uses its sting, except in defence of its home. Out in the fields, flitting from flower to flower, a bee is the most harmless creature in existence." Another article that we cannot pass unmentioned is a sketch by F. Hopkinson Smith, under the title, "Another Dog." The author tells of a "dog-concierge," a St. Bernard, at a Tyrolean inn, and of how the other dog, a great Dane, appeared upon the scene and was greeted with stately hospitality, but was not allowed to enter the inn door. The friendly reasoning of the dogs, their conversation, and their final compromise of the matter, are told as only Mr. Hopkinson Smith can tell a story. It reminds one of the author-artist's drawings; the picture is complete in itself, while full of suggestion.

To spend "A Week on Walden's Ridge" in company with Mr. Bradford Torrey, and to take "Tramps with an Enthusiast" and Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, may, in one and the same evening, be accomplished by anybody at the modest expenditure of thirty-five cents for a May number of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Torrey's article is delightful; Mrs. Miller's is equally so. As we sit with Mrs. Miller by the window of "a lone farmhouse in the heart of the Green Mountains" and make the acquaintance of her bird neighbors, we echo the wish of the "Enthusiast" who drives up to the house door and demands instantly to be taken to hear a hermit thrush. "I arrived here an hour or two ago," cries the Enthusiast, "and I've come all the way from Chicago to hear that bird." Then we turn the pages to Mr. Torrey's article and read of the birds he has known; and we say frankly, do not read one author and not the other, but revel in the beauties of both, and be thankful that both may be found together between the covers of the same magazine to serve for the same evening's entertainment.

"THE HORSELESS AGE" is the title of an article by Henry W. Fischer in the May number of *Munsey's Magazine*. In June or July of this year, the Paris-Bordeaux races of automobile carriages "are to demonstrate," says Mr. Fischer, "whether the end of the century will fulfil the promise of the beginning; whether the long-delayed, oft-attempted invention has been completed by the creation and adoption of a type of automobile carriage which is at once free from danger, and the management of which calls for the exercise of but ordinary skill." The author is of the opinion that the ordinary, every-day horse is doomed to extinction. "Five years more, and horse-cars," he declares, "will be a curiosity in any but the smallest towns and villages of America." Certainly, if cabmen and liverymen will drive or rent motor carriages, and if the expressman and the truckman will reorganize their business "on a broader, more economic, more humane basis;" if our cities shall become healthier, the suburbs more accessible, the horse a creature of luxury instead of the slave and drudge that we now see him, well may we welcome the twentieth century, agreeing with Mr. Fischer that, among the great and good things to come, "the horseless vehicle will be a genuine boon to civilization."

IN the May number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is an article by W. Warren Brown, entitled "High Fliers and Low Fliers." The author teaches the proper use of eyes, ears, and field-glasses, in a search, high and low, for the birds. At the close of April, the brown thrashers, chewinks, chimney-swifts, house-wrens, and white-throated sparrows appear. But it is in May that the spring migration is at its height, and in May Mr. Brown found, during a quiet stroll along a road between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, more birds than most of us could find in a year of quiet strolling and of May days.

VOGUE for May 2d has a double page drawing by Thomas B. Robertson of some beautiful cats at the National Cat Show. Ajax, Grover B., Noël, Tiger, Trotwood, Persia, and Siegfried appear in all their glory. To our thinking, the best picture is from a photograph of "The Day Clerk." A handsome white cat crouches upon a ledger, "on duty, keeping accounts;" every line of his body, the turn of his head, and the inward curving of his paws, show his appreciation of the responsibility of his office. His owner, we are told, has a night clerk that is equally faithful. It is a fine black cat, of which *Vogue* speaks in the text that accompanies the pictures, but of which a portrait is not given.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE CAT. A GUIDE TO THE CLASSIFICATION AND VARIETIES OF CATS, AND A SHORT TREATISE UPON THEIR CARE, DISEASES, AND TREATMENT. By Rush Shippen Huidekoper, M.D. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, $1.00.

HAND BOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA. By Frank M. Chapman. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Price, $3.00.

SUMMER STUDIES OF BIRDS AND BOOKS. By W. Warde Fowler. London and New York: Macmillan & Company. Price, $1.75.

TEN NEW ENGLAND BLOSSOMS AND THEIR INSECT VISITORS. By Clarence Moores Weed. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Price, $1.25.

POCKET GUIDE TO THE COMMON LAND BIRDS OF NEW ENGLAND. By M. A. Wilcox. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 60 cents.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IS never uninteresting. One almost wishes its clients could read it and find out how highly it esteems them and how ably it defends them against injustice and slander. To us who can read, the magazine brings this month, as always, new revelations of the wonders of the animal world, and new hints upon the art of being humane.—*The Christian City*, New York.

IS doing what may be styled heroic service for the brute creation.—*The Housekeeper*, Minneapolis, Minn.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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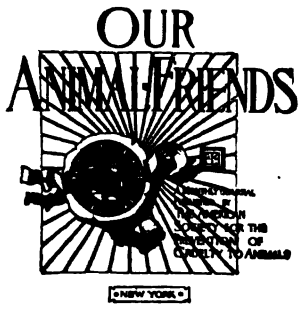

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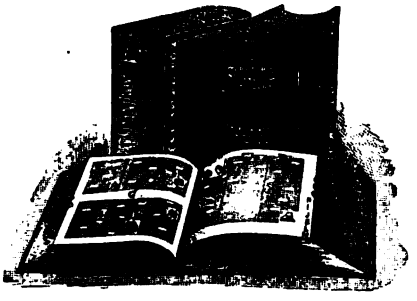

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NOTICE

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The Monthly Illustrator

THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR for May contains many articles upon Art in a wide variety of its relations, and every page, from cover to cover, is crowded with pictures.

"My Pet Subject" is the title of the first of a series of promised articles which embodies a novel suggestion, namely, that each of many artists requested to do so should furnish an example of the sort of thing they like best to do—the subject of their choice. A dozen or so painters declare their preference in the present symposium, among whom are W. L. Sontag, Stanley Middleton, Maria Brooks, Florence Mackubin and Claude Hirst. The accompanying text, by Arthur Hoeber, dwells pleasantly upon the question of having a specialty in art, favoring it as a wiser use of the brief time and opportunities of life than dilettanteism, however clever.

Another topic, introducing the work of various artists, is H. Toler Booraem's account of "Phases of the Picturesque in Architecture," the illustrations for which have been drawn from the sketch-books of members of the Architectural Club of Chicago.

A subject of living interest is treated by Clarence Cook under the heading, "Studio-Suggestions for Decoration." Photographs are given of the interiors of the studios of several prominent artists—William M. Chase, Robert C. Minor, Hamilton Hamilton, J. H. Dolph and others—and Mr. Cook seeks to derive from them useful hints as to how to make our homes more pretty and comfortable. The portraits of the artists in their studios form an attractive part of this set of illustrations.

"The Pottery of the American Indians" is the title of a series of papers which will be of permanent value as well as strong in current interest. The red men of all parts of the continent, with certain interesting exceptions, practiced the ceramic art, and often reached a high degree of skill and artistic excellence. The writer is Dr. W. J. Hoffman, acting Librarian of the Bureau of Ethnology, who has been a student of this subject for many years, and will give an exhaustive compendium of it. The present installment, which is abundantly illustrated, introduces the topic and discusses the primitive methods and the distribution of the types into which the writer finds that American pottery can be divided, according to process, structure and ornamentation. As the rich stores of the National Museum can be drawn upon for illustrations, these papers promise to be a striking feature of the magazine for some months to come.

HARRY C. JONES
Editor and Publisher
92, 94 and 96 Fifth Ave. New York City

NEITHER cold nor boisterous weather can silence the constant singing of the birds of Patagonia. The red-breasted military starling delights in the coldest days of June and July, the winter months in that country, as do also the spotted columba, or wood-pigeon, and the indefatigable mocking-bird.—*Gameland.*

Do not compel me to eat more salt than I want, by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.—*A Horse.*

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Information regarding any infraction of the above Statutes will be treated confidentially.

JOHN P. HAINES
PRESIDENT

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V. 7.

Vol. XXII NEW YORK, JULY, 1895 No. 11

THE WHIP ON THE RACE-COURSE

IT is remarked on the race-course, that the most successful jockeys are men who have learned that a brutal use of the whip is as needless as it is disgusting, and who rarely use the lash at all, either in training or in racing. Thus, Edward Geers, who drives Robert J. in 2.01½, is said "to possess the knack of getting the last ounce out of a trotter without the whip;" and it is observed that "his horses uniformly finish more gamely and resolutely than those driven by any other man on the turf." As an admirable writer in *The New York Tribune* says, "no matter how desperate the contest may be, he sits as still as a statue, steadies his horse, and relies almost wholly on rein and voice to rouse the animal to his best effort." That is as it should be. Neither horse nor man can accomplish the best of what is possible unless they act in sympathy; and a sensitive creature like the horse will respond to the demand of sympathy, while the lash, which stimulates for a moment, leaves behind it a feeling of resentment and antagonism which must hinder the horse from doing its best.

Another famous rider is Budd Doble. He hardly ever uses a whip; yet he has been able to hold his own with an exhausted horse against a fresh competitor, though the driver of the other horse laid on the lash with all his might, while Doble "relied, as it seemed, on some occult power more potent than punishment." The "occult" power was simply the power of an intelligent sympathy on which the horse relied, and, therefore, willingly exerted at every step the utmost effort of which it was capable. A third famous horseman is Charles Marvin, the well-known stable manager of Governor Stanford, at Palo Alto. What, then, has Charles Marvin to say of the whip? The following paragraph from his work on "Training the Trotting Horse" answers the question:

"A few colts are so dull and sluggish that a whip is necessary to infuse ambition into them; but, while I always carry a whip, it is more for ornament than for use with youngsters. With a nervous, highly organized colt, it is seldom necessary, and its abuse is absolutely ruinous in results. How often you see a man apply the whip to a young colt when he breaks, yet that is something that a boy ten years old ought to have too much sense to be guilty of. To frighten and punish a colt at the very time when he needs to be steadied and reassured is certainly not a sensible thing to do, and a man who will do it is not fit to get into a sulky, especially behind a well-organized youngster of fine fibre."

The gradual disuse of the whip in training and raising is to be credited, in a great degree, to Governor Stanford, who fully sympathized with the humane sentiments of his manager, Mr. Marvin. It is said that he used to stand day after day "under the spreading oaks by the track at Palo Alto, watching the young trotters take their work, and woe betide the employee who lost his temper and vented his anger on the colt he was driving by an application of the whip. The offender never drove another colt at Palo Alto. It is well known that on one such occasion a man who stood next to Marvin on the staff of trainers was summarily dismissed at the height of the trotting season, when his services were most needed, for a single stroke of the whip."

It is gratifying to note these facts, which go far to show how widely the sentiment of humanity prevails, and how surely that sentiment is justified by the common sense which is learned best by experience. Men of all classes are beginning to see the superiority of gentleness over brutality. The horse is not the only beneficiary of this fortunate change. Every man whose handling of the horse is governed by a principle of sympathetic kindness is to that extent raised in the scale of humanity.

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AN EXHIBITION OF CATS

THE recent "Cat Show" was a decided novelty in the way of exhibitions, but its unquestionable success more than justified the hope of its projectors and conductors, and the New York Cat Show of 1895 will, in all probability, be the first of a long series of attractive exhibitions.

There is no reason why such an exhibition should not be as attractive as a dog show. The cat is to be found in nearly every household. Probably, if the truth were known, it would be discovered that there are many more pet cats than pet dogs, and certainly, among children, the cat or the kitten is oftener a more cherished playfellow than the dog or the puppy.

Again, though we speak of cats as if they were all alike, there are really very many varieties, short-haired and long-haired, of all colors, blue, or silver, or brown, or black, or white, or dark gray, or tortoise-shell, or tiger-marked, etc. Our readers will find quite a list of them in a brief review of Dr. Huidekoper's book on the cat, which we published in the June number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. In fact, there are nearly as many well-known and as distinctly marked varieties of the cat as of the pigeon or the domestic fowl; and the cat has this advantage over its feathered competitors, that it is both intelligent and truly companionable.

At the Cat Show there were over 320 entries, and very much interested indeed were the owners of the creatures which were thus put on exhibition. It must be confessed that the cats themselves seemed to be somewhat less amused than the spectators, and very much less anxious than their owners. Among the humors of the affair was one little beauty which was exhibited in a cage with a couple of canaries and a parrot, all of whom appeared to be on the most friendly terms. In another cage was a cat whose amiability the owner undertook to demonstrate by showing the happy terms which existed between her and a monkey. The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals exhibited a dozen of the poor feline waifs which had recently been captured on the streets. Some of them were greatly admired, and to one of them the exhibition was a decided piece of good fortune. A New York paper gives the following account of this latter affair:

"One of the most pleasing incidents of the show was the finding of a lost cat by its little mistress among the dozen cats rescued from the streets and entered by President Haines of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. On April 29th the cat in question strayed from its fashionable home in West Seventy-second Street, and its little mistress, after hoping for its return for many days, finally gave it up as lost. On Friday one of her mother's friends visited the Show and thought she recognized her little friend's pet. She went to her and told her, and the little girl and her mother went to see if it was their tabby. As soon as the child caught sight of it she cried out, 'That is my tabby! I know it! I know it!' She then asked one of the attendants to open the cat's mouth and see if a certain one of the lower teeth was missing. Sure enough, the tooth described was gone, and the little one took the cat in her arms, and with tears in her eyes said, 'Of tos it is 'oo, my Tabby.' She then produced some fancy clothes that she used to dress the cat in, and the animal almost had a spasm of delight at sight of them. Some one went to President Haines, told him the story, and asked if the cat could be restored to the child. He said he would be only too happy to reinstate Tabby in her home, and the little girl went away from the Garden holding her treasure close in her arms."

We heartily approve of the Cat Show, and we hope that it will become one of the annual attractions of this city. It is one of a multitude of things which at once indicate and tend to cultivate a sentiment of kindness to animals.

ABSURDITIES OF CRUELTY

I

THE absurdities of fashion have been the subject of well-deserved satire for many ages. They include absurdities of dress and decoration, and sometimes the distortion and even the mutilation of the human body. The savage tattoos his face, grinds his teeth into the shape of saw-teeth, hangs weights on his ears and his lips until they become permanently pendulous, and even compresses the skulls of his children so that they are completely flattened. The Chinese woman binds the feet of her female children until they resemble the feet of a goat, and her Western sisters have been known to compress their waists to wasp-like dimensions destructive alike to beauty and to health. These are a few, and only a few, of the vagaries of human fashion, some merely ridiculous and others

injurious. Many human beings seem to be as discontented with the natural forms of other animals as with their own, and hence there have been endless fashionable mutilations of domestic animals. No matter how graceful their forms may be by nature, men have done their best to improve them, often with senseless cruelty, often with permanent injury to the unfortunate victims, and yet never succeeding in adding to their natural beauty.

In an article contributed by Dr. Fleming, C. B., to the *Nineteenth Century*, there is an instructive sketch of the vagaries of fashion in the mutilation of dogs and horses. It is not a pleasant subject, but perhaps it may be well to say something about it, if only to show the essential barbarism which is the real origin of certain mutilations which are still maintained by the caprice of fashion. In the present article we shall tell of the three principal mutilations to which the dog has been subjected, leaving the mutilation of the horse to be described hereafter. The word "mutilation," however, we ought to say, is not applied by Dr. Fleming to the removal of any part of the animal unless it causes pain or permanent deformity, or both. It may be stupid to "hog" the mane and clip the forelock of a horse or a pony, and it may be equally stupid to clip the hair from certain parts of the body of a French poodle, but, stupid as they are, these are not mutilations. They cause no pain to the animal, and in time the hair will grow again; but to perform a painful operation in the removal of a part of an animal's body, which cannot be restored, is properly called a mutilation, and it is only too likely to be injurious.

Dr. Fleming describes the three fashionable mutilations to which the dog has been subjected. These are the cropping of the ears and the tail and the strange operation which is known as "worming." All of these mutilations are illegal under the present humane laws of England, and also, we are happy to say, under the laws of the State of New York; yet the first two are still done surreptitiously, and it is probable that the third is practised by some nineteenth century savages.

MUTILATIONS OF THE DOG: CROPPING THE EARS

The cropping of a dog's ears is rightly called by Dr. Fleming a "brutal and disfiguring operation." It had its origin at least two or three centuries ago, when dog-fighting became a fashionable amusement; and its excuse was, that the removal of the ears, like the cropping of the hair of pugilists, and the cutting of the combs of fighting-cocks, was necessary, to protect the dog from the danger of being caught by the ears, and so held at a disadvantage, by its adversary. Now that dog-fighting is abolished and has become the pastime only of ruffians, there is no occasion and no excuse for ear-cropping, even in the case of bull-dogs; and the cropping of terriers, and especially of delicate and sensitive creatures like toy terriers, is as wicked a brutality as ever survived from an age of barbarism.

Let it not be supposed that the cropping of a dog's ears is done by a few dexterous strokes of the knife or a few swift clips of the shears. Dr. Fleming says: "The operation is a protracted and horribly painful one, as it generally happens that piece after piece of skin and cartilage have to be clipped away in order to make the remaining portions of the same length. But this is only the initial part of the business, as it is necessary for several days afterwards to *pull* the ears, or what is left of them, to make them stand erect and unwrinkled. Meanwhile the piercing yells of the poor dogs while all this is being done is a terrible evidence of the agony they suffer." And to what end do they suffer? Absolutely none, except to satisfy a perverted fancy. The dog is not beautified, but deformed; a not unusual result of the operation is deafness; and the inner part of the ear having no protection from flies or the entrance of foreign substances, the mutilated dog is doomed to suffer annoyance throughout its life. All the cruelty of the operation and the irreparable injury to the dog, says Dr. Fleming, are "inflicted to satisfy a morbid taste, and are due to the stupid notion that the shortened ears cause the animal to 'look smart' or 'more varmint.'" What is there to be said in defence of this form of cruelty? Nothing whatever.

CROPPING THE TAIL

As the cropping of the dog's ears had its origin in a barbarous custom, so the cropping of its tail was the result of barbarous ignorance. "So long ago as the time of Columella, the Roman writer on agriculture, the mutilation of the dog's tail was a popular and favorite procedure. He tells us in his *De Re Rustica* that the shepherds believed that if, on the fortieth day after the birth of a pup, the last bone of its tail were *bitten off*, the sinew (believed to be a worm) would follow the piece; after

this the tail would not grow and the dog would not become rabid." So long can an ignorant superstition survive, that to this day there are grooms and dog-fanciers who actually *bite off* puppies' tails as a matter of business, and some of them proudly show a fragment of sinew attached to the amputated joint and call it the "worm in the tail." Hunting dogs were exempt from this absurd and superstitious cruelty; for the huntsman of the olden time knew that if a dog has no tail to use as a rudder, he is at a great disadvantage in the chase. But for that very reason the forest laws required persons who were not entitled to engage in the sports of *venerie* to amputate the tails of their dogs; hence, all dogs of low degree were crop-tailed, or curt-tailed (from the Latin *curtus*, *short*), and so in our own time a dog of uncertain breed is still called a "cur," though his tail may be of natural length. What excuse is there nowadays for the cropping of dogs' tails? Again we must answer, absolutely none. It is a barbarous practice which never had any excuse but the popular belief in a superstitious fancy that a crop-tailed dog would be exempt from rabies.

WORMING.

Still more curious was the notion of the ancients that rabies might be prevented by the operation of "worming," which consisted in cutting out the bridle of the dog's tongue. If this part of the animal were thrice carried round a fire and given to a person who had been bitten by a mad dog, it was believed that hydrophobia would be prevented, and, at any rate, the animal would be safe. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers fully believed in this strange notion, though they varied it in practice. The portion of the tongue, when cut out, looked somewhat like a worm, and was supposed to be a worm. Accordingly, the following direction was given in an Anglo-Saxon work on veterinary surgery: "Take the worms which be under a mad hound's tongue, snip them away, lead them around about a fig tree, give them to him who hath been rent, and he will soon be whole." Strange to say, the practice continued to be general until the time of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who tried, in his famous dictionary, to give a definition of "worming." "The 'worm,'" he said, "is a substance, nobody knows what, and is extracted, nobody knows why!" We gather from Dr. Fleming's article that this silly operation is still performed by rustics in England. He adds that it is "extremely painful, and leaves the unfortunate dog with a very sore mouth for some days, while it makes the tongue less competent to carry on its important functions. It is needless to add that in no respect does it confer any advantage to the dog or its owner."

Very clearly these three mutilations of an animal which is justly called "the friend of man," are wholly indefensible. They have their origin either in a barbarous sport or in barbarous superstition. They cause indescribable suffering to the dog; they are of no benefit, direct or indirect, to man; and, as fashions, they betray imbecility and a depraved taste as well as cold-blooded cruelty.

WHILE the Society's patrol wagon was in the upper part of the city the other morning, the officers were attracted by exclamations of "Sic him! bite him!" etc., followed by the barking and growling of dogs. The sounds appeared to come from an unoccupied stable which stood a short distance from the roadway. Securing their horse, Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Gay cautiously approached the building, and on looking through an opening in the door they saw three boys who had driven a goat into a corner and were baiting it with dogs. Though the goat seemed to be well able to defend itself, it was evidently very much frightened by the vicious attacks of the dogs and the cruel prodding of the two-legged brutes, and suddenly, as if realizing that relief was at hand, it leaped at its tormentors, knocked the largest of the boys down, and made straight for the door through which the officers were just entering to the rescue. Goats do not usually take kindly to strangers, but in this instance the abused creature sought refuge behind the officers, and remained close to them until it was taken to its home. The boys were arrested and arraigned in court, where they were fined and severely reprimanded by the magistrate.

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"KEEP the old plug going," said Jacob Wang to his driver, William Peck, who was urging a poor, half-starved horse with whip and voice to pull a

loaded wagon through an unpaved street in the upper part of the city. The horse stopped from sheer exhaustion; but the whip in the hands of the strong but brutal driver was plied with unceasing vigor. The Society's ambulance had just arrived with a disabled horse, and had put it in a comfortable stable in the next street, when a little boy ran in, and sobbed out to the officer in charge, "Please come to the next street and help a poor horse!" The officer started at once, and presently found Peck and Wang in the act of kicking the half-dead horse. In a short time the animal was in the ambulance, on its way to the hospital, while the human brutes were safely lodged in the station house for the night. Both were subsequently convicted by the Court of Special Sessions, and Wang was fined twenty-five dollars for permitting the cruelty. The sick horse was kept in the hospital until it was in proper condition for work.

MICHAEL O'LEARY was charged with having maliciously driven a nail into the nigh forefoot of a horse belonging to his brother David. David O'Leary is engaged in the express business and employs a number of drivers, one of whom was Michael. For over-driving and otherwise abusing one of the horses, Michael was lately discharged. He threatened revenge, saying to his brother, "I'll get square with you. I'll make you as poor as myself." David reported the case of the lamed horse to the Society, and in less than three hours Michael was in the hands of the law. He was subsequently arraigned before Justices Hogan, Meade and Feitner, in the Court of Special Sessions, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to the Penitentiary for three months.

"HORSE overboard at the foot of Jackson Street, East River," was the hurry telephone call for the ambulance and the life-saving derrick the other night. The officers found a horse struggling in the East River into which it had accidentally fallen. The night was dark, but with the assistance of a diver the derrick straps were girt around the animal's body, and the half-drowned horse was hauled up, put into the ambulance, and taken to a veterinary hospital, where it soon recovered. The patrol, the ambulance, and the derrick service have been unusually busy during the past few weeks.

IN response to the telephone call, "A cat is in an air-shaft between two buildings, and can't get out," an officer was sent to the rescue. He found that the cat had either been thrown down the opening of the shaft or had accidentally fallen through it. It was necessary to pull down part of a ceiling and to remove about ten feet of flooring before the animal could be gotten out. No time was wasted in performing the work, and the cat was finally released more dead than alive from her five days' imprisonment. She was taken to the Shelter for Animals and was cared for.

HE that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.—*William Penn.*

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FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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BEAVERS AND SQUIRRELS IN ENGLAND

Collapse of an Interesting Experiment

By G. W. MURDOCH

BEAVERS in England" may appear anachronistic, but if the Island of Bute, N. B., is included in England, the anachronism disappears, and our observations will not have reference to the age of Paleolithic or even Neolithic man in Britain, but to this closing decade of the nineteenth century. Only a few days ago (April 6th) I received a letter from the Marquis of Bute announcing the melancholy fact that his beaver colony at Mount Stuart, Bute, had finally collapsed, the last of the little rodents having recently died. Lord Bute took infinite pains with this experiment, and expended upon it not only much money, but the exercise of a sound judgment in the study of the phenomena of beaver life, structure, habits, and "tastes," together with great care in securing and acting upon the best practical advice. The failure of his reacclimatization of beavers in Britain is all the more to be regretted as it is, in all probability, the last that will ever be made. I use the word reacclimatization advisedly because, although Lord Bute experimented with the American beaver (*C. Canadensis*), I am inclined to follow those zoölogists who regard it not as a distant species, but rather as a local variety of the almost extinct European animal (*C. Fiber*). Certainly the site chosen could not have been surpassed for such an experiment; and when the colony was founded nearly twenty years ago, special care was taken to isolate the habitat from any interference of inquisitive tourists to the picturesque Island of Bute in the Firth of Clyde. It was situated nearly a mile to the rear of the stately mountain of Mount Stuart, built on the ruins of the ancient family seat of the noble family whose lineage can be traced to the Stuart line of Scottish kings. The private domain covers an area of several thousands of acres, and a large portion of it is covered by dense forests of ancient and noble oaks, pines, beeches, ashes, and smaller trees and shrubs peculiar to the "mixed" forest lands of the Scottish system of arboriculture. A considerable stream has its source in one of the small meres on the breezy plateau of the island, and after gathering on its course the tributary waters of many brooklets, it enters the woods about two miles from the sea. Its course is slightly tortuous and picturesque all the way down to the private chapel built on the site of a quaint and very ancient house of prayer, that might have stood for the ideal picture in the "Faerie Queene":

> "A little, lowly hermitage it was,
> Down in a dale, hard by a forest side,"

and within sound of the "boundless, tameless ocean" laving the silvery beach of one of the fairest spots on earth. The river at certain places bounds over bowlders, then forms itself into deep pools, narrow gorges, and broad fords, its whole line of progress through the private grounds being densely wooded. Here, on a long stretch of stream, the colony was founded, and the very greatest care was taken to keep the place absolutely free from disturbance. Lord Bute himself personally took the greatest interest in the lives of his little friends, and they had every attention from expert caretakers. At first there were indications that the scheme might prove a success, and I find that in the volume of "Alber's Naturalist's Library," devoted to British mammals, and published only a few weeks ago, Mr. Lydekker, speaking of the beaver, uses the following language:

"With regard to Scotland, the historical evidence (of beaver life) is somewhat doubtful. Giraldus states, indeed, from hearsay, that beavers were still seen in his time in Loch Ness, and Boethius made a similar statement in 1527; but Alston considered that by this date the beaver had ceased to exist in Scotland. That it will flourish there *is demonstrated by the colony introduced by the Marquis of Bute into the island from which he takes his title.*"

The words italicized are a melancholy comment on the fact I am enabled to communicate to the columns of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS through the kind courtesy of Lord Bute.

Considerable controversy has arisen of late among field naturalists and untheoretical zoölogical circles in England concerning certain still obscure habits of squirrels, which, by the way, are quite holding their own in many parts of the country. The principal points at issue are the alleged hibernating habits of this lively and most interesting little

animal, and its "habits" (?) of destroying useful birds' eggs, and even eating the fledglings, more particularly those of game birds. I do not myself believe that squirrels hibernate in winter for any length of time in any part of Great Britain; not even in the severest visitations of frost and snow. When I was a boy I was—on all available occasions—the constant companion of the late Mr. James Hood, for many years head gamekeeper on the picturesque estate of Ballochmyle, in Ayrshire, N. B., immortalized in Burns's song of "The Lass of Ballochmyle;" the "bonnie lass," by the way, being a direct ancestress of the present amiable and gallant laird, General Sir Claude Alexander XIII. I spent much of my time with Mr. Hood in the woods in all seasons, and, as squirrels abounded therein at that time, I had many opportunities of observing their habits.

Squirrels care nothing for frost or snow, nor for both combined, if they can obtain food, and if they cannot reach their "stores" they grow extremely tame and have been frequently found in the vicinity of cottages and farm-houses. Subsequent experiences in many parts of England, more particularly in the lake district of Westmoreland where I reside, amply confirm my early impressions. The evidence on the other point is rather conflicting. I have lately taken much pains to sift it, and so "work to a conclusion" on sound, inductive lines. Some time ago I entered into communication with several head gamekeepers on forest estates in different parts of this country, in all instances gentlemen of character and intelligent observation. The result was extremely interesting, but I must not burden your columns with the details, and can only refer to two typical and widely contrasted proofs.

Mr. Charles Robinson, head pheasant keeper for Lord Lonsdale, at Lowther Castle, Cumberland, answered promptly: "I never knew squirrels to destroy either the eggs or young of game birds. I do not say, however, that they do not do so." Mr. Robinson was for many years head keeper for the late Duke of Buccleuch on his great English estate, and has therefore had much experience.

On the other hand, Mr. Hall, head keeper for Captain Bagot, M. P., of Levens, Westmoreland, who has had forty years' experience of the habits of squirrels in different parts of England, told me the other day that he knew for a fact that they destroyed young birds. In the spring of 1893 he was constantly missing young birds from the "runs" in the Levens woods, and at first attributed the loss to rats. He determined to watch himself, and did so, with the result that he saw two squirrels, male and female, pounce down upon a brood and carry off one young bird each. This he discovered on three different occasions, but the squirrels are one of the famous attractions of Levens Park, which is one of the noblest in England, and Captain Bagot is averse to disturbing them. In his work on "British Mammals," Mr. Lydekker admits the "soft impeachment" against the squirrels, but says it is a "depraved taste." How far the depravity has sunk or spread, may be partially at least ascertained when I come to compare and analyze all my notes of evidence. It may be interesting to mention that alongside recently discovered prehistoric remains of squirrels in Yorkshire were found many hazel-nut shells evidently split open by the little rodents.

IN a recent interview Sarah Bernhardt gave expression to her pet theories regarding animals in these words: "They tell me that in England your old maids, when they have no longer the chance of being loved, turn all their affections towards animals. I like them for it. To my mind a noble dog, for example, is much more worthy of love than man. I firmly believe that it is given to some few human beings to understand the feelings and instincts of animals, and I am as firmly convinced that I am one of them. If I am in a crowd of people, and a dog or cat is near, it will come naturally to me without my making the slightest movement. Why this is the case I cannot say, unless I admit that there is developed in me another sense, the existence of which animals at once perceive. But there is the fact; if you do not admit my explanation, you must deny the existence of what is as evident as the light from the sun."—*Chicago Tribune.*

PHYSIOLOGISTS tell us that, in their physical structure, man and beast are made on one and the same plan, and are near of kin to each other. Is it not just possible that the Maker of man and beast may have implanted in both a substantial identity of moral nature? Think that question out in your own way, and at whatever conclusion you may arrive, "you will be a more reverent and an humbler man than you were."

QUEER THINGS ABOUT CATS

By Marguerite Tracy

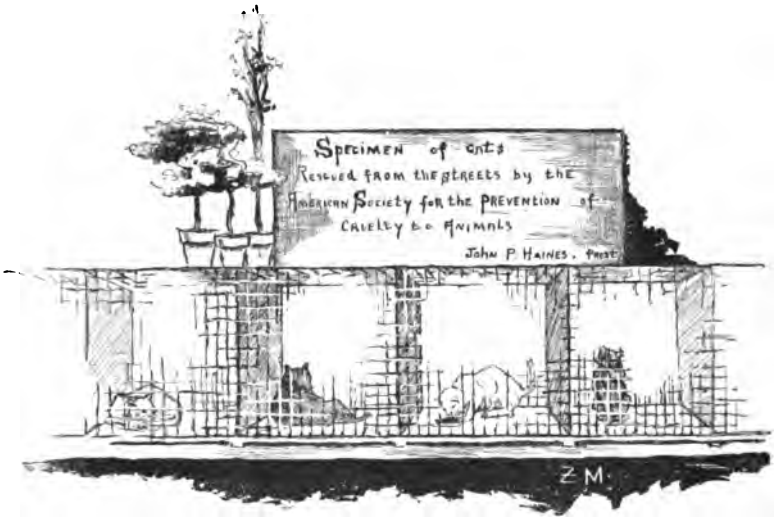
THE folk-lore of every country is full of superstitions of cats. The more barbaric the people, the more the cat is regarded as an uncanny creature, often as the reincarnated spirit of a wicked man, and is always invested with an imaginary power for evil. In fact, it is not too much to say that the enlightenment of a people may be measured by their appreciation of cats.

Cats recognize no will but their own; they come as homeless beggars to your door and claim your hospitality as a right, not as a charity. A dog in similar circumstances feels himself under obligations, attaches himself to one or all of the family, and takes upon himself certain responsibilities. Ignorant people resent and misinterpret the whimsical independence of the cat, and, while they cordially hate it, they are yet superstitiously afraid to do it the slightest harm. I once revelled in the experience of an old "po' white" woman down South. She was not a kind-hearted woman, and she abused her poor faithful "yaller dog" in every conceivable way; but one afternoon when I was interceding for the old fellow, a great friend of mine—a black cat—sprang up on the window sill of the shanty, sat there for a moment, and then came in and settled itself comfortably on the only bed. This, to the old woman, meant nothing short of treachery and death, and the profound respect with which she treated her very ordinary and innocent feline visitor delighted my heart for weeks afterward; in fact, until the cat arose one day and went out into the warm bright sunlight never to return.

It seems a long journey from the South to the National Cat Show at the Madison Square Garden, but I find myself constantly comparing these cats, that were so loved and honored, with the cat which was honored and feared, and the difference is not in the cats.

Nothing is more tantalizing than to have a cat which has condescended to learn some pretty trick refuse to perform it for a visitor; but refuse it will, and in the most dignified and natural way. Judging from its expression, the visitor is fain to believe that the cat had never performed the trick at all. But capriciousness, when, like the cat's, it is innocent, is one of the most charming and fascinating traits of character. We feel differently about the caprices of a tiger or a panther; they carry so much more weight. It is more than probable that a canary would say that a cat's caprices likewise carry weight; and this recalls one of the prettiest scenes of the Cat Show.

"Mittens" was a well-cared-for cat, eight months old, by courtesy a Maltese, since that strain undoubtedly predominated in his coat and general form. He was confined with two little bird cages full of canaries and a small green parrot. It seems that from birth Mittens and the birds have been constant companions, and that he protects them from other cats. This exemplary fellow says his prayers at night, folding his paws and bowing his little gray head over them, while his owner (cats do not have masters) recites, "Now I lay me down to sleep." But even Mittens was an unsatisfactory "show" cat; nestling in his silken pillow, he turned a fluffy, ball-like form to the passers by, and


Specimen of Cats
Rescued from the streets by the
American Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals
John P. Haines, Pres.

could not be persuaded to interest himself in them.

Very different from him, but independent in his own way, was the beautiful white Angora, who walked back and forth in his cage while the musicians were playing, and mewed until he was taken out and placed on the platform near the violins. There he sat perfectly, loftily content, listening to the band and beating softly and rhythmically with his tail.

A little stuffed animal had been left near one of the cages, and caused its live neighbor the greatest unrest. Any student of cat nature will tell you that the curiosity of a woman is as nothing compared with the curiosity of a cat. How many times has not the entire tin armament of a kitchen gone ringing to the floor because one kitten heard or saw or scented something curious? The moment that the cat near the stuffed animal was taken from its cage, it made a bound for the strange, motionless creature on the little stand, and crouched before it with bristling coat and bared, defensive teeth. But when it sprang impatiently at the unoffending one and found it harmless —stuffed, in fact—its disgust and self-contempt were simply past expression, and it returned with haughty dignity to its cage.

Listening to the Band

This is the point in which cats approach the sublime. When a dog has made a mistake, he is so humbled before men, as well as before his own conscience, that his head falls, and he glances at you every now and then with literally a "hang-dog" look. A cat out of conceit with itself is still so superior to you that you do not enter into its trouble at all. The cats rescued from the street by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty were no less dignified than their neighbors who had been born and raised in luxury, and it is this that convinces me, after long and respectful study of their ways, that cats are the most superbly aristocratic creatures in the world.

SOME CITIZENS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

By A. V. Boyd

THREE things are mainly associated in the unlearned mind with Constantinople—polygamy, dirty streets, and dogs. The last are almost the most interesting part of the city. Some there are who will tell us that the dogs have the best right to the soil of Byzantium, the right of prior possession and continuous occupancy; and certainly the character and extent of the canine population lends plausibility to the theory. Amidst rival and varying colonies of Orientals, Greeks, and Franks, the hordes of dogs alone maintain, and so far as history informs us, have ever maintained, absolute independence, owning no master, and subject to no law except the unwritten law of their own customs. No alien dog is suffered among them, nor may even pass through their territory without protest and molestation if he be unprotected. Mankind, as a rule, they treat with silent contempt.

The poor scavengers who wander through the streets picking rags from the heaps of household refuse, are also treated as interlopers, and while one of these men is raking over a rubbish heap, a score of dogs will surround him, barking and howling in chorus, but keeping just beyond reach of his stick. Then, as he walks off, the dogs follow, barking louder than ever, and waxing bolder as the chance of reprisal grows less. The appearance of a civilized dog in public absolutely convulses

canine society; popular passion is roused to its highest pitch, and if the intruder be small, its master's stick alone will save it from lynching. A less virulent hatred is shown to bears. Dancing bears, as all who know Constantinople are aware, furnish a common form of street entertainment. Led by the nose, the bear lumbers through the streets, a picture of hopeless, helpless misery, followed by a flock of howling dogs, and as he stops to give his performance, his pursuers stand around and bark accompaniment to his doleful antics.

Whence the dogs come nobody seems to know; whither they go is equally mysterious, for a dead dog is a rare thing to see. The Turks take the dogs, as they take everything else, as a matter of course, and nobody seems to have heard or conceived of a time when Constantinople was not populated with dogs. In a country where the men are unnumbered, it is not likely that a census would be taken of the dogs; but the canine population must amount to many thousands, for you cannot walk any street without finding them everywhere in your way. Through the summer days they lie asleep in the road, half buried in the dust, or stretched full length across the footpath; in winter they sleep, coiled up nose to tail, through falling rain or driving snow, making way for no man; and when prompted by kick, or threatened by hoof or cartwheel, they crawl aside with contemptuous deliberation. At night, all awake, and moved seemingly by a common impulse, they take active possession of the streets when man deserts them. You see them as dark shadows collected round heaps of refuse, prowling in gangs in search of stray scraps, or assembled in solemn conclave at the crossings. You may note their black forms moving hither and thither with noiseless activity, led always by some doughty warrior of truculent mien, until suddenly there is a snarl and a growl, and in a moment the air is rent with wild barking and howling, and all the dogs meet in a fierce struggle round a refuse heap, tumbling over and over in one confused mass until only the strongest are left in possession; or the whole pack rushes madly down the street as if possessed; from quarter to quarter come answering howls, and the city resounds with the hideous chorus. Then gradually the noise subsides, and the dogs go their ways in silence.

What their polity may be is hard to say, but it would seem at least as advanced as that of their human co-inhabitants. Judging from appearances, I should say they live under a republic, with an extensive system of local self-government. For although all the dogs will combine in the face of a common enemy, such as a dancing bear or a ragpicker, they are really divided into small communities, hostile to one another and with well-defined spheres of influence. Thus each clan has its own particular street, beyond the bounds of which its members trespass at their peril. Any violation of territorial rights is met with prompt protest and ruthless justice by the clan aggrieved.

Tantalized by the sight of feasting in a neighboring street, a dog will sometimes leave his own territory and sneak over the border, hopeful, apparently, that the preoccupation of his neighbors will enable him to snatch a morsel. The instant he is observed, the whole pack leave their food, and with a howl dash after the intruder, who turns and flies for his life. The pursuing clan, driven by the impetus of their passion, overshoot the mark and pour helter-skelter into the street of the intruder. The latter, now on his native heath and reënforced by his own pack, turns and meets his pursuers; the two clans, headed by their leaders, stand in battle array, and, after snarling defiance, retire with tails erect and uncompromising. Each little community has its president, who takes the foremost part in all public proceedings, and marches at the head of his followers, whether to fight or to feast.

One may say that each street has the dogs it deserves, the physique of the dogs corresponding to the dignity of the houses. In the best streets of Pera and Stamboul, the dogs are very much larger, fatter, and better looking, as if they shared the opulence around them, and enjoyed all the advantages of a civilized home. In the poor quarters of the city the dogs are miserable creatures, slinking about the gutters with their tails between their legs like pariahs of their kind. Under the most favorable conditions the Constantinople dog attains the size of a large collie, with a thick rough coat and bushy tail, the pointed nose and prick ears being common to all. The prevailing color is tan, varying through numerous shades of buff and yellow until it becomes nearly white; but there are curious exceptions to the general rule, which seem to show the baneful effect of unhealthy environment upon the moral nature. In some streets you will find the whole tribe with

more or less black mingled with the tan, and slightly different in build, proving that their blood has been tainted by a *mésalliance* with some stranger. The curious fact which points the moral, is that these ill-bred beasts are to be found only in a few of the most squalid streets.

The foreigner, accustomed to the friendship of dogs, is moved to pity on seeing, for the first time, this alien race of a species so sympathetic. Pity becomes tinged with suspicion when his advances are rejected by the dogs, whose independence is mistaken for ill nature. As a consequence, the race is sadly maligned by most travellers, and appreciated by a few only of those who dwell in the city. Their conditions of life are not favorable to the development of those nicer traits to which we are accustomed; but the close observer will find many indications that the Constantinople dog, in spite of his savage, dissipated life, is yet capable of finer feelings where there is any encouragement to the development of them. The sick and the maimed are often as tenderly cared for by their stronger brethren as in communities where the conditions are more favorable. I watched for some weeks a fine exhibition of canine chivalry. A dog in the Rue de Pologne had become the mother of five pups. Some kindly people had rigged up a rough kennel in the street for the family, and every morning supplied them with food. An old warrior constituted himself its guardian, and every time food was thrown to them he took his stand beside the kennel and kept off the rest of the tribe while the mother fed. How great was his self-denial I could see from the way he looked at the food and licked his jaws with baffled relish. With children these dogs seem always to be friendly, and I have seen a whole colony throng around some little benefactress as she entered the street, and accompany her to her door with wagging of tails and other demonstrations of gratitude; but it is a long time before one can establish a friendship so familiar that they will enter a house.

Of course, the dogs have not escaped the attention of the concession-monger—nothing in Turkey does escape him. You may meet in Constantinople to-day, men who came out years ago to obtain a concession for paving the streets, tunnelling the Golden Horn, bridging the Bosphorus, or doing something else which the Turks do not want done. More than one of these men has proposed to exploit the dogs for the sake of their skins, which would glove the half of Turkey; but the proposal has come to naught, for the Turks seem to have a furtive regard for the race. The Mussulman will not suffer them to pollute his house with their presence, but he is invariably kind to the animals —as, indeed, he ever is to man or beast—giving them food and water, and protecting them from the brutality of less humane denizens. In fact, when a Grand Vizier, at the prompting of some European adviser, proposed to rid the city of the dogs by ordering their destruction, the people protested so emphatically that the Minister, in fear, abandoned the idea.

THE HUMANITY OF THE JAPANESE TOWARDS ANIMALS

By the Countess Annie de Montaigu

THE love of animals seems to be implanted in the hearts of the Japanese, and is an exceedingly amiable trait of their character. There is a wonderful sympathy existing between them and the lower animals, which a stranger cannot fail to notice and admire. Consideration for the lower order of beings is probably the result of the kindly tenets of Buddha, who instilled the lesson of divine humanity into his followers; but it may be that the benevolence of the Japanese owes its origin to fear as well as love, since they are believers in transmigration, and Buddha says, "Thy future birth will be unhappy if thou doest cruel things."

The education of the Japanese child is derived in most cases from his mother, who teaches him morality and tenderness while yet an infant. To this beautiful feminine influence may be traced the love of the little ones for flowers, birds, and beasts. They are fond of playing with toads, snails, and butterflies, but handle them so gently that they escape unharmed; even the tiniest toddler will go out of his way to avoid crushing the meanest worm that crawls. Their parents and nurses tell them all sorts of quaint tales about animals, and the folklore of the country teems with stories of birds and beasts and fishes. The little ones grow up with many pretty conceits about birds and insects; among others they have a rhythmical charm which they believe will infallibly make the great black and yellow snails put forth their horns.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese represent the zodiacal signs by typical animals; they are the rat,

the bull, the tiger, the rabbit, the dragon, the serpent, the lion, the goat, the monkey, the cock, the dog, and the wild boar.

According to the Buddhist religion, man stands at the head of all naked animals and holds sway over them; that mythical beast, the ki-lin, or unicorn, protects all hairy things; the hawo, or phœnix, reigns supreme over the feathered tribe; ryo, the dragon, dominates the scaly animals; and ki, the turtle, is the king of shellfish. These four creatures are known as shi-rei, or lucky animals.

The dragon is regarded as the type of truth and vigilance. He is conspicuous anywhere, and holds the most honored place upon the imperial escutcheon, upon banners and coins. He is frequently depicted in textiles and in embroidery. The elephant and the peacock are great favorites, and some occult significance is attached to their personality. The mantle turtle, whose back is covered with long green confervæ, is the type of peaceful old age. In the ornamentation of metal work, kakemonos, and even dresses, birds, beasts, and fishes play an important role; they are associated with symbolic flowers, certain combinations having a significance known to those learned in their meaning. One can well imagine why the nightingale and the plum blossom are depicted together, since both alike suggest the return of spring. The tiger and the bamboo idea can be understood when one remembers that the lair of the king of beasts is in the tangled bamboo jungles. The deer and the maple, of course, refer to the animal in the midst of a forest. The bulrush and the heron are congenial, as the reedy plant grows on the margin of streams frequented by this bird. The silver heron, however, accompanies the lotos flower, the latter being an aquatic plant. The combination of the bamboo and the sparrow, the willow and the swallow, is easily comprehended. That unpoetic animal the goat, is often pictured surrounded by flowers, and this is explained by the fact that the goat is fond of eating flowers; but why the lion and the peony, or the crane and the pine bough should be put together, it would be difficult to explain.

The crane and the turtle both symbolize happiness and long life. Cranes are trained to fill the office of carrier pigeons, and are extremely intelligent in that capacity.

Children are rarely allowed to keep caged pets; and there is a pretty custom which teaches them that the gods have a tender care of the lower orders of creation. Old women with imprisoned birds stand at the entrances of the temples; and by giving a sen (a small copper coin) to one of them, a child, on his way to recite his prayers, is at liberty to ransom a feathered captive. The little ones take infinite pleasure in watching the pretty creature in its aërial flight to liberty, and this small act of benevolence is supposed to incline the god favorably toward the child.

The Japanese eat but little animal food, their principal diet consisting of cereals, fruit, and eggs; yet they do eat fish and fowl. The domestic fowl is indigenous to Japan. Tame ducks are rare, and geese are almost unknown.

Cattle are never killed for food, and are kept only as beasts of burden. They draw the ponderous carts of the country. The cows in Japan are not kept as milch animals. They are well knit, with high withers and tapering backs, and are usually black, dappled with chocolate brown; in color they somewhat resemble the Hungarian and Podolian cattle of the Steppes.

Goats are not native to Japan, but have been imported by the Portuguese and Dutch settlers. Sheep are rare, although the soil and climate are favorable to sheep-raising. Swine did not originate in this country, but were carried there by the Chinese, who esteem them highly.

The horses are of the Mongolian breed and are small of stature, with thick heads and protuberant bellies; their powers of endurance are wonderful. The horse is rarely used for riding purposes, nor has he any prestige as a draught animal, since oxen are preferred for work of that kind, while the horse is used with the plough and as a pack animal. The horses and mares are separated into districts, according to sex. The horse, according to our ideas, is not comfortably housed, although his quarters are kept very clean. His head is turned to the entrance of his stall, and he is tied with cords to four posts in such a position that it is impossible for him to lie down at all. Manger he has none, and he takes his food from a box tied about his neck. This consists of damp hay and a mixture of bran and oats; as a great treat he is sometimes given a handful of beans or barley.

An exceptional and glaring evidence of cruelty to a living object is shown in the vivisection of fish. Only the wealthy are enabled to indulge in the luxury of devouring breathing, palpitating flesh. The hapless creature is brought to the table, repos-

ing on a picturesque bed of damp sea-weed, which affords the requisite moisture to keep it alive. The skin is raised and the poor thing is carved in slices, and in so scientific a manner that the vital organs are left intact. Slice after slice is removed from the dish, and still the dismembered animal breathes. Thus the unfortunate fish is an animate witness of his own burial, which is effected in segments. It is almost too horrible to imagine; and the astonishing part is that this monstrosity is perpetrated by a people who, of all things, pride themselves upon their gentle humanity.

THE ROAD-RUNNER

By George M. Kellogg

PROMINENT among the quaint productions of the Sierra country is the Road-Runner, often called the "Chaparral Cock," and again the "Cock of the Plains."

Like all the bold challengers of the bird creation, the Road-Runner is crested. He is no relative of the grouse, being, indeed, a unique creation. Strangely enough, he is classified with the cuckoos, which are denizens of the groves, and are gentle if not spiritless. But nature, as if to confound theory, has caused strength to spring from weakness, and a flaunting boldness to arise where retiring timidity, a craven character, or, perhaps, laziness might have been expected.

In our Road-Runner, the slight, short legs of the cuckoo have become long and strong, almost matching those of the wild turkey. The feet, designed apparently for climbing or perching, are also long and strong, with two sharp toes reaching forward, and two turned backward. A friend in Santa Fé, New Mexico, tells me that he has seen a Road-Runner take to a telegraph pole, and with three skips, as it were, mount to its top.

He has something of the look of the great crested log-cock, the gallant high strutter of the "wood-peckers."

A long, strong, sharply-pointed bill provides the Chaparral Cock with as keen a weapon of offence as any raven's beak, but it never by any chance dips into carrion.

A brilliant eye with the glitter of the mustang's is in the large, well-poised head. As though to proclaim his carnivorous habit, a small red gule, bare of feathers, is planted on the neck below each cheek.

This Cock of the Plains is the picture of sinewy strength and lightness. His hue is dark with many horizontal flecks of white. His glossy black tail, over a foot in length, is held up proudly, but straight back. He uses it as a rudder to steer his fleet passage over the ground. The jack-rabbit, for a hundred-yard stretch, has not half this bird's swiftness.

Our Road-Runner will not waste his strength in long racing, but shoots with arrowy speed to his covert or point of attack.

He is the foe of all vermin, especially of snakes, tarantulas, and the deadly *vinegerone*. He often compasses the death of large snakes by surrounding them with cactus-spines, and then tantalizing them till they impale themselves on the sharp spikes. With his wings, which he disdains to use in flying, he can strike the threatening snake-head a blow that will so stun and scatter the senses, that the prey is easy to the relentless enemy.

This bird loves the ardent sun, the spiky cactus, the thorny mesquite-bush, and the serried bayonets that guard the yucca. All these plants of the desert furnish sure hiding-places on the exposed plain for the Chaparral Cock and his family.

Wary and fierce as he is by nature, he seems to know well that he is of friendly meaning to man. His boldness gives him a certain confidence or trust, and he is easily tamed, becomes semi-domestic, and at once is man's sure ally in destroying the sly pests of the granary, with the spiteful centipedes and scorpions that sneak into houses. He is worth a dozen lazy cats to the Mexican *ranchero*.

Though of an entirely different family, the Road-Runner's photograph would serve for that of the secretary-bird, which is the outcome of conditions analogous to those which surround our Cock of the Plains. But the African bird is but a clumsy lout in comparison with the American.

The tail of the Chaparral Cock—made of many broad, stiff feathers (not plumes)—did not grow in Darwin's sentimental house of sexual selection. Its owner has to "get his living," and cannot afford to dawdle. This tail, unique and unrivalled among bird-tails, swings from side to side like a broad oar, as the bold, industrious cock turns a corner. No boatman ever feathered an oar so skilfully and masterfully in rounding a turn; no rope-walker ever used his balancing-pole more adroitly. With it the bird can arrest his swiftest flight, and make the sharpest angle in his course,

zigzagging, almost lightning-like, across your field of vision. Such doubling was never done by any fox a-field, as is possible to our bird, skimming in airy grace like a keen skater over a field of ice.

It is said that in winter this adventurous bird migrates afoot several hundred miles southward, much after the manner of the wild turkey. It is found in winter along the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California. Thus his range is the whole breadth of the continent in the latitude thirty to thirty-five degrees.

Let us hope that he will long remain to enliven these plains and hillsides, and to mitigate the pests of this "white and bright land," Las Vegas, New Mexico.

"REASON OR INSTINCT OR BOTH"

BY R. D. O. SMITH

MR. H. CLAY HALL'S sketch in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS for October, 1894, is very interesting to me, because I am firmly convinced those animals which are most intimately associated with human life acquire an understanding of human speech which is marvellous, considering their necessarily limited powers of expression. Two instances among many which occurred in my own experience go far to convince me that dogs and cats possess mental powers identical in kind with those of the human mind.

I lived in a house placed forty feet back from the street, a picket fence in front and at each side, except that, at the side of my piazza, a tight board fence five feet high shut us off from my neighbor's house, which was built against mine. My other neighbor owned two lots, one of which intervened between his house and mine. The rear of this vacant lot was encumbered with quite a tangle of vines and weeds, and between this rear part and my own very small back yard was a tight board fence five feet high. The piazza fence has to do with my dog story, and the tangle of vines and weeds has to do with my cat story.

I possessed a black-and-tan of good proportions. When he was out in the street he could not get over the picket fence, but he had learned that by a bold leap he could catch his fore-paws on the top of the piazza fence and scramble to the top, whence it was easy to descend on the home side.

One evening we were sitting on the piazza, and I happened to be close to the fence, when I saw Mr. B.-and-T. come to the gate. Finding it closed, he trotted into the neighbor's yard and leaped up the fence; but the instant his head appeared above the top of it, I gave him a sounding box on the ear which sent him backward to the ground. He went back a little way and sat down to think about it. After a while he walked out into the street to our gate and decided to wait until somebody should open it. After a little while I let him in. He ran immediately to the fence and spent as many as fifteen minutes, evidently trying to find out where that blow had come from. He was satisfied it had come from our side, but he evidently had no suspicion that I was connected with it. His entire action showed conclusively that he had thoughts about what had befallen him, and a determination to find out the truth.

We also had a favorite cat, who understood perfectly well that she was a member of our family. After the manner of cats, she one morning informed us with maternal pride of the advent of five little kittens in the woodshed. Our domestic relations were unchanged and unimpaired for some days, until, in fact, the kittens began to sprawl around too much under foot in our very contracted back yard. One morning, without thought that Tabby was within hearing, and much less that she was capable of understanding, I said to the negro servant girl, quite in a business way and without any demonstration kittenward, "Louisa, these kittens will soon be too much for us. When the boy comes with the milk, see if he won't take four of them away."

That's all there was of it; yet in less than twenty minutes the five kittens had disappeared over the fence, and we saw them no more until they were well grown and able to take care of themselves.

Tabby was faithful to us to the end, but no more kittens of hers ever appeared on *our* side of the fence.

Two or three years afterwards she fell ill; we thought she had been poisoned, but the dose was not fatal. She lingered a long time. We did what we could for her, and she did all she could to express gratitude. Some days before her death she became blind, and though unable to come to me, she would most touchingly try to answer me when I spoke to her. She evidently knew we were sorry for her sad condition, and desired to express her love for us to her latest breath.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of our land it would be hard to find an American boy or girl who does not know all about Independence Day. For that reason we have nothing to say as regards its customary celebration. Our young people can hang out flags, set off fire-crackers, and send up rockets, as well as any young people in the world—barring, of course, the Chinese. A dozen companions of one's own age, and all the fire-crackers that can possibly be set off in twenty-four hours, stamp the Fourth of July as a holiday which is equalled only by Christmas. You know the historical significance of the day. Your blood tingles with love of your country when you take a bunch of giant crackers and explode it under a barrel, and you are perfectly happy.

But there is another side to the celebration of "the glorious Fourth." Let us take a look at it.

Many nervous persons are made exceedingly uncomfortable by the explosion of fire-works in their vicinity. Many timid animals, which are popularly supposed not to reason, and so are worse off than the nervous human beings, are seriously frightened by the noises of Independence Day. Who has not seen horses quiver with terror at a bunch of crackers exploding close by them? We remember a superb setter dog at Islip, Long Island, one Fourth of July, that spent his time in running from his home near the Pavilion Hotel out to the Southside Club and back again. The distance was three miles. He ran it we do not know how many times, but we were told that each time he heard a cracker off he went, never stopping until he arrived at one place or the other, in which he trusted to find a haven of rest. The dog had received a gunshot wound in the field, and had never forgotten it. Independence Day was a long torture to him, nearly exhausting his strength. No amount of soothing and petting could keep him quiet when he heard what he thought was a gun. Would it not have been ordinary kindness for the young people of that neighborhood to have gone a little out of the way with their fireworks?

Boys, as a rule, love noise. Why shouldn't they love it, and why shouldn't they have all they want of it, certainly on Independence Day? But no pleasure is innocent that causes any creature pain. We hope that our young people may pass the most enjoyable Independence Day they have ever had in their lives, that they may be free to make as much noise as they want—which may be hoping a great deal—but that they will be so considerate of all nervous persons and terror-stricken animals that no blot of selfishness may dim the glory of their "glorious Fourth." Let it be a true celebration of the greatest event in the history of our country. Let it bring to our human and our animal friends nothing but genuine recreation from the labor of their daily lives—and "lots and lots of fun."

ANIMAL CRONIES

By Annie Ashmore

PART I

FROM their own point of view, the green old country nook in which they found themselves must have seemed especially created for "Br'er Rabbit" Jack and his wee wifey, Jill; for they were poor little city pets, condemned for nine months of the year to make the best of a bare backyard and a broad coop, haunted by fear of the grizzly rat which gnawed behind the wall, and the homeless cat which glared with famished eyes from the top of the fence.

Imagine, then, how their round pink eyes "bulged out," and their timid little hearts thumped under their white fur suits, when their schoolboy owner lifted them out of their travelling box, and put them on a grassy mound, overshadowed by trees, with more trees and emerald reaches stretching on and away to a bright sheet of water, with horses and cows peacefully browsing beyond gray snake fences, lined with blackberry bushes and golden-rod; with men in shirt sleeves and "cow's breakfast" hats, mowing among tall grass, and with ox-teams hauling their fragrant loads to the sun-bleached barn behind the modest cottage "Manse," as Scotch Presbyterians call their ministers' homes. No more fret of city din, no smell of smoke and street dust and summer-stale gutters, no squeak and gnaw of rats, no lamp-like gleam of feline eyes; coolness and sweetness and safety everywhere, and Jack and Jill in the middle of it! No wonder they raced each other round and round their domain, and drummed with their heels, and squealed and turned somersets in very ecstasy!

They had an ideal little rabbit home, snuggled among the gnarly roots of an ancient beech beside the mound, and they used to make for it like two white streaks when startled by any of the unfamiliar sights or sounds of their new environment; but they soon learned their absolute safety, and grew bold and confident, examining inquisitively all who approached them.

One day, however, they had a terrible scare.

For a few days Pussie, the house cat, had contemplated the strangers from a distance; but as she was a young person, not yet come to the age of dignity, the sight of their frolics drew her irresistibly towards them, and at last she suddenly electrified them by leaping out of her covert upon the mound and joining the merry chase.

In a couple of bounds she overhauled Jack; the horrified bunny felt himself tightly clasped in an embrace as furry as his own, but alas! not as harmless, for there were the awful eyes, glittering close to his own, at which he had shuddered when they were on the top of a fence! He struggled and squealed piteously, but in vain; so he shut his despairing eyes on all the green beauty he had loved so well, and on his palpitating wee wifey who would soon be a widow, and submitted himself to the death-stroke with the mysterious resignation of the defenceless dumb creature.

But what was this? The furry arms relaxed their clasp, a warm, rough tongue licked his face with a rattling kitten-purr, and his expected slayer skipped off, and pranced away sideways, with back humped, tail waving, and kitten eyes twinkling with fun, inviting him to catch *her* now, as plainly as if she had spoken.

From that hour Jack and Jill changed their opinion of the feline tribe. Pussie became a valued family friend, and was a daily visitor, who was made welcome to the rabbit house, and slept many a night there with her cronies. The trio used to go off together on exploring expeditions all over the rather extensive piece of land belonging to the Manse, Pussie showing the way, as one whose "foot is on his native heath." The two snow-white beasties and their jet-black comrade were a droll sight for strangers, who carried away many a tale of the merry antics of the little cronies, of their games at leap-frog among the cradle-hills, of the kitten's roguish challenges to the bunnies to follow her up trees, of their little white shapes sitting erect with cocked ears under their mocking playmate, of their mad races among the ferns, and of the hugging and kicking they gave each other—what larks, to be sure! And then, when tired out, the three would lie down in a furry heap among the moss, with long ears and cat tail in a tangle, and with a varied assortment of rabbit's and cat's paws criss-crossed like kindling wood laid ready for the match.

But as the season grew later, Jack grew bumptious and took to the woods, and his young owner had to go back to town without him, taking the poor little grass widow, Jill, with him. Jack made that an excuse to seek companionship among the gay young madams in gray whom he met abroad, and they initiated the town-bred bashaw in their own wild life in the "greenwood free." That was the last of him, so far as a respectable citizen's life was concerned; but Jack had a spirit above "domestic service," and he preferred his glorious liberty, even with the hardships of a Canadian winter, to ignoble ease in a coop.

So he left us, and little should we ever have seen of him again but for his faithful friend and admirer, Pussie. Even when the snow lay leg deep (for Pussie) on the ground, she used to take sudden fits of longing for her white crony, and sally forth into the woods, to be gone for days at a time, perhaps, but she never failed to arrive at last, very wet about the underworks, but very purry and self-conscious, bearing her tail aloft like a flag of victory, while Jack hopped after her with a would-be swagger, but looking decidedly sheepish, though willing to be petted.

There never was any use in trying to reclaim Jack; after a day or two at home he would pine and chafe for his liberty till it would have given us as much pain as himself to keep him; so we let him please himself. Puss could never understand this; on each occasion of his departure she would search for him about the barn, where his box had been sheltered, and fret and cry for her friend till the sense of loss was outworn.

Jack wandered far; sportsmen often tell of a magnificent pure white rabbit miles away, so bold that it scares them out of their usual unerring aim. As there are no wild white rabbits in Canada, their comrades laugh at this as a "traveller's tale"; but Pussie could "bear witness to that" (like Tony Lumpkins) as fact and nothing else; for to this day she sometimes fetches her dear crony, Jack, home for a visit.

(*To be Continued*)

PAAK-TAAI'S FESTIVAL

By Cornelia Smith

IT has often been remarked by travellers that the Chinese treat animals roughly, and seem to be without compassion for their sufferings. As a rule this is quite true, but they have in their hearts a tender spot for birds. Indeed, no other nation shows an equal fondness for them. It is common in all parts of the country to see men carrying their pet birds about, and gathering in groups to discuss the plumage, shape, and accomplishments of their favorites, who thrive, they say, better for frequent change of scene and air. The bird most valued is the native lark, a sweet singer, who can be taught to perform tricks and to imitate different sounds, such as the song of other birds, the barking of dogs, mewing of cats, etc. And at Paak-taai's festival larks play a prominent part.

Paak-taai is, I must explain, one of the most popular Chinese gods. He is supposed once to have lived on earth, to have been fond of birds and very kind to them. Every year, in the month of April, a celebration is held in his honor. This festival, which I saw in the great southern city of Canton, lasts for three days. Shops are closed and services held every morning and afternoon in the god's fine temple. On the second evening a curious and brilliant procession passes through the principal streets. While I watched it I felt so sorry that no American boys or girls could enjoy it with me.

First marched the bearers of huge white lanterns emblazoned with Paak-taai's name and titles. They were followed by about a hundred boys carrying richly embroidered banners. Then came the "history trays." These were wooden platforms covered with clay figures arranged to represent different scenes in Paak-taai's life. He was shown feeding birds, setting their broken legs, and teaching them tricks. The figures were skilfully modelled, beautifully dressed and painted, but the "history trays" were eclipsed by the next division of the procession. Thousands of lanterns were borne aloft on poles, each one being the life-size imitation of some bird. There were long-legged storks, stately peacocks, gorgeous golden pheasants, "snow" pheasants with long jet-black tails, great vultures and eagles, then at last glittering kingfishers, tiny tits and reedlings. All the lanterns were lit, many covered with the real feathers of the birds imitated, and they made a very odd and very pretty show.

After the birds, mounted on queer little Chinese ponies, rode boys of all ages. They wore fantastic dresses and had their faces painted black, white, and red, with here and there a dash of gold. Some had gilded chins and eyebrows, others gold noses and ears. The older boys were enjoying the fun immensely, vying with each other in puffing out their cheeks and making all sorts of queer faces; but many of the little fellows were more than half asleep, and in danger of rolling off the backs of their steeds. Then more lanterns,

more banners, and a dreadful band of (so-called) music ended this amusing pageant.

On the third and last evening of the festival I went to the temple of Paak-taai. The interior of this "joss house" is a mass of rich gilding and carving, and it was brilliantly lit by numbers of lanterns. From side to side were placed light bamboo poles from which hung hundreds upon hundreds of caged larks. Every cage was covered with a black cloth, and silence reigned. Then at a given signal the cloths were whisked off, and the larks began to sing. I never would have believed it possible that any number of birds could make such a noise. Each one seemed to rival the others until they all became frantic with excitement. The Chinese lark can sing without stopping for a remarkably long time, and the native name of "peh-ling" (hundred spirits) is expressive of its energy in doing it, so that when this strange concert ended, I felt quite deafened, and very glad to escape from the crowded temple.

But the Chinese were delighted. All those who had brought larks to sing for Paak-taai went home trusting that, in return for the attention, the god would protect them from all disasters until the time for his next festival.

A STORY WHICH IS ALMOST TRUE

By F. S. F.

LIGHTFOOT and Antlers were as pretty a pair as ran wild in the North Woods, and that is saying a good deal.

Antlers was three years old. It seems young for a buck who could boast a handsome set of horns with three prongs, and a wife besides, but it doesn't take these pretty creatures so long to grow wise, as if they were folks; and, besides, Antlers had something else to be proud of. His doe, Lightfoot, was grace itself, slender-limbed and sleek-coated, with the prettiest white throat imaginable, and oh! how fast she could run!

The pair lived in the cool glades of the forest, and ate the sweet, tender leaves of the young poplar trees which grew just on the edge of the wood, and when they wanted something especially nice, they went to the lake and fed upon luscious water-plants near its margin. Standing there of a summer's day, in their innocent enjoyment, or when they would swim far out for sheer fun, and come back panting from their bath, they were a beautiful sight to look at. When winter came, they went far up into the hills until they reached the thick dark spruces and pines, where, sheltered beneath deep snows, they found the green, tender plants which deers like for food. In the spring, Lightfoot brought to Antlers a pair of sweet little baby deer—fawns, they are called. Just alike they were, with big, black eyes like their mother's, and thick, glossy, yellowish coats spotted with white. This was what made Antlers so proud, and he loved to help Lightfoot take care of the little ones, which grew larger and prettier every day. They were almost tall enough now to feed from the branches, and they were really not much care to their parents.

One day in the early autumn, Antlers came home and said: "I just heard the baying of hounds in the distance, and I fear they were following after some poor deer. Now, Lightfoot, if such a sound comes near our home when I am away, take the little ones to some safe place, and then run as fast as you can for your own safety. If you have to swim for it, don't be afraid; you know how."

After this, Lightfoot was very watchful, and one day she heard the hounds in full cry, coming straight towards her home. She had just time to hide her fawns, then away she ran like the wind. Nearer and nearer came the cry, but she didn't fear, for she saw the blue waters of the lake through the trees, and knew that once launched upon them she was safe from her pursuers.

The place where she plunged in was a quiet, sheltered bay, bordered with tall trees and thick bushes, which hid her from view; but she knew she couldn't stop there, so she struck out bravely for the distant shore, and was soon in the open water.

Suddenly she saw something which almost made her heart stop beating. From behind a point a boat shot out, and in it was a man. She turned to go back, but the boat got between her and the shore, and again she headed for the opposite side of the lake. Again came the boat; again and again she turned, striving each time to reach shore, each time turned back. What did it all mean, she wondered; but soon found out when another boat appeared, and then another, until, surrounded and driven on, she was forced to swim between them whether she would or not. "What do they want to do with me?" thought poor little Lightfoot, as her breath came short, and her pretty limbs were tired as they had never been before. Finally, they came in sight of a boat-house and a crowd of people on the dock, and poor little Lightfoot struggled and struggled, until, nearly dead with fatigue and fright, she was landed on the beach, where she sank down gasping.

She thought of Antlers and her babies, and closed her eyes (she thought) forever. But her captors were really not so cruel. They brought blankets and covered her; they gave her warm milk, and rubbed her cold, tired limbs until the blood came back into them; then, lifting her gently, they

placed her in a little park which had been prepared for her. The place was fenced with poles, and, to make it more secure, wire netting had been stretched over them.

Lightfoot lay very quietly, and let them do what they would for a time, taking very little notice even of the children who had come to see her, but kept thinking of Antlers and her babies.

Then her keen eyes discovered what perhaps others didn't see, a loose place in the netting, and, watching her opportunity, she sprang to her feet, dashed against the fence, which gave way before her, and in an instant she was free.

Away, away she ran, joy in her heart, fear and love and freedom all aiding her flight to the forest, to her little ones, and to safety. A hunter who had assisted in the capture of Lightfoot, afterward saw her with her fawns, and do you suppose he would have done anything then to disturb her happiness? No, indeed; and remember, boys and girls, too, that when you are tempted to capture any wild thing, you are robbing it of its dearest possession, its freedom.

THE RALLY OF THE ROBINS

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON

IT was one of those lurid mornings in July when all plant life drooped, and so oppressive was the heat that even the birds were silent, or all save one robin that sang softly, as if too happy to keep quiet, a joyous little run, so often repeated that we glanced out through the closed blinds to find his whereabouts in admiration of his unflagging spirits.

There he was on a low-hanging apple-tree bough, swinging airily as if to create a breeze for himself, and seeming to be in sole possession of the garden.

Soon, however, we noticed a peeping Tom, who doubtless had also been attracted by the intrepid little song, creeping stealthily through the grass of the border, and before we could open the shutters or raise a note of warning, the remorseless cat, true to his natural instinct, had given a tiger-like leap, and had the unwary little songster locked in his stout jaws.

In catching a bird, a cat generally seizes it at such an advantage as to make it impossible for it to sound a note of alarm, or it may be that through fright it loses the power of doing so.

In this case the cat had so far to jump that he succeeded in catching the poor bird by the legs only, so that he was left free to flap his wings and scream for dear life. The cat darted for cover, but before he reached the shelter of the shrubbery a whole battalion of robins was about his ears. Where did they come from? Who, even in cherry time, would have believed there were so many robins in the vicinity? And what a din they made! An army of swallows could not have gathered more quickly and valiantly in response to the note of distress. The cat turned, and, hoping to elude his pursuers, rushed for the house, but the wire screen-door arrested him; and as he turned to seek some other retreat the robins made another charge.

There were now even more than at first. The outcry had been heard afar, and they were coming swiftly to the rescue. The cat turned this way and that, only to be pounced upon afresh, while the prisoner incited his friends to renewed efforts by fluttering his wings and by sharp cries of distress. The war lasted several minutes. All the time more robins were gathering, and no other bird appeared. The cat at length, finding himself at such a disadvantage, released the prisoner and fled, himself pursued by the whole triumphant winged army until he gained the shelter of the barn.

In half a minute everything was quiet, the robins had disappeared. The brave-hearted little singer was smoothing his rumpled feathers and hopping across the lawn, trying to make out whether he was very much the worse for his tragic experience. It was a week before he altogether recovered his spirits, and he has still a quaint little limp by which I distinguish him from the rest of the family.

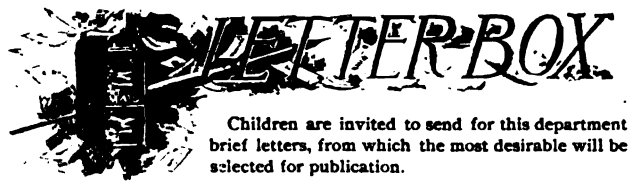
As for that cat, he no longer casts even a longing look toward any of our feathered friends.

* * *

"LOVE is a plant that grows best when well tended, and there is no limit to the exuberance of its growth. Give your children pets and flowers," says Dr. Gordon Stables, "and you bring them into unison with nature and nearer to God, if you but show them how to tend and treat them. And the exercise of loving care for the lower animals will enlarge the heart and affections, so that regard for their fellow-beings, who may be in poverty or sorrow, will find plenty of space therein. A child who never has a living pet as a companion is very likely to grow up into a selfish, discontented grump or a canting hypocrite. The doctrine that everything was made for man's use is accountable for one-half the cruelty to dumb beasts we see around us every day of our lives."—*Forest and Stream.*

* * *

A SEA-CAPTAIN, who lived in Washington during his stays on land, had a great fancy for fowls of all kinds, and especially prized an old gobbler which had long been in his possession. From one cruise, says *Harper's Young People*, he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which made as much trouble as the proverbial "white elephant." One day, hearing a terrible commotion in the hennery, the captain entered and found Jocko with the gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail feather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was chastised. The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, the captain went to the scene of action, and there sat Jocko with the much-persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey seemed unable to appreciate them. —*The Youth's Companion.*



Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box :

School stops this week, and all our family go off to the seashore on Saturday. I meant to write to you three days ago, but I've been digging away so hard for examinations that I haven't been able to think of anything else.

You'll be glad to hear that I've found a woman to look after the family cat. This will be the first summer that we shall have closed the house, and, as I never fail to read OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS from beginning to end every month, I've had the comfort of our cat heavily on my mind. I know that a cat of her age and settled habits would starve at home rather than accept hospitality at any other house in the neighborhood. The woman who has promised to watch over old Tab would willingly—perhaps preferably—take Tab to her home. But Tab wouldn't stay there. The better plan is for the woman to bring Tab food twice a day, and to let the cat live in her old haunts. The woman is kind-hearted and faithful. She has done work often for our family. As she knows what it is to have cats of her own, I trust her.

Thanking you for a magazine which teaches its readers how to think *in time to prevent cruelty* to animals, I remain now and forever,

Your sincere admirer and co-worker,

GEORGE T., JR.

Dear Letter-Box :

I have a Manx cat named Hall Caine. He is the cleverest fellow you ever saw, and does more tricks than my cousin's dog that took a prize at the Dog Show. Next year I intend to send Hall Caine to the Cat Show, for I am certain that he will take the first prize of his class. The way he came to us was very funny. I must tell you about it.

One evening father was out of town, so mother went to my aunt's for dinner. I had studying to do at home, but I promised mother to call for her at half-past nine o'clock. As it was a fine night, mother and I thought we would walk back instead of taking a car. We had nearly reached our house when I saw a cat dart from an area and run across the street. The poor creature was wretchedly thin. On the opposite side of the way it stood for a moment against a lamp post, and I saw that it had no tail. I was perfectly furious. I am very fond of animals, and I felt, as a member of your Society, that I ought to follow the matter up, and find the inhuman brute who had mutilated the cat. Mother and I crossed the street.

"Poor pussy!" mother said, tenderly.

The cat, mewing, met us half way, and I lifted him in my arms. "I'll find the rascal who cut off your tail," I said, "indeed I will. Why, mother, what on earth can you see to amuse you?"

Mother was stroking the cat and laughing heartily. "Good food and care will do wonders for the poor little beast. You may take him home, but you needn't be so excited over his lack of tail, Charlie boy. He's a Manx cat."

That is how mother and I adopted Hall Caine. I've been joked enough about him, so I've revenged myself to-day in telling as long a tale as I can about my tailless pet.

Yours very truly,

C. M. R.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Dear Letter-Box :

I live on Fourth Street next to the grocer's wife who gave me the little cat I brought to the Society last week. I am a half German and half English, and I want to write the letter I can to the Letter-Box. Will you have goodness to forgive mistake?

I have fourteen years and I love animal very much. One day I have a little black dog. He was made dead by a street-car, and I cry loud a long time. I have now no little dog and no little cat. The little cat I gave you was very sick. She could not eat, and she cried with a heartache noise. I thank your Society to make her suffer no more. The man took her in a basket, and said she would die with no pain. I have much love for the little cats and the little dogs. The German people in New York know the big good you do. They love your Society, and they have hearts for the God-loved work that you make everywhere in this big city.

Respectfully,

GRETCHEN KRAUS.

June 5th, 1895, East 4th St., Top Floor, New York.

Dear Letter-Box :

I have a very tame canary named Tommy Atkins. He flies around my room for two hours' exercise every morning, and plays with bits of string, and tears paper into small pieces as a favorite amusement.

I want to give a hint to any of your readers who may have birds that will not bathe. Tommy Atkins cannot be induced to take a bath in his cage. I had him a week before I found out what he really wanted in the way of a bath-tub and where he wished it placed. After a while he was pleased with a round, shallow bowl, such as people use for hominy or oatmeal at breakfast. I place the bowl either on top of my desk or on a cane-seated chair, first covering the desk or the chair with a newspaper. Tommy's cage door is opened, and, after a flying trip around the room, he takes the greatest splash of a bath you ever saw. He takes it only on alternate days. When summer comes I think he will enjoy it oftener.

Your faithful reader and friend,

ALBANY, N. Y. HAROLD J. P.

[We thank our little friends, Richard B., Molly M. P., Arthur White, A. V. R., Lucy C. M., F. Marbury, and Maggie S. Browne, for their letters, which will be published as we can find space for them in our monthly Letter-Box.—ED.]

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

WOUNDS AND THEIR TREATMENT

WOUNDS are of many kinds, and they vary greatly in their effect upon the animal economy. A severe wound will heal more rapidly on a healthy animal with good hygienic surroundings, than will an apparently simple wound on a plethoric or an emaciated animal with improper surroundings. Wounds will also heal much quicker in clear than in stormy weather, in spring or in autumn than in summer and in winter.

Wounds are known as incised, punctured, lacerated, contused, gunshot, poisoned, galls, and burns.

An incised wound is caused by a sharp, clean-cutting instrument. The tissues are divided evenly and smoothly, and there is no part lost. Such a wound does not gap when it lies parallel with the fibre of the muscle ; but if the cut be across the direction of the muscular fibre, the parts will be drawn apart, owing to the elasticity of the fibres, and will form a cavity in which blood and pus are likely to accumulate. Owing to the clean cutting of the walls of the blood vessels, the hemorrhage is usually great. The injury demands prompt attention. First it must be thoroughly cleansed of accumulated blood, of dirt and foreign material of any kind, particularly hairs. Use a weak carbolic solution, *i. e.*, one teaspoonful of carbolic acid to a pint of tepid water ; or else a weak mercurial solution, which is made by dissolving a corrosive sublimate tablet in a pint of tepid water. Then unite the edges of the wound in direct apposition, securing them with adhesive plaster or stitching. If it be warm weather, it is well to place a loose bandage on the wound, moistening it occasionally with the antiseptic solution.

A punctured wound is caused by the penetration of a sharp or a blunt pointed instrument into the tissue to a depth disproportionate to the aperture. It is necessarily the most dangerous of all wounds, for the reason that, from its depth, it is liable to implicate arteries, nerves, veins, viscera, and vital parts. The parts traversed are bruised, torn, and stretched. They will inflame and suppurate, while the pus that forms has no means of escape, unless the opening of the wound be below. The animal rarely escapes lock-jaw. The rapidity with which a punctured wound heals depends entirely upon its depth, the parts involved, the septic condition, and the nature of the instrument. Punctured wounds should be cleansed by syringing with the same solution as is recommended for incised wounds.

In lacerated wounds the tissues are torn apart by either a dull, blunt instrument or by the teeth or nails of another animal. The aperture of these wounds is never in a straight line. The parts are never in apposition, and are attended by a certain amount of bruising, which causes structural change, inflammation, and possibly death to the part. They are accompanied by more or less sloughing.

A contusion is an injury which is inflicted by some blunt instrument without a perforation of the skin. It is commonly known as a bruise. Contusions may be severe, according to their extent and location ; they may involve nerves, arteries, veins, viscera, and vital parts, and may cause meningitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, or peritonitis. They may set up a severe inflammation of the surrounding tissue, resulting in death to the part and extensive sloughing, or an abscess may form. Contusions are usually very painful. If simple, some cooling lotion should be used, for which arnica, lead-water and laudanum is a good recipe. When contusions are severe they demand a special course of treatment, and should always be given to the care of a skilled veterinarian.

A gunshot wound, while it may be very simple, is likely to result seriously. A poisoned wound is caused by the bite of some diseased animal, the sting of a venomous insect or serpent, or by a septic instrument. Those caused by venomous serpents and insects are usually fatal.

Galls are caused by friction, and, unless attended to at once, become serious wounds. They inflame rapidly and are exceedingly painful.

A burn is a wound by fire or heat, and may often involve the tissues as well as the skin. It is always painful.

The repair of wounds is by two methods—by first or by second intention.

In healing by first intention, the inflammation which accompanies the wound furnishes the materials for union by throwing out a coagulable lymph. This lymph becomes organized and vascular, and connects the two cut edges. Healing by second intention, or by granulation, is much more complicated. The wound is an open cavity, which must fill up to its original shape and form, the tissues being actually reproduced. After the bleeding has stopped, there oozes from the wound a thin, yellowish, gelatinous fluid, which glazes over the surface. It contains corpuscles similar to the white corpuscles of the blood. The blood in the surrounding tissues has now become stagnant. During this stagnation enough materials ooze from the blood vessels to glaze the entire wounded surface, but, before the granulations can form, the blood must begin to flow again, and its supply must be increased ; then comes the production of the material that is to be organized into granulations. There begins a heaping up of cells without definite shape, form, or arrangement, which are connected by an intermediate substance called protoplasm. As these superficial cells develop into fibres, they slough away, leaving deep-seated cells which have shape and arrangement. When the superficial ones do not slough away, they are mostly spurious, and are called proud-flesh. Such is the repair of tissue which has been cut away in a surgical operation, or in a serious wound.

All simple wounds require the same general treatment, which consists merely in hygienic surroundings, cleanliness, and antiseptic dressing. For old wounds it is always well to use some astringent to create inflammation for the purpose of repair. During repair, the animal must be kept on a light, laxative diet and at rest.

Wounds that are extensive and formidable should always be placed in the hands of the veterinary surgeon.

THREE OF US, BARNEY, COSSACK, REX. By Mrs. Izora C. Chandler. Illustrated. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, $2.00.

This beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated volume does not contain a single story of three dogs, as one might infer from the title-page, but the separate biographies of three noble animals. They are far above the ordinary style of animal stories which, it must be confessed, are sufficiently monotonous. One gets tired of the perpetual repetitions with which animal tales are overloaded; but there is nothing of that sort in Mrs. Chandler's pleasing tales. They are full of interest, and the animals which figure in them are in their natural place. The history of Barney is a history of child-life in misfortune; and Barney, a tolerably ugly bull-dog, is first the companion of a happy child, next her faithful servant and solace in distress, and at last, when better days are coming, he saves her life at the expense of his own.

In the second story, "Cossack" is a noble Russian wolf-hound, belonging to a German nobleman who is living in obscurity as an artist in an American city, because he is in danger of murder by members of an anarchistic society whose hatred he has incurred. He has a little son called Siegfried, to whom "Cossack" is devoted. The story ends very prettily, Siegfried doing the part of a good little Christian to his father's last surviving enemy who dies, and then all live happily ever afterwards, "Cossack" in his serene old age enjoying the good times which have come to him and his.

The third story is not quite so good as the other two. It is described as "an auto-bow-wow-ography," and like other animal autobiographies, it represents "Rex," not only with all the good qualities of a noble St. Bernard dog, but with an understanding of human speech and human thought which dogs, at their best, do not possess. If Mrs. Chandler had told the story of Rex as she has told those of Barney and Cossack, she would have done it much better; but the stories of "Three of Us," taken together, are among the very best animal stories that we have read in a long while.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HUMMING BIRDS. A Poem. By Luther Wesley Peck, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price, 50 cents.

In this dainty little book we have half a dozen exquisite pictures which are fitly used to illustrate about twenty pages of melodious poetry on the flight of the humming birds. The poet writes what he feels, and all lovers of nature will thank him for the chaste expression which he has given to a truly catholic love of nature. While his immediate subject is the humming bird, he has a heart for all that is beautiful. Thus he says:

"All beauty is from heaven,
In earth or sea or air;
'Tis from our Father given,
And hath his tenderest care;
In every creature view some glory hidden there."

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON'S "A Familiar Guest," in *Harper's Monthly* for June, is as dainty a bit of writing as one could wish for June reading. Here and there the author has cunningly tucked in scraps of scientific information about the spiders, bees, hornets, birds, chipmonks, and squirrels, that make themselves free of his country studio. The science comes in quite naturally and is not at all alarming. It serves merely as an introduction to any of Mr. Gibson's guests, with whose genealogy we were not previously acquainted. The man that scorns novels, poetry, and "light" literature, may read Mr. Gibson with a clear conscience. He will be fully as amused and interested as if he were reading something "light." The article is alight with sunshine and fresh air.

A CLEVER character sketch—or rather two clever sketches—may be found in "The Contributors' Club" of the June *Atlantic Monthly*. The collie dog Bruce and his master, Harris the "travelling man," are distinct types drawn with no small sense of humor. The author has the sure and easy touch of the practised story-teller, with, what is more, a story to tell.

THE COSMOPOLITAN publishes in its June number W. Z. Hutchinson's "completed story" of "The Pleasant Occupation of Tending Bees," which was begun in May. To our knowledge, no more complete and thoroughly interesting magazine article on the subject of bees has ever before appeared. Mr. Hutchinson tells of the wintering and arrangement of apiaries, of the management of swarms, and of extracting the honey. His account of comb-building is particularly instructive. "Most of the combs in many apiaries," we learn, "are now built from what is technically termed 'comb' foundation—thin sheets of beeswax embossed in resemblance of the base of honeycomb cells." This is found to be an economy, as from five to six pounds of honey are usually consumed in the production of one pound of wax; "and, unless great care is exercised, combs that are built naturally often prove imperfect." A curious fact is that "no bee builds a complete cell by herself; she sticks on her flake of wax where she thinks it is most needed, gives it a pinch and a poke, and then leaves it. The next bee gives it an additional twist and pull and then passes on, and the great wonder is," adds Mr. Hutchinson, "that anything so accurate and beautiful as a honeycomb can result from the mixed-up, skipping-about work of such a restless mass of workers." We advise our readers to secure both the May and the June numbers of *The Cosmopolitan*, and to read Mr. Hutchinson's article from the first word to the last.

AN important article in the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is "Improving the Common Roads," by John Gilmer Speed. Mr. Speed tells us that the laws of fourteen States have recently been so amended that comprehensive road improvement is now possible. The improvement of roads everywhere in the country was encouraged by Washington and Franklin. When the railway came into being, however, interest in the common roads ceased, and railway extension was believed of paramount importance. Fortunately, we are learning that good common roads are a necessity. The farmers of to-day realize that it is better economy to use two horses to pull a wagon over a well-built road than it was in former times to harness four horses to a lighter wagon, which even then was almost certain to be mired. The bicycle has, of course, hastened the betterment of roads. Another article in the June *Lippincott's* is by Charles C. Abbott, who eulogizes Thoreau. Mr. Abbott does not at all agree with Lowell and Emerson in their estimate of the great naturalist; in fact, he stigmatizes Lowell's essay on Thoreau

as "eminently unjust." Of Thoreau as a naturalist, Mr. Abbott says: "He made no practice of haunting museums, objects in alcohol or stuffed with tow not appealing strongly to him; but he did care to know, and was successful in ascertaining, the habits of the animals he saw. . . . Anybody can say or write, 'I see a fox'; but in Thoreau's books these same words are so framed in other matter that the animal leaps into view, and we see it dart over the snow, daintily carrying its splendid brush, perhaps looking partly over its shoulder at us, and leaving footprints that dot the author's pages."

THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR for June has an article by George Parsons Lathrop upon "The Bucolic Mood in Painting," with original illustrations by Carleton Wiggins. Thoroughly in sympathy with the artist's work, Mr. Lathrop tells us that Mr. Wiggins prefers to depict cattle "as they are seen ordinarily, in the course of their quiet, grazing, growing life, in a world of fresh air." He does not care for "action" which seems discordant with their nature. Mr. Wiggins is on the point of starting for Europe, where he intends to study new phases of his subject in England, Italy, and Holland. "An enterprising painter of animal and of bucolic life might," suggests Mr. Lathrop, "produce a novel collection of pictures, very valuable and striking in their interest, by portraying the agricultural customs of different countries with their characteristic surroundings;" and that Mr. Lathrop believes Mr. Wiggins intends to do. An article by Philip G. Hubert, Jr., in the same number of *The Monthly Illustrator*, tells of "Women as Admirers of Cattle," the world-famous Rosa Bonheur naturally heading the list. Mr. Hubert's article is illustrated by Matilda Browne. "Sheep in the Clearing," "A Young Philosopher," "The Lady in White," and "The Unwilling Model" are wonderfully well done. The cleverest, perhaps, is "The Unwilling Model," from whom Miss Browne has made a striking picture. "Japanese Game Birds," by Ernest Ingersoll, illustrated from drawings by Japanese artists, is also excellent.

IN *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for June "The Hospice of St. Bernard" is described by James Ricalton and is illustrated by three excellent photographs. Simply and touchingly, Mr. Ricalton narrates the lives of those noble monks. He shows them to us surrounded by their dogs, and tells us how in stormy weather they set off with those faithful servants to their work of succor. Barry, the "record-breaker" of the dogs of St. Bernard, has saved forty human lives. On one occasion he rescued fifteen persons in a single day. "A visitor passing casually through the museum at Bern might fail to notice so trivial a thing as a dog preserved in the best art of the taxidermist; yet," says Mr. Ricalton, "if he knew the history of this very ordinary exhibit, he would probably halt in its presence with feelings akin to veneration."

IN the June number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is an article by Florence Percy Matheson upon "Caring for Pet Cats." The author advises that cats be fed regularly at least twice a day, and that their meals be served in a cleanly and orderly manner; for no animal is easier to train to habits of neatness. It should be especially remembered that cats must have access to fresh water, and, when possible, to grass. The article abounds in useful hints. It is very properly to be found on "A Page of Practical Suggestions," and it should do much to aid in the judicious care of one of the most useful of our domestic pets.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

AN ably conducted monthly magazine, presenting the claims of animals to kind treatment and care, in a manner calculated to appeal to man's finer sensibilities.—*Banner of Light*, Boston.

MOST beautifully illustrated and printed, and teaches kindness to all animals.—*Daily Hotel Gazette*, Los Angeles, Cal.

IF this journal could be put into the hands of every family of children in this country, it would soon revolutionize the treatment that animals receive at the hands of men, and thus prove a potent factor in the moral elevation of the world.—*Alabama Christian Advocate*, Birmington, Ala.

ITS mission is to so educate the mind as to secure a sound public sentiment to prevent cruelty to animals—a work that is clearly needed.—*The Messenger*, Wilmington, N. C.

A GOOD magazine for every home where there are children, and its truths are just as good for those of mature life.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

A BEAUTIFUL illustrated monthly that should be received into every family in the land. What a help it could be to home missionary work!—*The Dog Fancier*, Battle Creek, Mich.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS continues to improve with every number. It is one of the very few publications of its kind in the world, and certainly deserves the substantial support it has received.—*Houston* (Texas) *Daily Post.*

A PUBLICATION that should be in every primary school or public school library in the land. If you have a love for animals and believe in teaching your children humane ideas and thoughts, we advise you to send ten cents for a sample copy of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.—*Santa Paula* (Cal.) *Chronicle.*

IT is a splendid magazine, whether considered from a literary, scientific, or humanitarian point of view. We sincerely wish it had a million subscribers.—*Sanative Medicine.*

A HANDSOME little monthly that is doing a power of good in this world. It is devoted, heart and soul, to the cause of humanity toward abused or ill-treated animals.—*De Kalb* (Ill.) *Chronicle.*

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH BY

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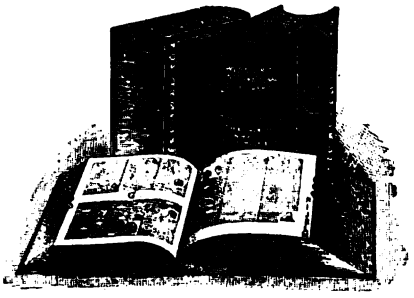

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The Monthly Illustrator

THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR for June is a number as brilliant as the opening of summer calls for. It represents the work of Eastman Johnson, Henry Mosler, Carleton Wiggins, J. Francis Murphy, John Rettig, Matilda Browne and many others, and its list of writers includes George Parsons Lathrop, Clarence Cook, Edward King, Hillary Bell, Alfred Trumble, Ernest Ingersoll, Philip G. Hubert, Jr., Charles Turner and several more.

An article of wide interest and full of new facts and revised conclusions is Dr. Hoffman's second paper upon "North American Aboriginal Pottery," with many illustrations of forms and processes largely derived from his own researches, and made from his own drawings of rare specimens in the United States National Museum.

The drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson, accompanying the "Glimpses of Dream-Life," refresh the memory and delight the eyes of every lover of Ik Marvel's beautiful story-sermon.

Three other general articles in this number, rich in half-tone reproductions of photographs and of great interest to thoughtful readers, are Charles Turner's "Some Scotch Castles and Their Stories;" Lennie Greenlee's "Flower-Slippers of Venus," meaning the terrestrial orchids—mainly cypripediums; and an account by Clarence Cook of sundry artists' studios in New York, leading to remarks of value to housekeepers upon the use of "Casts and Tapestry in Room-Decoration."

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Section 661:

"A person who wilfully throws, drops or places, or causes to be thrown, dropped or placed, upon any road, highway, street, or public place, any glass, nails, pieces of metal, or other substance, which might wound, disable, or injure any animal, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

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JOHN P. HAINES

PRESIDENT

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL" MATT: V, 7.

Vol. XXII NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1895 No. 12

DEATH OF DOCTOR RIBOLI OF TURIN

IT was with gratification that we received in the month of March a letter from the venerable and distinguished Dr. Riboli of Turin, of which we give the following translation:

TURIN SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS,
FOUNDED 1871.
INCORPORATED AS A MORAL BODY BY THE DECREE OF OCTOBER 10, 1888.
49 VIA DELLA ROCCA, TURIN.

March 4, 1895.

JOHN P. HAINES, Esq., *President*,
The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York, U. S. A.:

Sir,—The great Humane Association over which you preside in New York deserves from us the expression of our sincere appreciation. You have had the penetration to perceive that the chief cause of cruelty to animals lies in the lack of proper instruction in youth and in the consequent ignorance of adults; that humane work in the present epoch is emphatically a work of education; and that right principles will do even more to advance the object of our institution than acts of legislation. Our Secretary, Miss Luisa Sencisa Giustiniani, has translated for us the principal parts of your address, and we have already sent them to press in order to propagate your sentiments in the schools and also among persons whose abuse of inoffensive animals is caused rather by ignorance than want of heart. The rules that you give for the proper care of animals will be appreciated by all reasonable persons, and will be approved by all who aspire to advance the cause of humanity.

Have the goodness, I beg of you, always to honor us with your advice, and to send us your publications. You will find that our views and hopes agree with your own, and we beg you to accept for yourself and your Executive Board the expression of our respect and of all our sympathies.

Your very devoted,
(Signed) DR. TIMOTEO RIBOLI,
Life President of the Turin Society for the Protection of Animals.

It was exceedingly gratifying to us to learn that Dr. Riboli had again seen fit to republish articles which had previously appeared in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS; and it was with sincere grief that we learned from the following letter that the venerable President of the Turin Society had passed away, at the age of eighty-seven years, within a few weeks after we received his highly-valued letter. The sad news was conveyed to us by his accomplished and laborious Secretary, Miss Giustiniani, in the following letter:

49 VIA DELLA ROCCA, TURIN,
May 30, 1895.

Mr. President,—I beg to announce to you the sad news of the death of Dr. Riboli, the dearly beloved President and Founder of the Turin Society for the Protection of Animals. Our loss is overwhelming, and we shall find it difficult, indeed, to replace him; for, notwithstanding his advanced age, he was extraordinarily active, and, indeed, he was the life of this Society. I have fulfilled the functions of his Secretary for twelve years, and I can sincerely say that his disinterestedness, his probity and his inexhaustible benevolence will never be surpassed. He had the highest appreciation of your merits, and his dream was to raise our Society to the level of yours. I hope and pray that this dream may be realized. Had I not been seriously ill, I should have written to you sooner. I trust you will excuse my delay and receive the assurances of my highest consideration.

(Signed) LUISA SENCISA GIUSTINIANI,
Secretary of the Turin Society for the Protection of Animals.

By the death of Dr. Riboli, Italy has lost an ardent patriot, science a distinguished devotee, and the cause of humanity a noble and self-sacrificing apostle. We cannot, however, look distrustfully to the future of the Society for the Protection of Animals which he founded in Turin. When men like Dr. Riboli rest from their labors, we have the highest assurance that "their works do follow them,"

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which we understand to mean that the good works which it has been their privilege and merit to begin continue to be fostered and sustained by the inspiration of their illustrious example. We trust, therefore, that our Italian colleagues in the good work of defending God's helpless creatures, will take courage from the example which their distinguished founder has left them. His name will be held in everlasting honor wherever the sentiments of humanity prevail.

A NATIONAL DOG PROTECTIVE SOCIETY

WE cordially second the effort of *The American Field* to secure the establishment of a National Dog Protective Society. A special society of that kind is needed because, under the various regulations of different States of the Union, the dog is subject to peculiar disabilities. In many States dogs are not even held to be property in the legal sense of the word; hence they may be stolen with impunity, and if they are maliciously destroyed, the criminal is secure from all punishment; because, however wicked his act may have been, it is not a crime nor even a misdemeanor in the eye of the law. We had occasion some time ago to show that the appropriation of a cat in the State of Maryland has been judicially declared to be no larceny. The Supreme Court of the State of Ohio has given a decision of like effect. The Supreme Court of Maine at one time held that, in the sense of the statute, a dog is not "a domestic animal;" and the Supreme Court of Minnesota has held that he is not "a beast" under the law which protects "horses, cattle, and other beasts." We are happy to say that dogs are so far property under the laws as to be the subject of larceny in New York, Tennessee, Kansas, the District of Columbia, and Michigan; they are *not* so in Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Vermont, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Alabama, and Missouri; in other States, we understand that the legal status of the dog is still subject to judicial decision.

The lovers of the dog must desire that this confusion and uncertainty of the law in some places, and its absurdity in others, should be removed. It is a curious state of things in which a man may ship a dog from New York to Philadelphia, knowing that in the former city it is property which it is a crime to steal, while in Philadelphia it is not property at all, and therefore may be taken—stolen it cannot be—with impunity. A National Dog Protective Society would soon be able to unite the influence of dog owners in a series of efforts by which this legal anomaly should be removed from the legal or judicial code of every State in the Union. That the interest of the dog, as well as of the owner, would be promoted by the success of such an effort, is very evident.

The interest of the dog, however, would be promoted much more directly by the enactment of statutes expressly forbidding the wanton killing of dogs, which is now allowed in many States. On the raising of a foolish cry of "mad dog," hundreds of poor creatures, without a taint of hydrophobia, and suffering only from thirst, which no human being was humane enough to relieve, have been shot down or clubbed to death by persons wholly unauthorized to destroy any sort of property. Probably for one really mad dog that has been destroyed in this way, thousands have been wantonly and foolishly and cruelly put to death. It would be a salutary thing to procure the adoption of statutes under which any person who destroys a dog in any circumstances should be held to the responsibility of his act, and should bear in every case the burden of proof that the dog has been destroyed in circumstances which the law allows to be a sufficient warrant. And then it ought to be clearly and plainly enacted that no person shall destroy a dog which is not his own, unless in cases in which the law itself requires or authorizes even a private citizen to exercise police powers.

All these objects, and others, no doubt, might be promoted by an active and energetic National Dog Protective Association. We trust that *The American Field* will continue to urge the formation of such a society upon all lovers of dogs, and we, on our part, will gladly do all that may lie in our power to commend the formation of the society to the humane sentiment and common sense of the country.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

THE Royal Canadian Humane Association was virtually inaugurated by the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada, at Toronto, on the first day of June. In the notices of this ceremony which have appeared in the press, the R. C. H. A. has been confounded with the local Humane Society of the City of Toronto,—an excel-

lent organization which has done good work in the protection of animals. The Royal Association, however, is an entirely different institution, and, as a Toronto journal observes, "It has nothing directly to do with the prevention of cruelty to animals. Its main object is to seek out and reward persons who, at the risk of their own lives, or with more or less peril to themselves, have saved the lives of others from drowning, asphyxiation, etc." Yet the zeal of the Toronto Humane Society in the protection of animals was a moving cause in the organization of the Royal Association, and it is believed and expected that the influence of the latter body will powerfully promote the advancement of the work of animal protection.

The purpose for which the Royal Association was originally formed was to bring popular opinion to bear in favor of the amendment of the laws for the punishment of cruelty to animals. In 1888 and again in 1890 Mr. Brown vainly endeavored in the House of Commons, of which he was a member, to procure the passage of laws for the more efficient prevention of cruelty; and in 1894, Mr. Coatsworth, M. P., had no better success in an attempt to introduce a bill of a similar purport. A majority of the members of the House of Commons at Ottawa persistently refused to adopt the amendments proposed, and it became gradually evident that no change of the existing laws could be obtained unless the power of public opinion could be brought to bear upon the legislature. Mr. Brown and Mr. Coatsworth had received all the assistance which could be separately given by local societies; but there was a lack of unity in their efforts, and consequently of the strength which a union of the humane forces of the Dominion might have given them; and the Nova Scotia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in its thirteenth report for 1890, first proposed the establishment of an organization including all the societies of the Dominion. The report said: "We would like to see a Canadian Humane Association formed of representatives from every other society in the Dominion of Canada, so as to strengthen the hands of each other in crushing out cruelty in all its forms, to provide a national literature, and to work for more repressive legislation and a better enforcement of the Acts relating to cruelty." This suggestion speedily commended itself to other reformers. In 1891, the Toronto Humane Society issued an appeal to its sister societies for united action; and in June, 1892, delegates from Halifax, St. Catharines, Galt, and London, assembled in Toronto and adopted a resolution for the confederation of the humane societies of Canada. Somewhat later a scheme of organization was prepared by a committee and approved by a second convention; and Her Majesty the Queen having given her permission, through his Excellency the Governor, to prefix the word "Royal" to the name of the Association, a prospectus was issued setting forth in detail the purposes for which it had been founded. As we have above observed, the specific purpose was not the protection of animals, but the rewarding of persons "who, with promptitude and bravery, and at personal risk or hazard of their own life, save, or make strenuous efforts to save, the lives of others, in any of the following cases:

1. Drowning.
2. Boat accidents.
3. Railway accidents.
4. Accident at fires.
5. Ice accidents.
6. Freezing exposure.
7. Asphyxia in mines or wells.
8. Asphyxia from escaping gas.
9. Accidents from lightning and dynamic electricity.
10. Other unenumerated cases."

If the Royal Canadian Humane Association undertook no other work than this it would deserve the highest approbation; but we are glad to say that, as its establishment was first thought of in connection with the protection of animals, so one of its prominent purposes is described as follows: "To meet for consultation with a view to procure such unity and concert of action in legislation as will promote the *purposes common to societies for the prevention of cruelty*, under whatever name they may be known; to exert its influence and aid in the establishment and encouragement of local humane and kindred societies throughout the Dominion; and to seek to develop among our Canadian people a lofty spirit of self-reliance and manly courage in saving life in the cases above mentioned."

The ceremonies at the first annual meeting of the Association were exceedingly interesting. Addresses were made by the President, Mr. Brown, and also by the Governor General. A medal, known as the Sanford Gold Medal, was awarded to

the Rev. John Ramsey, of Ballymony, Ireland, for heroic conduct in rescuing a woman who had fallen off the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, on September 24, 1892. Bronze medals and parchment certificates for gallant behavior were distributed to a number of persons, among whom were two young girls and a small boy who had shown great courage and self-devotion in the saving of human life. The presence of the Countess of Aberdeen added to the interest and happiness of a meeting which will be long remembered. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Adam Brown, the President of the Royal Canadian Humane Association, on his success in the organization of a phalanx of the promotors of humanity, in which his leadership has been most appropriately recognized.

ABSURDITIES OF CRUELTY

II.

IN a former article, we have given a short abstract of the cruel mutilation of dogs, as described by Dr. Fleming, C. B., formerly Principal Veterinary Surgeon of the (British) Forces, in *The Nineteenth Century* for March, 1895. In the present article, we shall tell of the senseless mutilations of the horse, which are described by the same eminent gentleman.

GREEK, ROMAN AND ARAB IDEALS OF THE HORSE

The ancient Greeks, in whom the sense of beauty was so highly developed that the world has still to acknowledge them as the greatest masters in art, did not maim nor mutilate their horses. At one time, it is true, the "hogging" of the mane of the horse prevailed to some extent, but it does not seem to have become universal, and Xenophon, in his famous work on "The Art of Horsemanship," very truly says that "the mane, the forelock and the tail are a gift of the gods, bestowed upon the horse for beauty." Another Greek writer says, "Let him hold his tail high, and have it thick at the base, and long." The Romans shared in the Greek taste on this subject. One Roman writer says that the tail "must be full and curly;" another, that it should be "long, thick, and curly;" another, that it should be "large and curly-haired;" and Oppian, describing a well-formed horse, says that "his long-haired tail should flow out far behind him." The Arabs of the Sahara have a peculiar custom of cutting off the hair of the neck and tail of their colts, except a tuft between the ears, at the age of one, two, and three years, after which it is allowed to grow until the end of the fifth year, when it is again cut off for the last time. At the age of eight the hair has attained to its full growth, and is never cut again, so that up to the age of eight years, the condition of the mane and tail indicate the age of the animal, and it would be regarded as a dishonesty to depart from the prevalent custom. Dr. Fleming suggests that this practice, continued through countless generations, may have been the cause of the peculiar manner in which the Arab horse carries his tail, either horizontally or elevated, which always excites the admiration of horsemen. But the Arabs abhor the European practice of docking the tails of horses; and General Daumas mentions a contemptuous message which was once sent by an Arab chief to the French commander, concluding with the words: "We are aware that you care only for horses with very short tails, and our mares do not produce such."

SENSELESS MUTILATIONS

The horrible practice of mutilating the tails of horses seems to have prevailed at an early date in the British Islands, though it may have been introduced there from Germany and Scandinavia. Among the Welsh it was regarded as a crime, and seems to have been practised as a piece of malicious mischief; but towards the end of the eighth century, a council of the Church, held at Calcuith, administered a strong rebuke to the people for the indulgence of certain repulsive tastes. The language is as follows:

"From the influence of a vile and unbecoming custom, you deform and mutilate your horses; you slit their nostrils; tie their ears together, and by doing so make them deaf. Besides this, you cut off their tails; and when you enjoy them uninjured and perfect, you choose rather to maim and blemish them, so as to make them odious and disgustful objects to all who see them. Numbers of you, likewise, are accustomed to eat your horses—a practice of which no Christians in the East were ever guilty. This also you are admonished to renounce entirely."

The practices which are here reprehended probably ceased for a time in Britain, but nostril-slitting is still practised in Persia, Mongolia, and even Northern Africa, and ponies with slit nostrils are often seen in the Himalayas and in Afghanistan, the reason assigned being that a horse whose nostrils have been slit can inhale more air when going

at a fast pace. Not very long ago, the same practice existed in Hungary, and was thought to prevent a horse from neighing, an advantage, undoubtedly, in night attacks in time of war. It is singular that this brutal practice was never revived in England, where every other form of brutality to the horse has found ready and wide acceptance.

Nothing but brutality or the falsest of false tastes could ever have suggested the mutilation of a horse's ears, which are so expressive a feature of equine physiognomy that Pliny the Elder remarked, nearly two thousand years ago, that the intentions of a horse may be as well known by the movement of its ears as the inclinations of a dog by the motion of its tail. Yet, during the last century, it became customary in England to cut off the whole of the horse's ears lying outside of the *concha*, and it is said that the first time George III. saw horses with cropped ears, he sent immediately to the owner to express his anxious desire to obtain some of *the earless breed!* So widely did this hideous fashion extend, that at one time it was rare to see a horse with its ears in a natural condition, and as late as 1840 "it was not uncommon to find even hunters thus tortured and disfigured."

DOCKING IN MODERN ENGLAND

England has had a monopoly of this barbarous custom, which has never extended elsewhere; but the mutilation of the horse's tail has been far more widely extended. On the face of it, this latter mutilation is a twofold cruelty, not only in the operation itself, but as long as the animal lives. The horse's nervous system is far more highly developed, and its sensitiveness to pain is probably very much greater, than that of any other domestic animal. This extreme sensitiveness is particularly manifested in the skin, and especially when tormented by insects, but nature has amply protected him from these pests with a long mane that curtains the neck, a continuation of the mane (the forelock) which falls over the face to guard the ears and eyes, and a long tail that acts as a brush or whisk, while a well-developed muscle has the peculiar function of corrugating the skin by rapid, spasmodic contraction on those parts of the body which the tail cannot reach, so as to shake off the tormenting insects. To "hog" the mane of a horse or to mutilate its tail, is to deprive it of the protection with which nature has furnished it against the inconvenience attending its highly developed and sensitive constitution, and so to expose it to life-long misery.

The docking of horses was revived in England in the fifteenth century. It was applied generally to heavy horses whose best pace was the trot, and because of the mutilation, such horses were called "curtals." In the reign of Charles I. the tails of horses were kept long and flowing, reaching almost to the ground, as in the statue of that monarch at Charing Cross, London. But during the reign of Charles II., docking became general, and was justified by the false belief that the cutting away of the joints of the tail made the horse's spine stronger.

THE ATROCITY OF "NICKING"

But fashion soon required something even more atrocious than docking; and so "nicking" was introduced; and Reeve, in his "Art of Farriery" (London, 1771), says that "nicking the tail of a horse is an operation intended to make him carry it more genteel." Nicking required two operations, of which the second was even more atrociously cruel than the first. First came docking, in which the greater portion of the tail was amputated and the bleeding stump was cauterized with red-hot iron. After that, in order that the tail might be made to stand upright without moving to the right or to the left, what remained of it was cut half through on the lower side; and then, for many days, the wretched animal was confined to a stall and not allowed to lie down, while the shred of tail was attached to weights by means of cords that ran through pulleys fastened above in the ceiling of the stable. Dr. Fleming says that he saw horses undergoing this treatment as late as 1850. Nicking was particularly fashionable in military circles, and Dr. Fleming says that, in a single regiment, more than forty horses died in the same week in which they underwent the operation. Like all bad fashions, both docking and nicking after a while disappeared; but, of late, docking has become once more all but universal. The highest arbiters of fashion have been innocent of this crime against humanity. In her Majesty's stables there is not one single docked horse, and the Duke of Cambridge, as commander-in-chief of the Army, issued an order from the Horse Guards forbidding the purchase of horses with shortened docks. At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, in September, 1892, the Duke of Westminster moved "that in future, no foals with docked tails

should be entered for the Society's country meetings." At a subsequent meeting, the subject was again brought up, and the motion of the Duke of Westminster was sustained by Sir Nigel Kingscote, and also by Prince Christian; but, unfortunately, the commercial argument that horses with docked tails bring higher prices prevailed, and so the influence of this powerful society was not exerted in favor of humanity.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

In concluding his article, Dr. Fleming suggests a very practical method of meeting the commercial argument, as follows:

"In this country (England) the law is impotent to suppress the practice, though docking is undoubtedly a cruel operation, because it is painful and unnecessary, and therefore comes within the scope of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But it is most difficult to detect persons performing the operation, or to bring guilt home to them when it is accomplished; and even when discovered *flagrante delicto* a conviction is very doubtful, as magistrates are often themselves approvers of the fashion and employ docked horses, or they are uncertain whether the operation is or is not a useful one. It needs a law to deal with the evil, with the addition of a tax imposed on persons who use horses so mutilated. It is strange that the ingenuity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has not found out this means of obtaining financial assistance, for the tax would bring in a handsome sum, if only a very small amount had to be paid by horse proprietors for each docked animal in their stables. The treasury coffers would also be better filled if dog owners were made to pay an additional tax on dogs with cropped ears and tails. If such measures were adopted, animals would be greatly benefited, as these unsightly mutilations, equine and canine, would soon be dropped; we could then realize what these animals would look like, in their natural form, and would no longer be the laughing stock of nations who condemn or make merry over our freaks of fashion in dealing with these creatures."

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YOU will do the greatest service to the State if you shall raise, not the roofs of the houses, but the souls of the citizens; for it is better that great souls should dwell in small houses, rather than for mean slaves to lurk in great houses.—*Epictetus.*

ONE afternoon some weeks ago Mrs. S. of West End Avenue ordered her coachman, Herman Hartman, to report to the house with the horses and carriage, as she had social calls to make and other business to attend to. After several stops had been made, Mrs. S. noticed that her coachman seemed to be intoxicated, and her suspicion was presently confirmed by his reckless driving and his savage whipping of the horses. Mrs. S. remonstrated, but the half-drunken driver took no notice and continued to abuse the team until he reached the stable. He was notified that his services were no longer required, and was ordered to take the horses to the stalls. While there he maliciously stabbed one of them several times in the leg, and afterwards boasted of his cruelty. The case was reported to the Society, and Hartman was promptly arrested. When arraigned before Justices Meade, Hogan, and Feitner in the Court of Special Sessions, he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to four months in the penitentiary.

● ● ●

FOR compelling a horse suffering from several bad sores on the body, unprotected from the harness, to drag a heavily loaded truck, James Rogers was fined $5 in the Court of Special Sessions. In his defence he said that he did not think the sores hurt the horse, although the heavy saddle was chafing the wounds every step the animal walked.

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A HORSE driven by Henry McKinley, an employé of the Street Cleaning Department, slipped and fell, evidently through careless driving. McKinley made no effort to assist the fallen animal other than to sit on the seat and jerk at the lines. Bystanders remonstrated; McKinley became angry, and proceeded to vent his spite upon the unoffending animal by beating it on the face and head with the end of the lines. Finally, with assistance, the horse was gotten upon its feet, when McKinley deliberately kicked it in the stomach before Officer Snowdon of the Society could prevent him. He was promptly arrested and brought to trial at Special Sessions, and was fined $15.

SAMUEL ADAMSKY, so it was alleged, took a weak, feeble horse belonging to a neighbor, hitched it to a wagon, and drove off in search of a job. He was hired to take two trunks to the Long Island ferry; but before he got half way there, the animal's strength gave out and it was unable to go any further. Adamsky declared that the poor creature was balky and should be made to go, so he commenced to beat it brutally with a whip. Fortunately an officer of the Society arrived on the scene before many blows were struck, and took both horse and driver in charge. The former was taken in the ambulance to the Veterinary Hospital, while Adamsky was sent to the station house. He subsequently pleaded guilty to the charge of cruelty and was fined $15 by the judges of the Court of Special Sessions.

"THE horse was not only lame and sore, but had the disease known as glanders," said the Society's prosecutor to the justices of the Court of Special Sessions, when asked to state the particulars of a charge of cruelty preferred against Joseph Pomeran, who was arraigned for trial. Pomeran had been found driving a most dilapidated animal attached to a partly loaded wagon. The poor beast was so weak that it could hardly totter along, and no wonder, for its blood was poisoned with glanders in addition to other physical infirmities. After being released from the harness, its sufferings were ended with a mercifully directed bullet. For his cruelty Pomeran was fined $25.

IT is stated that as many as twenty thousand young swan—cygnets, as they are called—are killed every year to supply powder puffs, to say nothing of innumerable young birds of the eider duck and wild goose variety. The bulk of these are imported—the swan and geese from the islands of the Baltic and from Norway and Sweden, and the eiders from the northern and more icebound seas. —*Exchange.*

MME. CASIMIR-PERIER has organized a crusade against the use of birds' breasts and wings for decorative purposes, and a movement thus authorized is likely to be attended with success. If Paris gives the word, of course England and America will abandon this barbarous custom.—*The Woman's Column.*

MRS. PARET, the wife of Bishop Paret, of Maryland, is a friend of birds. She is trying to form a society in Baltimore, the members of which will be pledged not to wear any feathers on their hats except ostrich feathers.

THE subscription price of this magazine is one dollar, and we are satisfied that there are hundreds of men and women who would give five times one dollar to insure kind treatment for some favorite animal if it were in other hands. Let us suggest that this Magazine inculcates kind treatment to animals, and that every dollar contributed to extend its circulation will tend directly to promote that object.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY
FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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10 EAST 22D STREET, NEW YORK

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JACK AND THE OTHER DOG*

BY M. C. MCNEILL

'TIS the same old theme of endless charm that never will be worn out, till love no longer governs the world, till mankind no longer needs a friend, or till the heart of every faithful doggie shall have ceased its tender beating.

The "other dog" was a man with a stiff leg. A touch of paralysis had left him that. It left him also the same kind-hearted old bachelor that he had always been.

He wandered out one fine spring day, wrapped in his cloak, to take the air in one of London's pretty parks, and seated himself upon a bench beneath an overshadowing tree, giving a sigh for his own lonely self as he watched the groups of merry children at their play.

The birds among the leafy boughs accorded him a welcome, peeping coyly from among the leaves, and twittering him a gossipy "How do?"

Their murmuring chatter and the balmy air soon lulled his senses to a dreamy forgetfulness, from which he was aroused by a gentle touch upon his knee, and he opened his eyes expecting to see one of the children standing there.

And, indeed, a small figure stood beside him, with one foot resting on his knee and the other held up in mute appeal, while two soft brown eyes were gazing at him tearfully.

"Oh, dearie me!" said the old bachelor, in smiling surprise. "And, pray, where did you come from, pretty doggie?"

The spaniel pricked up his silky brown ears and set his little head on one side with an inquiring look.

"What may your name be?"

A nod and a bark greeted this query.

"That sounds like Jack."

The dog grinned knowingly.

"So it *is* Jack? Then there are two of us! And now, Jack, I'd like to know what brought you to see me?"

Jack's tail moved in doleful accompaniment to his feelings as he held up a wounded paw.

"Oh, you want me to look at your sore foot? Let me see it, then."

Jack made a slight grimace of pain as the gentle hand took hold of his foot.

"Well, Jack, I see you have been in the wars as well as this other dog, and you, too, have come out of the battle with a game leg. Both under dogs in the fight, eh? Well, misery loves company; but I doubt if we can be chums, for somebody will come along pretty soon looking for you, and ——"

At that instant a shrill whistle and the crack of a whip sounded from behind the shrubbery.

Jack stood for a moment as if paralyzed with terror. Then with a spring and a low cry he crept under the cape that was raised to shelter him, and hid there, trembling, till the brute of a showman and his cracking whip had disappeared for Jack was a performing dog, and the wretch who owned him was a drunken tyrant.

"He's gone, Jack," whispered the other dog, peeping beneath the cape. Jack's response was a swift lick of gratitude.

"Poor little chap, you shall not go back to ***that*** master, come what may. Henceforth we shall chum together—Jack and the other dog." And so they did.

"Jack," said the other dog one day, "I think we are well enough to go down to the office, so run on ahead and choose a hansom."

"Here, Jack, here's a dandy cab; brand new cushions; we're spick an' span; here, Jack, jump up!"

But regardless of the blandishments or entreaties of the cabbies, Jack slowly surveyed the line of cabs that were ranged along the curb, till, at the end of the line, a great, gentle brown horse gave a low whinny as he approached. They rubbed noses and held quite a whispering confab. Then Jack barked a "Come along!" to the other dog, and perched himself on the seat of the cab.

As Jack loved to look out of the window, he always reposed on the end of the other dog's desk during office hours; and so they lived and loved together for many a year, when one day they met the showman.

"That's my dawg!" he said, gruffly. Jack crept close to his friend.

"Indeed! Can you prove it?"

* Prize story.

"Yes, I can prove it, too! His name's Jack. He'll come to me. Here, Jack, here!"

But Jack stared as stupidly as if he didn't have any name.

"I bet ye," said the baffled showman, diving into his pocket, "he'll set up fer a penny. Here, Jack, want a penny?—a penny, Jack, to buy cake!"

"That's a bad penny," said the other dog, who had often played this trick with Jack.

"'Tain't, neither!" cried the angry showman, completely taken off his guard, while Jack turned his back on the penny. Nothing could induce him to look at it.

"I'm beat!" said the showman, stalking off, and Jack winked at the other dog, as much as to say:

"We tricked him again. Didn't we?"

One day the cabbies watched the sidewalk, and the gentle brown horse whinnied, in vain.

Jack and the other dog did not appear as usual.

The other dog was sick, and Jack lay curled up on his arm for company.

"Doctor," said the sick one, in a feeble voice, "I grieve sorely at leaving this faithful little friend to mourn for me. Will you promise me one thing?"

"Certainly I will," answered the doctor, kindly.

"Will you care for him as long as he lives?"

"As tenderly as you would yourself."

"And when his good little heart ceases to beat, will you lay him beside me?"

"Most assuredly."

"Will you take him home with you now?"

"Not just yet, but I will return for him very soon."

"Thanks. Then I shall have him with me to the last——"

"Jack——"

Jack answered by a swift little lick, and nestled his silken head against the pale face in caressing sympathy. A loving smile flooded it for a moment as he whispered brokenly:

"Jack—and—the—other—dog!"

When the doctor returned, he found that the other dog had fallen into his last sleep, and Jack lay stretched out beside him.

The doctor laid his hand on the soft little body.

"Gone!" he murmured, with unwonted tenderness. "Poor, faithful doggie!"

In a pretty cemetery there may be seen a headstone bearing this inscription:

"JACK AND THE OTHER DOG."

GOLDFINCHES AND SOME OTHER BIRDS

BY STODDARD GOODHUE

IT is much easier to copy than to invent, even in so comparatively simple a matter as naming a bird. So when the pioneer settlers of our country saw a bird that at all resembled any species with which they had been familiar in their native country, they at once adopted for it the old name of the familiar species. Pleasant memories of the old home were thus clustered about the new; but the results were sometimes very confusing, for the pioneers were not ornithologists, and they often named the new species in accordance with resemblances that were very slight or fanciful, thus designating species with names which were not really appropriate, but which were pretty certain to cling to them ever after. Robin Redbreast, for example, is not at all closely related to his English namesake; he is a thrush and a near relative of the European blackbird, while the latter is quite unlike the American blackbird except in the mere matter of general color. Indeed, even this resemblance disappears on closer inspection, as our most familiar "blackbird" is not a black bird at all, but wears a mantle beautifully glossed with all the colors of the rainbow. Ornithologists have called him the purple grackle, a name that much better befits him. At a little distance, however, he does seem black enough.

After all, names are only for convenience, and such mistakes as these are of no great importance. So long as we all know what bird is meant by the words robin and blackbird, these names answer as well as any others. But when, as sometimes happened, settlers in different parts of our country gave different names to the same species, confusion was sure to follow. Perhaps the best illustration of this is afforded by the two birds which the ornithologists call the ruffled grouse and the bobwhite. Both of these species are widely scattered over the country, but neither is found in the Old World. There are several families of birds in the Old World to which they bear some resemblance, but the points of resemblance are not sufficiently clear to strike every one in the same way. So it chanced that the colonists of Virginia likened the ruffled grouse to a pheasant, and the bobwhite to a partridge; and "pheasant" and "partridge" these birds remain throughout the South to this day.

GOLDFINCHES AND NEST

But the Massachusetts colonist thought the grouse more like a partridge, and the bobwhite like a quail; of course he named the birds in accordance with his own ideas; and throughout the North these names have clung to the birds. So when a Northerner speaks of shooting a "partridge" he refers to a bird which the Southerner calls a pheasant; when he speaks of a quail he means what the other calls a partridge; and both are at fault, for neither pheasant, partridge, nor quail is to be found in this country at all, unless introduced from abroad. It would be hard to invent a more amusing tangle of names than that.

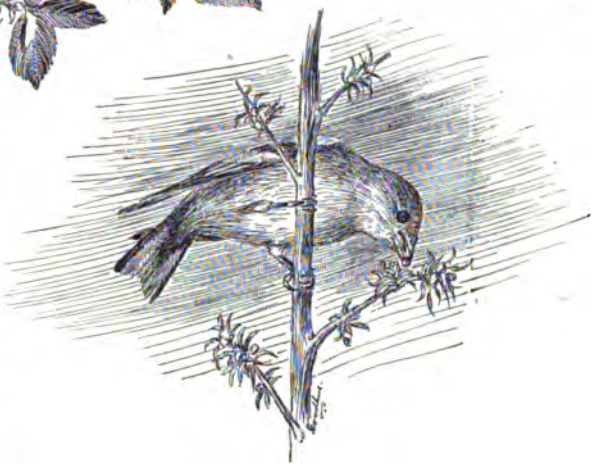
But the settlers did not always blunder in the application of names to the new birds. In many instances the names they gave were quite appropriate, and in at least one case they showed rather surprising acuteness in detecting a resemblance which is real, but not at first sight very apparent. I refer to the case of the goldfinch. The European goldfinch is of a general drab color, with red markings about the head and a bar of gold on the wings. The American goldfinch when in full feather has the body of a brilliant yellow, with black wings, tail, and crown. The two look very different indeed when seen side by side, but they are really very closely related. Whether the person who named our bird detected the resemblance, I cannot say. Very probably he called our bird goldfinch because of its color, without a thought of its relationship to its European cousin. If so, the coincidence was a happy one. Or, again, he may have loved birds well enough to listen to their songs, and in that case it is not surprising that he was able at once to place the goldfinch where he belongs; for the voices of the two birds are strangely similar, though their plumage is so different. The European species has been introduced into this country of late years; the two may sometimes be heard singing together in Central Park, and it is really very difficult indeed to distinguish their songs. Even the call-notes are the same. The resemblance extends to their habits, both feeding in the same way, and both flying with long, swinging undulations that are most characteristic. Indeed, their very natures—characters, if you will—are alike. The European species has long been famous as a cage bird, and our own species makes quite as interesting and intelligent a pet. Even if captured when mature, it is easily tamed; and its superior intelligence, as compared for example with a canary, will soon be apparent. The last one I had I bought of a fakir on the street. It was, of course, drugged at the time. But it soon rallied and gained its bearings, and in a few days we were boon companions. I fixed a perch for the little fellow on the window-sill beside my desk, and there he sat and sang encouragement to me as I wrote. Now and again he would descend from his perch and flit over to my arm or knee, whence he would climb up to my shoulder and thence, aided by my beard, to my lips, where he knew he would find a seed. If this were purposely withheld for a moment, he would attempt to pry my teeth apart, and failing in this, would look up into my eyes and say

MY PET GOLDFINCH

"tweet"—meaning, of course, *please*—in a tone that could not be resisted. Then, perhaps, he would nestle on my shoulder for a little chat, giving my ear a small pinch now and then if I seemed to be neglecting him. I became very fond of the little fellow, and was quite disconsolate for a time when a heartless cat murdered him.

The American goldfinch is a common bird almost everywhere, frequenting the orchards and roadsides in the country, and the gardens and parks of cities. To the youthful bird-lover it is usually known as the "wild canary." In some regions it is called "thistle-bird," because of its habit of feeding on the thistle-seeds. But no name could be more appropriate than its correct one, goldfinch. At least this is true during half the year. In the fall, however, the little fellow puts aside his yellow mantle, and throughout the winter wears only a plain but very neat drab, which, by the bye, is the garb worn by the female bird throughout the year and by the young during their first season. Most female birds are more plainly attired than their mates; the reason being, presumably, that bright colors would make them too conspicuous and hence expose them to needless dangers while on the nest. Young birds, too, until they have learned the ways of their enemies through experience, could not safely wear bright colors. Usually the gaudy plumes are put on with the first mating season, but sometimes not till the second or third. In the case of birds living in tropical countries or in those that migrate thither in the winter, the bright dress, after it is once acquired, is usually worn constantly. Our tanagers and orioles furnish examples. These birds live always amid protecting foliage, their year being a perpetual summer. But birds like the little goldfinch, that brave northern winters, could ill afford to hold out so glaring a signal for the eye of the hawk or shrike when trees are bare. It is hard enough to elude these enemies at best.

EUROPEAN GOLDFINCH



AMERICAN GOLDFINCH IN WINTER DRESS

As spring opens, the goldfinch again puts on his brilliant mantle. But unlike most birds that winter in the north, he does not begin housekeeping so soon as the season would permit. On the contrary he dallies in the most unaccountable manner. Many a bird that wintered in South America and did not return to us till well into May, has a brood abroad before goldie seems even to think of nesting. When at last he does set about it, however, he builds the daintiest of domiciles, compactly woven and lined with down. As his mate broods over the precious eggs in this delicate cradle, he is the most devoted of husbands. Rarely leaving her for an instant, he fiercely attacks every intruder, coaxes her to accompany him in search of food, and cheers her from time to time with a song which is not loud but is of peculiar sweetness—quite such a love message as one would expect from so charming a little bird.

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THE bee, though it finds that every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles; and why should not other tourists do the same?—*Haliburton.*

● ● ●

EVERYTHING doth make a gleeful boast;
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground.
—*Titus Andronicus.*

SOME FAMOUS HORSES

BY HERVEY LOW SUTTON

AS far back as the traditions of man extend, the horse has been his friend and companion. Ancient fable says that Neptune created the horse to be the animal most useful to mankind; and history bears testimony that he has fulfilled the purpose of his creation.

The original habitat of the horse is not known, but he was first domesticated in Central Asia and Northern Africa.

In the oldest Egyptian paintings horses are seen only harnessed to chariots; and in the accounts of the siege of Troy we read of charioteers, never riders; yet the stories of centaurs show that horses must have been ridden at a still earlier time. In the first paintings of the Greeks their horses are represented as being too small to be ridden to advantage; and a little later, when the size appears to have somewhat increased, neither saddle nor stirrup was used; indeed, the Numidians rode to battle without even a bridle, and yet are said to have had their chargers under perfect control.

In Northern and Western Europe in feudal times the war-horse (and horses were used for little but war) was large and powerful, for its own heavy trappings and the immense weight of a knight's armor could not be borne by an animal less sturdy. There is a legend that when the world became very corrupt God instituted knighthood by choosing out of every thousand men one who was loyal, strong, wise, and virtuous; and then sought for an animal fit to be his comrade, and selected the horse as the goodliest and swiftest. The noblest man thus joined to the best animal He called *caballero*—knight.

One of the horses first made famous by history was Alexander the Great's Bucephalus (Bull-head). When Alexander was thirteen years old, a Thessalonian offered for sale to King Philip a superb white charger, with a black mark like a bull's head on his forehead. When Bucephalus was brought before the king to be tried, no warrior could mount him, and at last Philip, angry, ordered him to be taken away. Alexander then asked his father to let him try, assuring the king that he would succeed.

"But if you fail, what will you do?" demanded Philip.

"I will buy the horse," replied the boy amid the laughter of the whole court. Going quietly to Bucephalus, he stroked him and turned his face toward the sun, for he noticed that the poor animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then, talking the while, he leaped lightly upon his back, and without spur or whip completely subdued him, thus fulfilling, according to the oracle, the condition upon which depended Alexander's control of Macedonia. Philip bought the horse, paying for him, according to Plutarch, thirteen talents, or about $17,500.

When Alexander defeated the Persians at Granicus, it was Bucephalus that carried him across the river. They were always together in battle, though in reviewing his troops and arranging for an attack the king generally saved his favorite from fatigue by riding another horse. During one of his wars with a tribe of barbarians, the guard having Bucephalus in charge unexpectedly encountered a party of the enemy and were taken prisoners. Alexander was so dismayed that he announced by a herald that if his horse were not at once restored, the captors, with their women and children, should be put to the sword, which threat caused the speedy delivery of Bucephalus to his owner. When about thirty years old, Bucephalus died of fatigue and age, Onesicritus says; but other authorities state that his death was caused by wounds received in the battle with Porus. Alexander mourned his death as that of a dear friend, and built the city of Bucephalia to his memory.

In the middle ages white appears to have been the favorite color for chargers, possibly as a symbol of the unstained knightly honor their owners were so fond of crediting, rightly or wrongly, to themselves. Two famous horses, renowned throughout the world for their presence in many battles against the Moors, were Bavieca and Orelio, and both were "milk-white." Orelio belonged to King Roderigo, the last of the Goths, who was in the habit of feeding his pet with his own hand, and had trained him to obey his voice. It had been the custom of the Gothic kings to go to war in a chariot made of elephant bones, ornamented with gold and silver, and drawn either by two white oxen or by two white horses. Don Roderigo, however, was of too impetuous a temper for that sort of thing, and so rushed into the thick of battle on Orelio. When he met with the disastrous defeat on the Chrysus and was thought to be dead, Orelio was taken by the Moors, who kept and treated him kindly.

During his captivity he was probably often used by them in their wars, though we do not hear of him again until their final struggle with Don Roderigo. The armies were drawn up ready for battle, when one of the Moorish chiefs, named Arpas, rode forward on a horse which Roderigo instantly recognized as his own. He started toward Arpas, upbraiding him for the traitor that he was, and crying that never before had Orelio been mounted by knight so unworthy. Arpas tried to reach him with his cimeter, but Roderigo had seized Orelio by the bridle, and making the horse plunge and rear, threw the renegade to the ground. Then, springing into the saddle, he led forward his men. During the battle he drew aside under some trees to let Orelio rest, and while there gave directions for the care of the horse in case he should be killed. "For," said he, "he hath done good service to his rightful lord." We assume that these directions were carefully carried out, though the last we hear of Orelio is that, at the end of that dreadful day, he was found alone on the banks of the Sella, covered with blood and trembling from the toil of battle, sending forth an anxious cry, as if to call his beloved master.

Bavieca belonged to the Cid, who won him in battle from the King of Seville. He seems to have carried the Cid in all battles, processions, and, indeed, on every important occasion. The first great event in which he took part was when the Cid was waiting in Valencia for his wife and daughter, who had been detained in a monastery by King Alfonso. When within three leagues of Valencia the Cid called for Bavieca, who was brought to him wearing his gilt saddle; and, says the old poem: "The Cid went out upon his horse and ran a career with him; Bavieca was the name of the horse, and when he was running all marvelled at him. From that day Bavieca was famous all over Spain."

At one time, when the Cid had been staying with Don Alfonso, he offered to give Bavieca to the king as a token of his love and fidelity; and to show the horse's great sagacity, mounted and gave him the spur. "Who can tell the goodness of the horse Bavieca and of the Cid who rode him? And as the Cid was doing this the horse brake one of his reins, yet he came and stopped before the king as easily as if both reins had been whole." The king, however, like a right-minded monarch, refused to accept a gift which implied so great a sacrifice, and the Cid kept his favorite.

After several years the "Good Cid" died in Valencia; and at the time of his death King Bucar and thirty-six Moorish kings were marching against that city. As the Cid lay upon his death-bed he gave directions for the impending fight with the Infidels, ordering that his body, in full armor, should be placed upon Bavieca, so fastened that it could not fall; also, that his sword should be tied in his hand. That done, he directed that Gil Diaz, with the Cid's army behind him, should lead the horse to the field of battle, where the Moors, not knowing of the hero's death, should be frightened and conquered. He next spoke of the care Bavieca was to receive until his death, and even then he was not to be neglected:

"On the death of Bavieca, lay him deep within the ground,
That never flesh of such rare worth by bird of prey be found."

Three days after the Cid died the Moors arrived, and the people defended the city while they prepared to leave for Castile. At midnight of the twelfth day of the siege Bavieca was led out of the gate of Roseros with the Cid upon his back; the people followed silently; by daylight all were gone. Part of the army stayed behind and routed the Moors; but Bavieca and his precious burden travelled on to San Cristoval de Ybeas, where the Cid's body was placed in a monastery.

Bavieca lived two and a half years longer, and during that time no man was suffered to bestride him. Gil Diaz, who cared for him, led him to water and brought him back with his own hand. When he died he was buried before the gate of the monastery, in the public place, and two elms were planted on the grave, one at the head and one at the foot.

Of Mahomet's horse, Al Borak (the lightning), we have two curiously differing descriptions, one being of an entirely fanciful character, while the other gives a picture of a thoroughbred Arabian, the most beautiful horse in the world. "Al Borak was a fine-limbed, high-standing horse, strong in frame, and with a coat as glossy as marble. His color was saffron, with one hair of gold for every three of tawny; his ears were restless, and pointed like a reed; his eyes large and full of fire; his nostrils wide and streaming; he had a white star on his forehead, a neck gracefully arched, a mane soft and silky, and a thick tail that swept the ground."—*Croquemitaine*, ii. 9.

This account is to our mind more pleasing than that which is accepted by sincere Mohammedans, and which, truly enough, makes his appearance as remarkable as his attainments. According to the latter, he was white, with "the face of a man, but the cheeks of a horse; his eyes were like jacinths, but brilliant as stars; he had the wings of an eagle, spoke with the voice of a man, and glittered all over with radiant light; his whole form was resplendent with gems and precious stones."

This wonderful creature was brought by Gabriel to Mahomet one night at Mecca. When Mahomet attempted to mount Al Borak the horse reared, and Gabriel commanded him to be still, saying: "Respect the prophet of God." Then Al Borak said: "Abraham of old rode me to see his son Ishmael; and is this the Intercessor, that I should be still?"

"Even so, Al Borak," responded Gabriel.

"Wilt thou, O Gabriel, beseech him to intercede for me that I may enter Paradise?"

"Be happy, Al Borak," cried Mahomet; "I will plead for thee, and thou shalt live in Paradise."

Then Mahomet mounted, and Al Borak flew over the mountains. They stopped twice, once at Mount Sinai and once at Bethlehem, but soon arrived at the gate of the Temple in Jerusalem. There Mahomet left the horse tied to a ring while he ascended on a ladder of light to heaven. When he returned, Al Borak bore him back to Mecca in a moment's time. Whether or not Al Borak was immediately taken to heaven the story does not tell; but, at any rate, he disappeared that night from mortal sight.

THE CRUELTY OF CARELESSNESS

BY FIDÈLE H. HOLLAND

ONLY a few days ago I visited a person who is engaged in the raising of poultry, and found several hens, mothers of young chickens, tied by the leg to a string a couple of yards in length. I protested against the method. The owner of the fowls said she had not "thought about it;" but was really horrified to see the swollen, sore condition of the poor hen-mothers' legs when I pointed it out to her. This is just an instance of cruel carelessness.

The bright little gold-fish in his pretty ornamental globe, hanging in many an ornate boudoir or parlor, often suffers for want of fresh water, which his owner forgets to supply, and of which he perhaps does not understand the need. The same person might severely reprimand a lad for cruelly tormenting animals, and yet he himself is just as practically cruel and inflicts just as real suffering.

In the writer's opinion, Forgetfulness is the first cousin, and Carelessness is the brother, of Cruelty. No amount of religion can reconcile me to the man who neglects his dumb dependents, and forgets their wants and requirements. To my thinking,

> "A man may enter God's most holy house,
> May pray, may read His word, may ask His grace,
> Yet find no blessing come. His prayers are vain;
> God turns away the brightness of His face,
> If outside stands, uncovered in the cold,
> His steed, all shiv'ring in the winter's blast.
> God sees it there. His eyes are on us all.
> He doth His creatures' woe with wrath behold."

A GOOD HORSE

BY F. S. F.

LOOKING from my stateroom window during the wakeful hours of a night journey, I saw an express horse and wagon standing at a station between a high platform on the one side, and an almost unlimited number of tracks on the other. Engines and trains were constantly passing and repassing, or whistling or steaming at the top of their breath. The driver, by the light of a lantern which was hung high inside the wagon, was coolly sorting his way-bills, now and then stopping to make a note on one of them; the reins lay carelessly on the seat before him, while the good horse stood as calmly amidst all this din as though he were in his own stall, although the steam from a passing engine almost touched his legs.

"That horse is worth a farm," was my reflection, and I thought of what Black Beauty said of her master's placing the colts in pasture near the railroads, thus accustoming them to what is a terror to most horses.

EVERY one who contributes to our advertising columns may take to himself the credit of a share in the distribution of this Magazine. In addition to the satisfaction which this fact will afford, the advertiser will find that his investment has brought substantial returns, for the friends of the Society are numerous and loyal, and quick to appreciate any manifestation of interest in its support.

THE LESSON OF LOVE

IT would not be well for us if having pet animals and taking the very best of care of them were all the interest we could feel in the brute creation. What is the good of your loving your pets if it does not teach you sympathy for the pets of other boys and girls and for the thousands of unpetted creatures that belong to nobody in particular and that, far from expecting you to be good to them, are humbly grateful if they are not kicked, or cuffed, or stoned, or shouted at, or in some way frightened and injured, when you are by?

A little boy of our acquaintance is always kind to his pet kitten. The other day a strange cat wandered into the grounds near the little boy's home. "I grabbed her by the neck and I threw her away as far as ever I could," the child said, when he was asked how he had driven the stranger off. "The horrid old thing won't dare to show her nose around here again."

Do you suppose for a moment that the little boy thought he was cruel to the strange kittie? Not a bit of it. He would unhesitatingly claim to love all animals. He was good to his own kittie, but he didn't want "the old thing" around, so he threw her away. You may depend upon it the strange cat could never be persuaded to the belief that the boy was kind-hearted or that he loved animals. If she could speak, she might say: "I am as much an animal as his pet cat. If he loves her, he ought to feel sorry that I have no home, and he might speak to me gently and send me away to some one who would take proper charge of me. What is the good of his loving his cat if he cannot be kind to *all* cats?"

What is the good, we would add, of our loving any animal or any human being, if the love does not make us tender and considerate and sympathetic to all of God's creatures? It is indeed a selfish love which contracts instead of enlarging the heart. We do not mean you to try to love every stranger as you love your nearest and best, but we do mean that the love which you bear your nearest and best should make you good and kind to every one in the world.

A MISUNDERSTOOD HERO

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

SYPHAX had been the post surgeon's most intimate friend, but when that gallant officer received orders to proceed without delay to Texas, he perceived at once that a time of separation had arrived. For in those days a journey from West Point to the Rio Grande, with a huge Newfoundland dog as travelling companion, was quite out of the question. The surgeon, therefore, after many a struggle with himself, decided to give the dog to the chaplain's children, their love for animals being proverbial at the Point.

Whether, up to that time, Syphax had done anything to deserve the reproach of the garrison, is not known. No sooner, however, was his change of dwelling made, and his old protector far on his journey to the South, than it became the fashion among a certain set of people to find no end of fault with him. This, without doubt, was all because he had gone to live at the chaplain's—a clergyman's pets, like clergymen's children, being regarded the world over as favorite subjects for discussion.

The dog's amiability was never questioned by his defamers, for did not everybody know that it was this splendid fellow who took care of all the children on the post? When the chaplain's daughters coasted down the long road that led by the Monument Hill and the gas-house, ending a quarter of a mile below at the wharf, where the sloop always landed, was it not Syphax who bounded, with wagging tail and joyous bark, along by their sides, unmindful of the snow-drifts into which he tumbled? And on reaching the bottom, who indeed but Syphax cheerfully turned round and dragged them and their sleds all the way up the steep hill again, his tail still wagging with delight? When they skated on the river below, Syphax still watched over them. When they skated on the reservoir back among the hills, building fires on the ice near the shore, Syphax helped to carry the sticks. It was he who pulled little Willie Ferguson out of the water one day when the big boys were too frightened to move. It was Syphax, too, who let the kittens tumble all over him, who never chased the chickens or the cows, and—except when, on one memorable occasion, quite by accident, he frightened the chaplain's calf—every living being on the Point had only been the better for having known this noble fellow.

Like many other distinguished people, however, he had a marked peculiarity—a habit, rather—which those who did not love him were only too willing to call a weakness or a fault. It was this: no matter what he might be doing, nor in what part of the chaplain's yard he might be playing, the very moment two spirited horses pranced round the corner Syphax would rush out, vault clean over the high spiked iron fence, and jump, barking loudly, in front of their faces. He never did this when the oxen went by with the wood-cart, or the wagon with milk for the mess-hall. Neither did single or quiet horses make any impression upon him. It was only spirited pairs of horses, prancing round that corner, which stirred him in a way he could not resist, and started him immediately out on the road. That was why he never ran at the old-fashioned omnibus, with Stephen driving his bony team at a jog trot, but always flew at the fashionable equipages of summer guests or of people from across the river, who came once a year to pay calls.

Had the chaplain's house been anywhere else, Syphax might have jumped and barked to his heart's content, without danger of harm to any one or chance of blame to himself. Unhappily for him, the house, as all the army knows, stood just around the corner from the plain. In front of the gate ran the narrow road, and across the road was a steep declivity, its edge unprotected by any fence. So if the horses at that point had been frightened, and jumped over the bank, they might have gone headlong down the hill, past the sutler's store, past the cavalry barracks, past the Soldiers'

Hospital, and so on always, down, down, down, till they reached the very Hudson itself. The mere thought of such a possibility was enough to startle nervous people, although, since Hendrick Hudson had sailed up the river, such an accident had never been heard of. As people, however, are always much more frightened about the things which might happen than about those which do, by degrees the dreadful calamities that might be caused by the dog's habit of barking became such a horror that nervous old people lay awake thinking of them. Curiously enough, the people who were most uneasy were the very people who never stepped inside a carriage, nor drove a horse, nor entertained small children. They declared that the sound of Syphax's voice gave them such tremors at night (never a wagon moved after dark in those days at the Point) that rest and sleep were impossible.

So letters and requests and no end of messages were sent to the chaplain, and though the children cried, and the boys declared it an outrage, and much that was naughty was said, Syphax one day was sent across the river to a gentleman at Garrison's.

One very important fact was forgotten when Garrison's was chosen—that sound travels quickly over the water. No matter how wide and deep the river might be—and the Hudson at the Point had many a time held great ships on its bosom—a dog at Garrison's, who listened as Syphax did, might still hear the morning and evening gun at West Point, the bugle-calls too, or the fife and drum by which the cadets marched to the mess-hall. By looking through the trees he could see the roof of the riding-hall and stables, the dome of the old observatory, and sometimes even the officers on a stroll, and always the old flag waving over them all.

To a dog of his spirit and affection it mattered very little how broad a river might be when those he loved were on the other side. Besides, Syphax believed his being sent away at all had been a great mistake. The chaplain, he was sure, never could have known it. What had he ever done, indeed, to deserve such a punishment? The children, he felt sure, were waiting for him and grieving about him, and when the children were waiting and worrying, Syphax never felt any hesitation about the thing he ought to do.

One evening at parade the cadets were drawn up on the plain in front of the superintendent's quarters. The drum-major, tossing his baton, was walking before them. Groups of pretty women were sitting on the iron benches, groups of officers leaning against the superintendent's fence. The piazzas of all the quarters were filled with guests.

Suddenly there came bounding across the plain, past the cadets, and straight up to the chaplain's daughters on the benches, a huge black creature—he looked like a young bear—dripping wet and panting with excitement. Syphax had swam the Hudson and come home!

Nervous people might lie awake and worry after that. Syphax for a little while was safe. Even the superintendent felt his heart beat when he thought of what the dog had done. Hardly a soldier would have attempted the dangerous feat. The quartermaster, for the first time in his life, turned a deaf ear to the woes of old ladies.

As for Syphax and the children, they were wildly happy. For the sake of prudence, however, the children determined, while so many fine carriages were about, to keep Syphax as much as possible in the woods. That was why they played all day in the stone quarry, or went to the pool at Fort Putnam, or even walked all the way to Stony Lonesome, where the old woman who had built her hut with her own hands made root beer and sarsaparilla, keeping it for the sake of coolness under damp, fresh sod next her cellar door. No one was ever anxious about the children when Syphax went to watch over them.

In midsummer the body of a famous general was brought to the Point to be buried.

People came from everywhere to the Point that day. Steamboats brought them, crowded to the very edges; so did the ferry from Garrison's and the rowboat from Cold Spring. People came down from the hills and up from Buttermilk Falls and Fort Montgomery. No one wanted to miss this most impressive sight of all the year. Not a child in the garrison could have been induced to do so, or to play in the woods.

First in the long procession that left the chapel came the band, playing a sad and solemn funeral march. Then the corps of cadets with colors draped, their arms reversed, as was the custom of those days; then a troop of cavalry with sabres drawn; after them, rumbling heavily, like distant thunder, and shaking the mounted soldiers as they moved, came the caissons of the light artillery, drawn each by four horses, the cannoneers seated on the ammunition chests, silent, with arms folded across their breasts. The chaplain, with the clergy, in surplices, walked bareheaded and carried books. Behind them came the black horses that drew the gun-carriage on which the general's coffin was borne, wrapped in a flag, and on the flag were his feathered hat and his sword. The pall-bearers were on foot, and just a few paces to the rear of them a soldier led the horse of the dead man, which was all caparisoned in black and carried his boots reversed in the stirrups. Then came the mourners, the officers of his staff, distinguished persons according to their rank, then delegations, societies, and citizens.

The long procession left the chapel, marched before the barracks, in front of the superintendent's quarters, and turned the corner past the chaplain's house, to follow the winding road through the old back gate to the cemetery on the bluff beyond, the river at its foot, the mountains looking down in silent, never-ending watch.

In the chaplain's house no one was left but the very smallest of all his children and Syphax, and they were together on the porch. The band was not playing at that moment, or other sounds might have been deadened. But just as the corner was reached only the drums were beating. They were loud enough, to be sure, but not so loud that they could drown the steady tramp of the soldiers' feet, nor the clatter of the horses' hoofs, nor yet the constant, heavy rumble of caissons. Had the horses been as well trained as the soldiers, all might have gone well; but some of them, like people who grow excited on solemn occasions, began to prance as they turned the corner. In an instant Syphax heard them.

The child held him tight by the collar, else he would have been down the steps and over the fence. He would not risk her life by dragging her, as he might easily have done, and she, suddenly realizing his danger, would not let go her hold.

So he stood there and barked—barked in that great, deep voice of his that could easily be heard a half-mile away. The chaplain looked in towards his house in dismay, but was powerless to interfere. The superintendent scowled, but could not stop to give an order. The officers looked out of the corners of their eyes, but kept on with heavy, measured tread. Not a soldier dared turn his head, but not a soldier failed to see that group on the chaplain's piazza—the small child and the huge black dog, who barked with the determination and confidence, and with something of the animus, of a sentinel calling out his challenge in the dark.

A chaplain's dog barking at a general's funeral! This was the greatest scandal ever heard of at West Point. No wonder every one at the garrison was shocked. No wonder the old people said: "I told you so." No wonder the quartermaster felt bound to interfere, nor that the superintendent sent his orderly next day to the chaplain's house with a letter.

Poor Syphax! his doom was sealed. The chaplain saddled Duchess, his old brown mare, and whistling to the dog, rode away. Next day Duchess and the chaplain came back alone. The children dared ask no questions, for the chaplain, looking very grave, went into his study and shut the door.

"He has gone forever!" the children said. But at the end of the week he was back again, barking joyously in the yard, having run for twenty miles through the woods to come to them. Even the chaplain was glad for a moment, and patted his head. Syphax jumped all over him; he supposed the chaplain had been worried about losing him, and he meant to show him he harbored no ill feeling. Dear Syphax!

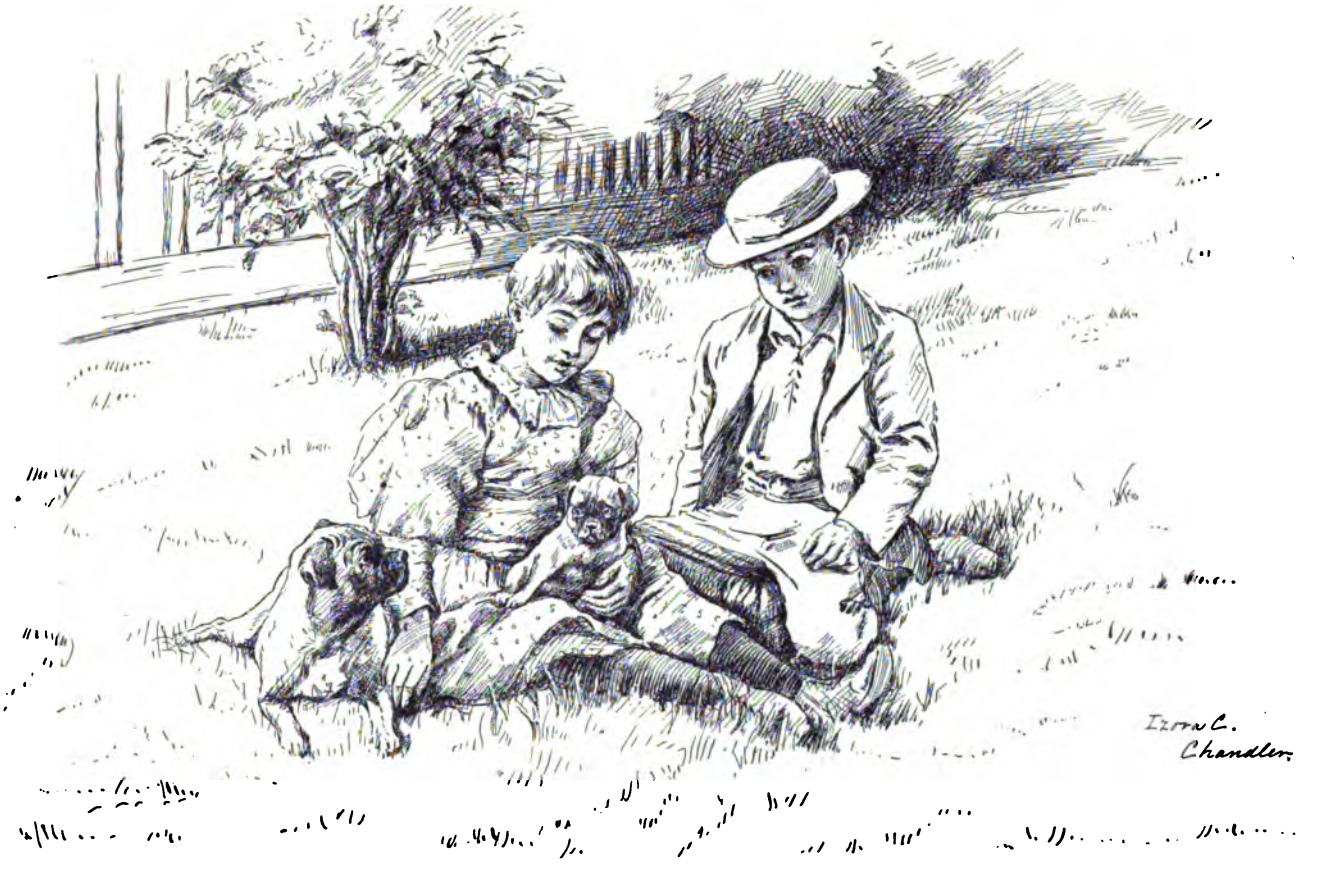
"He shan't be sent to strangers again," the children said. "We will go ourselves and live in a cave with him if the superintendent is so cruel." They lay awake for hours planning their flight, and had even tied food and clothing up in bundles to carry up with them. Then, like children, they fell asleep.

The chaplain never went to bed at all. At early dawn, he, Duchess, and the dog were gone again.

It was a year, perhaps, before even the eldest daughter knew where he was, or learned that he was chained at a treadmill on a farm near Greenwood Lake, and made to churn butter all day. "Just like a galley slave; oh, papa, papa!" she said, and weeping left the room.

"Yes, just like a galley slave!" the children cried, when they heard it, and every day under the trees they planned a fresh crusade to deliver him.

At the end of a few years one of them went to Greenwood Lake on a visit, and flew to see Syphax. But though she



A YOUNG MADAME DE STAËL.

He: "I say, Mattie, can't you pay a fellow a little 'tention? Ain't I 'most as much 'count as a pug?"

She: "My mamma read that a great Frenchwoman said that the more she knew of men the better she liked dogs. *I'm* that way, *too!*"

called him by name, and spoke caressingly to him, he never turned his head, only plodded wearily on in his never-ending treadmill, looking neither to the right nor left.

When the post surgeon, long afterward, heard the story of the banishment of his old friend, he wrote a letter to the chaplain. The only part of it the family heard was this: "Jumped and barked at every prancing horse he heard, did he? the brave fellow. He had an old score to settle with horses that pranced, and his blood was always fired. Did you never know that he had heard other horses prancing round just such a corner as yours, and had rushed out barely in time to save my sister's little girl from death? He was a hero in the village that he came from, though he was made to suffer among soldiers like any coward or poltroon."

ANIMAL CRONIES

BY ANNIE ASHMORE

PART II

BLACK CROOK is a biped, and chooses his cronies among bipeds. He hasn't any use for the four-footed creation, and looks black on every one of them.

For Black Crook is a crow, the blackest of his feather, and something of a crook as well, we fear. Teasing is meat and drink to him, and as he is a worthy member of a family of small boys, he has a noble field for his labors, and an inexhaustible supply of victims ready at hand to play practical jokes on.

He is fond of lurking up a tree or under a hedge when he hears the school bell ring at the close of the session. A bevy of school children come along, and then out darts Black Crook, with wicked little eyes a-gleam and jetty feathers erect, strikes off a boy's hat with his wing and sends it spinning down the dusty road; or he snatches a school book and flies up a tree with it, chuckling impishly; or, suiting his rowdy humor to gentler beings, he will catch the end of a girl's long curl in his beak and draw it out till he can flutter at its length, tweaking it and shrieking with glee; or he will get in her way and strut at her threateningly, with his little black body drawn up as straight as a ramrod, scolding like a very fury. Anything to scare the big bipeds who are so uncomplimentary as to be afraid of a little fellow like him!

In his blander moods he lends himself to the boys as a playfellow, catching a cent as they pitch it to him across the lawn, and hopping over to give it back each time for as long as they like. He plays hide-and-seek with them, too, and no voice is so loud or triumphant as Black Crook's when he finds the hiding one, not one of them so mute as he when it is his turn to hide. Oh, Crook is a rare bird, I tell you!

But I have to admit that he has some knavish tricks of his own. He coolly picks the best bits out of dog Jube's dish, croaking softly and luxuriously the while, as if the conditions were peculiarly favorable to enjoyment; he even adds insult to injury by sometimes flying on his unwilling trenchermate's back, the better to enjoy the stolen morsel. Jube doesn't like it, of course, but he never says anything, being a gentleman.

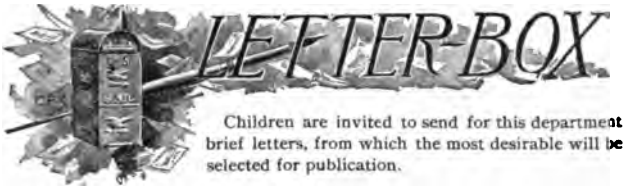
Worse still, Black Crook steals—yes, like a professional thief. Father's gold spectacles, mother's silver thimble, girls' trinkets, boys' pocket treasures, anything shiny that he can carry, that iniquitous bird will "nab," and, once gone—well, his hoard hasn't been found yet.

Still, with all his "tricks and his manners," one can't watch the little black rogue sidle sleepily close up, and feel his smooth bird-head slipped into one's hand, growing heavier as his drowsy eyelids quiver and close against one's palm, and his slim legs bending under the fluffed up, sleeping body, without loving and marvelling at the strange conjunction of affectionate, confiding dependence and elfish mischief which are bound up in the quaint little person of Black Crook.

STRANGE SIGHTS

BY NINA STEVENS SHAW

ALONG time ago a fat little sponge with thread-like appendages drifted along the bottom of the Pacific Ocean until it reached a rock, at the foot of one of the Philippine Islands. There it fastened itself with these threads as a fixture for life, six hundred feet below the sight of human eyes. Who would ever have supposed that it had flesh like gelatine, with vents for the water which flowed through its body and brought small animals and vegetable matter as food for it to absorb? The fish may have noticed in time how it had grown to be a foot long and to the circumference of a large cucumber. Perhaps, too, the fish noticed as they passed it one day that it was dead. The life had gone, leaving a beautiful openwork frame which looked as if it was made of spun glass. From the island beach into the surface of the ocean splashed a crab having hundreds of tiny crabs which it set adrift. Mother Crab returned to the sound, leaving the young crabs circling out into deeper waters, where they remained for thirty days. Then suddenly they sank down nearer the bottom of the sea. One tiny form, about as large as two pin-heads, was carried by the waters in between the meshes of the beautiful sponge basket. The other crabs that escaped the mouths of the fish in time ascended and went ashore, where they walked about, when frightened drawing in their heads and legs under their shell, with the front claws crossed so that they looked like doors. A man who found one of them, and thought it was a pretty stone, put it in his pocket; but on taking it out at home to place it on a table, it walked off on ten legs! Its brother crab in the pretty basket was not forgotten by Neptune, who surrounded it with food, but not in as large pieces as the crab would have liked. So the poor crab walked up and down in its cell and peered out between the bars, and watched the one-eyed fish and beautiful colored seaweeds nodding over it, and we trust it was contented. One day a boat, as it sailed by, lowered a net which dragged over the rocks below, gathering in its meshes many varieties of sponge and among them the fairylike cell with the crab in it. When the net was opened on board of the boat, the men exclaimed: "What a fine Venus-flower basket, but instead of a blossom it has a crested crab!" The crab only lived to see the shore, the home of its mother. But the basket and the crab were afterwards seen by a few people at the World's Fair, though thousands passed by without observing them.


LETTER-BOX.
Children are invited to send for this department brief letters, from which the most desirable will be selected for publication.

Dear Letter-Box :

When I go anywhere in the country, I always go with papa's big dog to take care of me, because I am not very big. The dog is Waldemar. He weighs one hundred and twenty-eight pounds. People think he is fierce, but they don't know how kind he really is. Last week I took a ride on a load of hay going down to the barn. I was away up on top, when I felt the load slipping. Waldemar was walking beside the cart. He saw the load slip, and he jumped in front of the horses and stopped them. Then the farmer came and took me off, so nothing happened.

Waldemar takes care of me now, but I'll soon be a man, and then I will take care of him and make him happy as long as he lives. I love all animals. I'm better acquainted with Waldemar than with any other animal, so I love him best.

Your true friend,

RICHARD B.

Dear Letter-Box :

When mamma was a little girl she had a white spitz-dog named Punch. She was very fond of him, and often tells me funny stories about him, and I think the Letter-Box might like to hear one.

She was sent once on an errand to a house where there were two very proper old ladies whom she was very much afraid of. When the door was opened, Punch pushed his way in, and espied the pet cat asleep in the sitting-room. He made a dive for her, and she rushed up-stairs to where her mistress was lying asleep. Puss sprang on the bed, and Punch jumped up, too. The lady woke, terribly frightened, and screamed at the top of her voice. Poor kitty, more frightened than ever, sprang directly through a pane of glass, and jumped to the ground, safe from the dog ; for, though he barked very hard, the sash was not big enough for him to get through. The lady on the bed was still screaming, another at the foot of the stairs was calling for help, while poor mamma was almost crying with fright. Think of all that commotion in a house that was so quiet only a moment before !

Mamma called Punch and got him out of the house, and pussy was not hurt in the least by her sudden jump, and the old ladies were soon quieted ; but it was a long time before mamma went there again, and she never took Punch.

MARGARET KATE BAILEY.

NEW ROCHELLE.

Dear Letter-Box :

I have a very new pony that my father and mother gave to me, to my big brother, and to my little brother. The pony's name is Punch. He is a beautiful brown pony, and he is very funny. One day we were driving him along a road. We turned around when he got to the end of the road, and he fell directly on his knees and tried to roll with all his harness on ; but the driver did not let him roll, he pulled the reins, and up Punch came. We thought he was going to upset the cart —at least, I thought so, a little girl named Julia—but it was great fun to see Punch try to roll. This happened after I'd had scarlet fever.

When I had scarlet fever my trained nurse brought me a funny little rabbit. We used to let him lie on his back with his front paws hanging down, and we covered his body with a handkerchief.

Good-bye, for that is all to-day from

JULIA ATTERBURY LOOMIS.

RINGWOOD, N. J.

Dear Letter-Box :

Animals, I think, are very nice to have and very interesting to watch. I am fond of all animals, but horses and dogs are my favorites.

I have a little pug dog named Puck and a horse named Harry. I also have a kitten which I call Bob.

One Sunday evening Bob followed us almost to church. After the service we looked all around for him, but we could not find him. We did not see anything of him till Tuesday morning. Then, just as I was preparing for school, Bobbie came back.

Puck is especially lively for a pug. People say that pugs are always lazy, and that that is why they are so fat. If papa takes Puck's whip from the nail, Puck will run to his cushion ; but if papa smiles Puck knows that it is only play, and he will get down and bark at papa. Then if papa says, "Go back, sir," Puck will run in front of papa and bark again, and it sounds just as if he were saying, "I won't, I won't ;" but I feel sure that he would not be so disobedient and impertinent.

Puck is very fond of candy. If I have any he comes and tries to get it. One day last year papa brought me a box of choice candies from Saratoga. I left the box on the table in the back parlor. I was going away the next day, and I thought that the candies would be nice to eat on the train. While we were at dinner Puck was very quiet. I was just going to see what he was doing when I heard something fall. We all went into the next room to see what was the matter, and we found that Puck had my candy on the floor and had eaten about half the boxful.

In so many ways does he show intelligence and knowledge of what is said to him, that I often think he must be able to reason. I cannot understand how any one can be cruel to dumb animals.

I have been for several years a member of "The World's Little Defenders' Society," which was established to prevent cruelty to animals.

FLORENCE DE MORGAN.
(Aged twelve.)

MT. FLORENCE, HART AVE., W. NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

The Veterinarian

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians and other items relating to that branch of science.

SPAVINS

SPAVINS are known as true or false. The bone spavin is the true spavin, and the blood or bog spavin is the false.

A blood or bog spavin is a distension of one of the small mucous sacs on the inside of the hock. It rarely causes lameness. It is due to the checking of the full course of the blood through the large vein of the hock, a result of hard work or of fast driving when the horse is young.

In bone spavin the bones of the hock are diseased, the cartilaginous substances which unite them to the shank become ossified, the parts are considerably enlarged, and the horse goes lame.

Many persons and veterinary surgeons of good standing believe that spavins are hereditary. In a state of nature horses are rarely if ever found with spavins, with ring-bones, or with splints. Those diseases seem to have arisen with the domestication of the animal and to have been handed down from generation to generation. There is no doubt, however, that a peculiarity of the conformation of the hock is a predisposing cause of spavin. The active causes are slipping, spraining the inner tendons of the hock, overloading young horses, concussions of the bones of the hock, and *bad shoeing*. A common trick of unscrupulous dealers is to bring out a horse with a large swelling on the inner surface of the hock and to declare that the animal has been kicked by another horse. Not to be outdone by the absence of any inflammation or wound, they will deliberately make enough of a wound to cause inflammation, in the hope of selling the horse. While no hock may be considered as exempt from spavin, the cow-hocked horse offers the most fertile field for the development of the disease. Spavins are also very common in hunters and in jumpers. Cavalry horses when subjected to severe drills and sword exercises will become spavined.

Coarse hocks are not to be confounded with spavins. By such a term we mean a hock with prominent cuneiform bones which give marked prominence to the joint. A hock of that sort will stand more wear and tear than a fine smooth one, and it is never to be condemned. A horse at four years of age will often have one or more coarse hocks; but if he receive no abuse his hocks will become fine and smooth by the time that he is six years old. Horses are often foaled with one hock much larger than the other.

The first stage in the development of spavin is inflammation. The inflammation may be of the true bone, or of the *periosteum*, or even of the *inter-osseous* ligaments. From whichever source it arises, it affects one or all of the hock bones. An exudation, which forms the exostosis, is thrown out between the bones until it gradually unites them; such a condition is called *anchylosis*. The exostosis which forms from the exudate spreads over the surface of the bones, forms true bone, and finally locks the joint together. This external deposit is not the cause but is a result of the disease. It is not accompanied by lameness, because the bones, which are firmly locked together, become one bone, and the reparative material becomes an essential structure of the economy. The destruction of the slight gliding motion of the bones in health is of little consequence, as it does not interfere with the flexion of the hock. We may, therefore, readily see why an old chronic spavin seldom does harm, except in speeding horses. It is only during the development of spavin that the horse is actually painfully lame.

As regards the treatment of spavin, the first essential point is to bring about anchylosis as soon as possible; not necessarily anchylosis of all the bones of the hock, but in proportion to the extent of the spavin and of the number of bones involved.

A short time ago it was contended among veterinarians that the lameness in spavin is not due to the inflammation of the spavin alone, but to the displacement of a pressure on the Cuneon tendon due, in its turn, to the growth of the bony tumor. The excision of that unimportant tendon has been successfully tried as a remedy for spavin. As the operation is a very delicate one, it should be attempted only by a skilled veterinarian.

MILK for all young stock is the first and the best of all foods, and it should be provided much more generally than it is to the young stock after they are weaned; colts, calves, and pigs make better growth when given milk; with a liberal supply of other food it facilitates that early maturity so desirable. The Experiment Station tell us that milk as a food for the young animal is largely a producer of heat. Sugar of milk is found nowhere else in nature, and its feeding value is like that of fat. Casein and albumen of milk are nitrogenous and are flesh formers. The water obviates the dangers from concentrated food. Buckwheat shorts are valuable as cow feed, being rich in proteins, the very element sought after in buying bran and cottonseed meal. We want starch and protein; the question is, how to get them cheapest. Nothing furnishes starch more freely or in better shape than corn fodder.—*Western Agriculturist and Live Stock Journal.*

KEEPING the harness, and especially the collars, well oiled and clean will help materially in preventing galls.—*Farmer's Home.*

IN poultry houses the water dishes soon get fouled and unfit for use. Rinse them daily, and fill them with fresh water. As often as once a week, at least, they should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water.

HORSES should have free access to salt when running at pasture.

HANDBOOK OF BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA, WITH KEYS TO THE SPECIES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR PLUMAGES, NESTS, AND EGGS, THEIR DISTRIBUTIONS AND MIGRATIONS, AND A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THEIR HAUNTS AND HABITS; WITH INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS ON THE STUDY OF ORNITHOLOGY, HOW TO IDENTIFY BIRDS, AND HOW TO COLLECT BIRDS, THEIR NESTS, AND THEIR EGGS. By Frank M. Chapman, Assistant Curator of the Department of Mammalogy and Ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The numerous recent publications of works on ornithology are an ample evidence that an increasing interest in that department of natural history is calling for so abundant a supply. It is high time that Americans should begin to take an interest in the bird life which ignorance and indifference are so rapidly destroying in the more settled parts of the country. If this is not a land of song-birds, as indeed it is not when compared with the countries of Europe and Asia, that is a good reason for cherishing those that we have; and they would be cherished more carefully and effectually if people knew more about them. Besides, the gift of song is not the only attraction of our American feathered friends. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful, and there is not one which will not amply repay a sympathetic study of its life and habits. One reason why ornithology is not studied is that one does not know how to set about it, and that the changes of plumage which occur at different times of life and even in different seasons of the same year make it peculiarly difficult for a beginner to take hold of the subject. Mr. Chapman deserves hearty thanks for the admirable way in which he has cleared the path by the information and advice contained in his Introductory Chapters on the Study of Ornithology. As he truly says, "our Eastern birds have been measured and described, their variations noted and recorded, and there is little left to learn in studying their skins from a local standpoint. What we want now is knowledge of the *living*, not the dead bird." Just so; and it is just the *living* bird that most people care to study; but how is any one to study the life of a bird unless he is able to recognize it under all its changes of plumage? Unless he can do that, he may make the prodigious mistake of studying one bird believing it to be another and possibly a very different bird. Mr. Chapman tells how such mistakes may be avoided, and how, after a little practice, any bird having its habitat in the eastern part of North America may be identified with hardly any difficulty. His method is strangely unscientific, since it is based entirely on *color*, but it answers its purpose as no other method does or can; and when one has learned to identify the objects of his study, the rest may be done by the easy and natural method which Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller has so often and so delightfully illustrated in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, that is to say, the method of diligent observation. Suppose, then, that one has learned to recognize a certain bird and is desirous of studying its life and habits, how shall he set about it? That, too, Mr. Chapman tells in the fullest and most satisfactory manner, describing the favorite haunts of every species, and its times of coming and going if it is a migratory bird; so that, with a pair of good eyes and a real love of the pursuit, almost any one may hope, not only to succeed in his study of any North American bird, but even to add something to the general stock of knowledge of its real life, which is still a desideratum in the scientific world.

We should be sorry if anything we have said should make an impression that Mr. Chapman's book is in any sense *unscientific*, for the truth is that only an accomplished man of science could have written it; but then Mr. Chapman has the merit—too rare among men of science—of remembering that the beginner is *not* scientific, and he has produced a work which the most scientific may use with profit, while the beginner will find in it all that he needs to make his earlier studies successful and hopeful. When the ornithology of the whole of North America shall be formulated in one complete book for the use of all students, we are confident that it will be done, and done best, by simply enlarging Mr. Chapman's present work—which is, by long odds, the best book on the subject that has ever yet been written.

LA BONTÉ ENVERS LES ANIMAUX. PETIT MANUEL À L'USAGE DES ÉCOLES ET DES FAMILLES. John P. Haines, Président de la Société Protectrice des Animaux à New-York. Offert à la S. P. A. de Paris par un Membre de la Société. Siége de la Société Protectrice des Animaux à Paris: 84, rue de Grenelle.

We have received this little manual with great pleasure. It is nothing more nor less than our own little publication, "Kindness to Animals: A Manual for Use in Schools and Families," in a French dress. We trust that "La Bonté Envers les Animaux" may have the same favorable reception in France that it has already had in the United States. It is a great pleasure to us to find our work and that of our foreign colaborers so pleasantly united; and it is a double pleasure to know that the translation of our Manual is by Mrs. Frances A. Moulton, an accomplished lady who is a life member of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and also of the Société Protectrice des Animaux in Paris.

The North American Review for July publishes the third of the series, "Wild Traits in Tame Animals," by Dr. Louis Robinson. Dr. Robinson's present article treats of "The Sheep and the Goat." Says the author: "The sheep has undergone more modification at the hands of man than any other animal. All the rest of our domestic animals have proved their capacity to reassume the habits of their wild ancestors, but no once tamed sheep has taken to a life of independence." This remarkable fact is explained by a careful study of the sheep. It is well known that lambs and their mothers require especial care and nursing. Should they fail to receive what they need at the critical time, they would die by the hundred. Then, again, the modern sheep must be sheared. It rarely sheds its wool naturally, in the same way

that the horse sheds its winter coat. Another point made by the author is that the sheep has been by nature adapted for one especial kind of life, and that we have removed him from it. Without exception, wild sheep are dwellers upon high mountains. The conditions to which every atom of the creatures have become exactly adjusted are changed, and it is hardly likely that they "will be at home at all points under new circumstances." It is the specialization, as the naturalists call it, which accounts for the extinction of many animals which used to be abundant. Dr. Robinson's researches are both new and interesting. We wish that we might quote more fully from his article, which we advise our readers to read.

IN the July number of *McClure's Magazine*, Hamlin Garland writes of "Edward Kemeys. A Sculptor of Frontier Life and Wild Animals." The article is in the form of an "interview" between the author and the sculptor. It is illustrated by portraits of Kemeys and pictures of his sculptures. Kemeys, we are told, is self-taught, or, as he himself might put it, Nature taught. "I never had an hour's instruction from any teacher," he declares. "But I had always studied animals. I knew the facts. I knew the skeletons and the muscles of animals. I knew their equilibrium of parts from actual study. I could sit down before an animal and *drink him dry.*" As far as we know, the only good teachers are those who strive to show their pupils how to learn in exactly that way. But unless the pupil learn, the teacher is of no earthly avail.

The defence of the shrike, the so-called "butcher" bird, is ably conducted by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller in *The Atlantic Monthly* for July. Under the title, "Beautiful and Brave was He," Mrs. Miller describes a bird at which many of us rail without even a passing acquaintance with him. Give a bird a bad name and—*shoot* him! seems to be the rule with most bird detractors.

THE magazine of the Selbourne Society, *Nature Notes*, publishes in its June number an excellent article by Gilbert Hudson upon "The Poems of Gilbert White." The most widely known of the poems is "The Naturalist's Summer Evening Walk." In its July number, *Nature Notes* has attractive "Studies of Blackbirds" by Helen J. Ormerod, and an article by B. B. Woodward, F.L.S., upon "Shells and their Inhabitants."

The July number of *The Literary Digest* gives an account of an interesting experiment in acclimatization which took place near Löbau in southeastern Saxony. The editor of *Die gefiederte Welt* in *Ueber Land und Meer* tells of Herr von Prosch's success in permitting a free out-of-door life to his canaries. Two pairs of South American parrots were accustomed to the same free life, raised a brood of young in the summer of 1894, and "passed safely through the exceptionally long and hard winter of 1894–95, so that no fear is now felt as to their ability to stand the weather." Herr von Prosch's reason for his experiments is that almost all our domestic animals, including the common hen, are natives of hot countries. It should be remembered, however, that even the common hen is most carefully housed in winter and has a summer shelter for at least four months of the year. Give our canaries what freedom we may in a room, but it is hardly safe to expose their lives to the elements and to a host of enemies out-of-doors.

The Bookman for June presents the literary news of the day in a manner that is beyond praise. The divisions of the journal are admirable. The opening pages are devoted to "News Notes: American, English, Miscellaneous;" then follow excerpts of the newest poetry—*real* poetry, by William Watson, Robert Cameron Rogers, and Katherine Pearson Woods; "Reviews of New Books;" "The Bookman's Table;" a list of "Recent Educational Publications," and a most useful department entitled "The Book Mart." *The Bookman* gives excellent notices of Frank M. Chapman's "Handbook to the Birds of Eastern North America," Isabel Osgood Wright's "Birdcraft," "The Common Land Birds of New England," by M. A. Wilcox, and "Ten New England Blossoms and their Insect Visitors," by Clarence Moores Weed.

IN *The New York Ledger* of July 6th, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller writes of "Bird Housekeeping," describing "The Building of the Nest" and "Life in the Bird Nursery," with "A Chapter on Bird Manners" which is altogether charming. To the faculty of keen observation Mrs. Miller adds the gift of imparting her knowledge most delightfully. One always wishes to know what she knows and is grateful for anything that she writes and teaches.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

NO boy or girl who possesses the common instincts of humanity can read this journal and be cruel to dumb brutes. . . . It is full of varied and choice literature, all elevating, ennobling and refining.—*Alabama Christian Advocate*, Birmingham, Alabama.

ONE cannot recommend or encourage too highly the spread of publications of this kind. Public benefactors ought to be found in every community to subscribe for a certain number of them and have them sent to every pupil in every school in the country.—*De Kalb* (Ill.) *Chronicle.*

ITS purpose is to foster in the human breast, especially in that of the young, a tender consideration for our dumb contemporaries. No really good person is ever cruel to any living thing, but it must be confessed that the best are sometimes a little thoughtless and all the better of a kind reminder. —*The Bridge Builder*, Groton, N. Y.

FULL of good things both for children and older people.—*Amelia Journal*, Nebraska.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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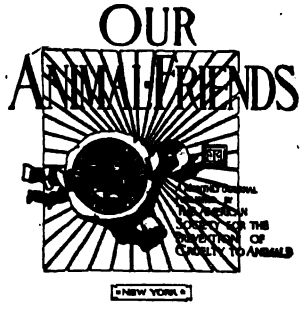

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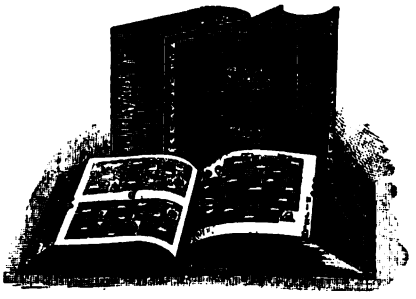

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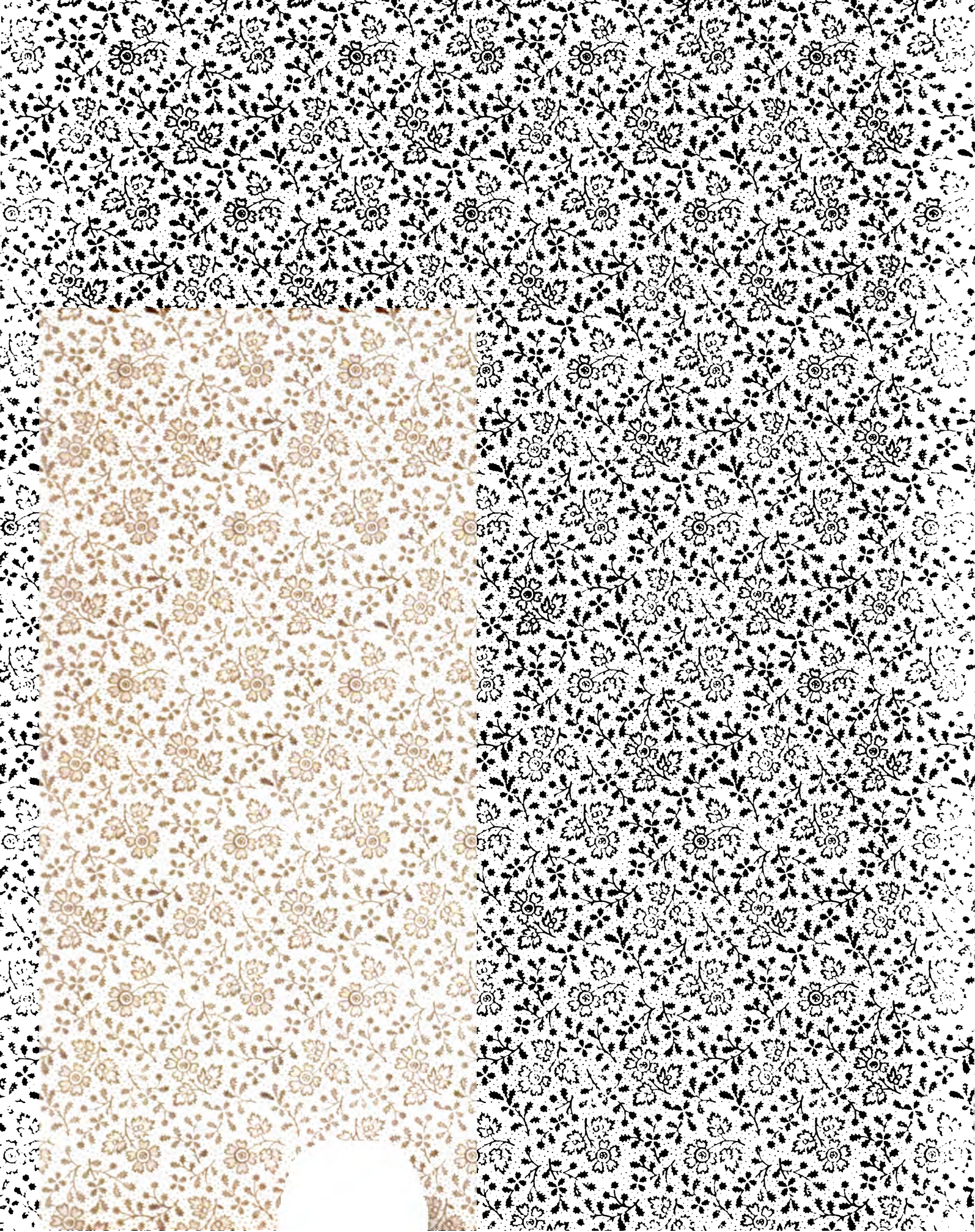

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